

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1912

VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

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CHAPTER I

CONTAINS SOME SLIGHT MEMOIR OF
A RESPECTABLE FAMILY

SOME few years back, at about that date in our national history when Mr. Nast was drawing cartoons about the Tweed Ring; when every stray child was suspected of being Charley Ross; when Goldsmith Maid held the trotting record; when ladies wore pull-backs and waterfalls, and men made the landscape glad with the spectacle of flowing side-whiskers, low-necked waistcoats, and diamond shirt-studs—briefly, about the year 1872 or 1873, two very handsome weddings took place in the high circles of a certain Ohio city, to both of which the fashionable columns in all the local papers of the day refer in the richest terms. You may read therein that Miss Helen Van Cleve was united in marriage to Mr. Harrison Glaive Kendrick at Christ Episcopal Church, at six o'clock in the evening of June fourteenth, in the presence of a brilliant gathering of friends and relatives; there were six bridesmaids and six groomsmen; the bride was given away by her brother, Major Stanton Van Cleve; her dress was a magnificent creation of white grosgrain, with garniture of white velvet bows

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and white silk fringe, and she carried a bouquet of roses, white carnations, and maidenhair fern in a filigree gold holder (the gift of the groom), etcetera.

In the autumn of the same year the Van Cleve household furnished another and similar social sensation. This time, Miss Myra Van Cleve was united in marriage to Mr. Richard Lucas, supported by an equal number of attendants, given away by the same military hero, dressed and decorated with identical elegance. There is a photograph yet in existence of the two pretty young women taken together in their wedding finery, the grosgrains made alike, with duplicate bouquets, monstrous, mathematically circular, the roses and carnations packed tight within frills of lace-paper; they smile from out their white illusion and orange-blossoms, happy and satisfied, and each one, without a doubt, serenely convinced of the excellence of her own choice, and wondering tolerantly in private at her sister's. The heart grows young again to see them.

The Van Cleve brides were twins, and ten or twelve years younger than their brother Stanton, all three being children of Joshua Van Cleve and his wife, who was one of the Zanes of Wheeling, a staunch old pioneer family. Joshua came to Ohio from Phila-

delphia or Germantown, somewhere about 1840, and went into the commission business, in which he amassed a considerable fortune; but he had been dead a good while at the time of these weddings.

Already, five years after his death, the property he left exhibited a woful shrinkage; it is to be feared the Van Cleve heirs were a rather impractical, helpless set. An elderly gentleman of my acquaintance (Judge A. B. Lewis, in fact: a known figure on our bench, whom most people will remember), long engaged in the legal profession and the management and winding-up of estates, who had had some experience with the family, delivered his opinion of them to me (on request) in pretty plain words. 'The Van Cleves? Oh, yes, I know who you mean — know them all well,' he said, stroking his chin, whereon he wore a pointed goatee of the classic American pattern; 'we used to attend to a piece of property on South High for the widow — collected the rents for a number of years. Van Cleve was a very solid sort of man — a hard worker — a man of force. It was a pity that fine property he'd got together was all dissipated so soon, although that's such a common occurrence people don't pay much attention to it. I think they've traveled about a good deal; every time they sold a piece of property they'd make a move — go to Europe or somewhere. That's the kind they are; you know.'

Mrs. Helen Kendrick died within a year of her marriage. She left a baby of two months, whom they had had baptized by her family name, and whom her mother and sister took into their own keeping after the poor young wife's death. They all lived together for a while under the same paternal Mansard, in the amiable delusion that the several families each saved money thereby; though Heaven knows what queer,

helter-skelter accounts they kept, or how heavily this economical arrangement bore on the widowed grandmother. Her husband's will left almost the entire property at her sole disposal, and she seems to have been a generous, open-handed sort of woman, the last person in the world to deny either herself or her children anything in reason — or out of it.

There they all lived, then, Mrs. Van Cleve and Major Stanton, and the remaining daughter and the two sons-in-law, the whole tribe of them, to whom, in no great while after Master Van Cleve Kendrick's appearance, there was added another baby, a girl this time, little Evelyn Lucas — Evelyn being the somewhat rococo name her parents bestowed on her.

Then Lucas died. He had a weak heart and died with dreadful suddenness of sunstroke in the hot summer of eighty-one. It would seem as if the Van Cleve house was one of mourning and tragedy and a pursuing Fate. Judge Lewis could speak only in a very vague way about the two men whom the girls married. Kendrick got the gold-mining fever, and went out West to the Black Hills, where he contracted a lung trouble from exposure and the roughness of the life, from which he never recovered. He came back home, lingered in a decline for some months, and finally died at Cresson Springs, Pennsylvania, where they had taken him on one of those futile and pathetic journeys that consumptives are forever making, up to the last moment of their lives, in the hope of a cure.

The boy Van Cleve was perhaps eight years old at the time of his Uncle Lucas's death. He remembered standing on a chair in the nursery where both the children had been incarcerated, peeping through a crack between the closed shutters, and seeing a great

concourse of carriages in the street and persons who were evidently attired as for Sunday entering the house — all of which reminding him of certain festivities which he had also witnessed from afar, he reported to the baby Evelyn that there was a 'die-party' in progress and remonstrated with the horrified nurse for not letting them both go.

It was not more than a year after this that Van — as in later life he could recall clearly enough, but without any sentiment whatever, for he was not a youth of easy emotions — found himself being gravely taken in to see a gaunt man with a flushed face and great glassy eyes, who lay in bed, and put out one fevered claw of a hand and held the little boy by the shoulder, and told him feebly to be a good boy — to be good to Grandma and Aunt Myra and little Evelyn, and take care of them — would he do that? Would he promise to do that?

'Yes, sir. All right. I meant to anyhow,' Van said in a cheerful and practical voice. 'When I'm big enough,' he added prudently.

'Do you know who I am?' the other asked.

'No,' said the boy, who was of an honest spirit.

'He was only four when you went West, Harry,' cried out his grandmother, anxiously; 'we've talked about you — we've told him about you — indeed we have. But the child's too little — he can't remember. It's Papa, Van, you know *Papa*, dearie?'

'Never mind. When I get well, I'll stay at home with you, and we'll get to knowing each other, sonny,' said the sick man.

Van Cleve wondered why the two women hustled him out of the room so quickly, and cried so over him in the hall, outside the closed door.

There followed upon this sad event a period of journeyings about and kaleid-

oscopic changes of scene which must have lasted ten years and upwards. Soon after Mr. Kendrick's death, the Van Cleve family sold a lot they owned on South High Street in the capital city, with a five-story building and some small stores on it, — it was that very piece, in fact, which the Lewis firm of attorneys used to look after, — and bought an orange grove down near Palatka, Florida, where they all emigrated, and lived for a matter of eighteen months. Little Van heard a great deal of glowing talk about soil and climate and the dignity and ease of rural life upon one's own 'broad acres beside some clear, sparkling mountain stream, or within view of the majestic ocean's proudly swelling tide,' to quote his Uncle Stanton, who was not particularly strong on geography — or not nearly so strong as he was on rhetoric, at any rate. 'Our golden orchards will yield us golden returns,' the Major observed poetically. Sad to relate, nothing of the kind happened; or, at least, prosperity such as Major Stanton indicated was too tardy in arriving to suit these speculators. They returned, denouncing the unfortunate State of Florida high and low.

To their surprise and consternation and great wrath, the Van Cleves found serious trouble in disposing of the Palatka grove — which caused the ladies, Mrs. Van Cleve and Mrs. Lucas, to go about crying out with even more vehemence against the folly of Florida investments! One can scarcely blame them; they recovered only a lamentably small proportion of the money they had put into this venture. The last of the land was sold for taxes ten years or so ago to a man who has since made a fortune off of it in string-beans, as I understand.

After this Mrs. Van Cleve sold the big old Mansard-roof home for twelve thousand dollars (a good deal less than

it had cost), and with this sum bought an untold number of shares in the Cincinnati, Paducah & Wheeling Steam-Packet Company, which had been a flourishing concern before and during the sixties when Joshua Van Cleve himself had, for a while, been interested in it; he sold out on observing the increasing activity of railroad traffic in this section of the country. The Ohio River had ceased to be that 'highway of commerce, of wealth, travel, and industry' which Stanton called it, by the time the widow came to invest in the C. P. & W. Packet Company, which, to tell the truth, was already on its last legs; and shortly thereafter it tottered over altogether: the steam-packets figuratively blew up, went to pieces, sank, carrying along with them poor Mrs. Joshua's twelve thousand. What with receiverships, injunctions, suits of one kind and another, the echoes of the disaster lingered in our courts for years.

Perhaps these two samples of the Van Cleve style of business management will serve to justify Judge Lewis's pronouncements on the family. He was wrong in one particular; they never did 'sell something and go to Europe'; the poor things were not knowingly extravagant or self-indulgent. But as long as there was anything left to buy with, Mrs. Van Cleve and her children were buying and scheming and failing and selling out at a heart-rending sacrifice. They tried oil lands in Texas, mica mines in Georgia, granite quarries in Maine, lots and 'corners' in half a dozen different cities, — there was nothing they did not try. Sometimes they went and lived in the locality of their wild-goose purchases; sometimes they tried to direct at a distance, — in either case with the same disastrous results. Circumstances contrived always to be so overwhelmingly wrong, after they had lived in one place for six months, that a

change was imperative, and it was amazing to see the confidence, the happy expectation, with which they looked forward to the next move. A few such experiences would have made pessimists of most of us.

Master Van Cleve Kendrick, therefore, began at an unusually early age to see the world, and acquired his education in an extensive variety of places and ways. They were in Florida when he learned his letters and read his first book, *Robinson Crusoe*. He had a year of school in Pittsburg (this must have been during the C. P. & W. episode), and after that a year in New Orleans, and another year divided between Boston and Bangor, carrying it off pretty well as a scholar, on the whole, in all these places; he was not a dull boy, and showed, moreover, an eminently plain, sane, reliable temperament. Once (when they were in Baltimore, when the boy was about eleven years old) Major Van Cleve, having given his nephew an odd penny or two, observed with a humorous curiosity that the young gentleman deposited these coins carefully in a little tin bank that somebody had presented to him, the key whereof he carried in a pocket of his small breeches, securing his property with a sedate air and complete absence of any sort of affectation.

'What's that you're doing, Van?' his uncle asked.

'Putting it away,' said Van, tranquilly, looking about for his cap and a certain new baseball bat with which he proposed to try conclusions in that day's game after school-hours.

'*Putting it away!* Don't you want to spend it?' said the Major, astounded at the novelty and originality of this conception.

'No, sir. I've got some money. I've got a dime. I don't need any more right now,' Van Cleve explained; and perhaps seeing doubt on the other's face,

he dug his sturdy little grimy fist down into the pocket again, and pulled out the coin, and showed it, still in his matter-of-fact style.

"Do you put all your money away?" his uncle inquired, winking over the boy's head at the grandmother and aunt sitting by with interested looks. And Mrs. Lucas signaled to little Evelyn, who was playing noisily with her dolls in the corner (she was a noisy and restless child), to keep quiet so that they could hear these revelations.

"No, sir," said Van again, unembarrassed. "I always put away some, though."

"How much have you got?"

Van Cleve considered, wrinkling his brows. "I don't know whether it's a dollar-forty-five, or a dollar-fifty-five," he announced at length; "I'd have to count it. But I guess it's only a dollar-forty-five, because it's always littler than you think it is. I mean to get a book and put it down, so I'll always know, without having to count every time."

"What are you going to do with it? Aren't you going to spend it some time?"

"I don't know — maybe. Maybe I'll just save it," said the youngster, beginning to fidget a little under the concentrated attention of his superiors.

The others exchanged a glance again. "You must n't be a miser, you know, Van Cleve," said his Aunt Myra in her clear and sweetly dictatorial voice; "misers are *horrid*!"

And, although the habit of saving some part of one's money does not of necessity lead to miserliness according to most persons' views, the family were all more or less relieved when, later on, Van expended almost his whole capital on an outfit of second-hand fishing-tackle, and presently had nothing left to show for it — like any normal, ordinary boy.

Yet, as young Kendrick grew up, among other alien and puzzling traits, the most pronounced, which he every now and then displayed anew, was this same unaccountable tendency to thrift. The lad did not, indeed, seem to possess much aptitude for earning money, he was as prone to absurd planning and dreaming, as lazy and industrious by turns, as enthusiastic and despondent in fits and starts, as the average boy.

"But Van Cleve is sure always to have *some* money. He's never clean out!" the Major used to remark with indulgent laughter; "and he never will let any of us keep it or take care of it for him. No, sir! Van's his own banker. He reminds me of an ancestor of ours, — an uncle of my father's, in fact, — who, being a man of known wealth, was advised by Benjamin Franklin (an intimate friend) to put his money in a bank, instead of keeping it in hogsheads of Spanish gold dollars in the cellar, which was the old fellow's habit. "Some day they'll murder thee for that money, Marcus," says Franklin; "thee should put it into a bank." "Well, when I'm dead, I shan't need it," says Uncle Mark; "and I'd as lief the murderers had it as the bank! There's small choice in rotten apples." — Ha, ha! Quaint old chap, was n't he?" Major Van Cleve would finish, looking around upon the company to whom he had retailed this anecdote in his usual pleasantly dramatic fashion.

Van Cleve used to hang his head, and wriggle on his seat, and fiddle with his big, overgrown, sunburned hands, while the stories were going forward. He had heard about Benjamin Franklin and the hogsheads of gold dollars many times — to say nothing of a score of other yarns the Major was accustomed to tell. Van thought they were not very funny, or very bright; he did not believe them; he did not see how

anybody could believe them. Between family loyalty and the dread of ridicule he writhed in the depths of his boyish soul, and wished the floor would open and let him through. Who of us that are human and have been young does not share that feeling? Verily I think I should rather make a fool of myself (a feat which I perform with facility and unconsciousness) than see my brother do it!

Van Cleve had reached sixteen when, during a summer spent at Put-in-Bay on Lake Erie, his family became acquainted with that of Professor Samuel Gilbert. Mr. Robert Gilbert was near Van Kendrick's own age, and they speedily contracted one of those heroic, splendidly unselfish, time-and-death-defying friendships into which young gentlemen at this stage sometimes enter. To the credit of mankind, those friendships do often endure, and there is nothing more amiable and comforting in life than the spectacle.

It was after that long, lovely summer season of swimming and rowing and idling about; and reading *The Count of Monte Cristo*, and the adventures of Mr. Huckleberry Finn, and *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, and sundry other gallant classics; and dreaming glorious dreams, and spinning happy, impossible futures for both of them with his boy companion, that Van Cleve, upon returning home (they were living in St. Louis at the time), announced his desire to go to college. Everybody went to college; Bob was going to college — Van Cleve would go, too. He knew he could get ready — maybe he would be *conditioned*, as they called it, but he would get *in*, anyhow; he was way up in mathematics, and that was what counted most, Bob said, and he could make up the languages and the — the other things easily, oh, *easily*. Could n't we afford it? He wanted to go to Bob's college — that

was n't a very expensive place, you know.

The family agreed readily; Major Stanton commended his nephew's ambition; they were all very proud and fond of Van; and, moreover, by a neat coincidence, Mrs. Van Cleve was upon the point of selling that old farm up in Union County, that they had owned all these years and never got a cent out of, for forty-five hundred dollars, part of which money could not be better employed than upon her grandson's education. It was all delightedly settled round the reading-lamp in the library one evening; and the next day Mrs. Lucas hurried downtown to secure a set of book-shelves and a wicker lounge she had noticed in one of the shop windows, which would be just the thing for Van Cleve's college room.

Well-a-day, it must be told! All this pretty scheme came to naught. Van Cleve did not go to college that year, or any other year; he never lounged on the campus, or cut chapel of a winter's morning, or strummed on a banjo with the Glee Club, or shouted his young lungs out around the football field, or got his degree, *magna cum laude*, and marched down from the platform with the tassel of his mortar-board over the honorable ear, signifying graduation and the close of the academic career. Without any of these agreeable preliminaries, and with a sad suddenness, the young fellow came to the sign-post on his road marked, 'This way to LIFE'; and if he did not reach manhood in a night, at least he took a long step in that direction.

That wretched old Union County farm, which had always been a nuisance, now, at what you might call its final hour, when it was as good as sold, and everybody — in a figure of speech — had pen in hand to sign the deeds, all at once developed new powers of annoyance; it is not too much to say that

in the minds of Mrs. Van Cleve and her daughter it took on a malignant, a diabolic personality. For the first time in the history of the family sales, the lawyers on the other side raised some objection to the title. The *title*, of all things! 'It was good enough for my husband, and it ought to be good enough for these people,' said Mrs. Van Cleve in majestic indignation; 'Mr. Van Cleve was a very careful man — a remarkable man; he never would have bought a defective title. I have managed my property for twenty-two years, and I *think* I can lay claim to *some* knowledge of business, and I never had a title disputed before.'

But it appeared that the attorneys were casting no reflections on anybody's integrity or abilities, as they respectfully pointed out. They had wished to see Mr. Van Cleve's will — a not unusual request — and according to its terms they were inclined to the opinion that, etcetera, etcetera. Mrs. Helen Van Cleve Kendrick had died in February, 187—, they understood — yes? and Mr. Kendrick at such and such a date? The boy was still a minor, but, etcetera, etcetera. Their civil accuracy frightened the widow, domineering and self-reliant as she was; terrifying doubts of her own position for the first time in her life assailed her. Stanton looked profound, but, understanding absolutely nothing of what was said, for once kept silence. He had no stories that would fit the occasion. Mrs. Lucas, with not much clearer vision, was bewildered, and helplessly angry. They all three came back from the legal offices very much excited and perturbed, and all talking at once in their high-pitched, vehement way, which would have alarmed any one but Van Cleve, who was used to it.

'Pooh, they have n't got a case — they can't do anything! They have n't got a case, I tell you!' cried the Major,

stroking his side-whiskers with large contemptuous gestures, and looking very fierce and military; 'don't be alarmed, Mother. These fellows are mere shysters.'

'Oh, Stanton, it is n't a *case* — there is n't going to be any lawsuit — can't you *see*?' both of the women wailed in concert; 'they don't want to go to law about anything — it is n't *that*, at all! It's just that we did n't know all these years. How *could* we, when nobody told us? I don't see why they did n't find it out before — all the buying and selling we've done! Maybe it is n't true anyhow —' they questioned each other, in a frenzy of worry.

'What on earth's the matter? Can't you sell the old land? Don't they want to buy it after all?' asked the boy, aroused to curiosity at last; 'won't somebody else buy it? What on earth's up?'

'Oh, Van, my dear boy, I — I'm afraid we ought n't to have tried to sell it at all; I'm afraid we ought n't ever to have sold anything!' Mrs. Van Cleve began; and fairly burst out sobbing, to the youth's horror and distress, as she put her arms around his neck.

He was growing fast this last year, and had shot up to be a head above her; the thought that he was almost a man, in some indescribable way at once startled and consoled the grandmother. She tried to explain brokenly:—

'The lawyer — that Mr. Fogson, you know — wanted to read your grandfather's will, and he said something about it having v-virtually created a tr-trust for you — for your mother's share, you know, my dear — poor Nellie's share; and — and I *can't* understand it; I don't see why somebody did n't find it out before. But I'm af-fraid we've used your property — your money, Van; I'm afraid we've spent what you ought to have h-had!'

She looked into the boy's face, the

tears streaming down her own. Every one looked at him; and there was a silence in the room.

'My share? My mother's share, I mean?' said Van Cleve, perplexed, but not much upset otherwise; he had seen the family get into states of excitement such as this before, over matters no more weighty than dismissing the cook, or laying a new carpet, so was not disposed to take it very seriously.

'We did n't mean to, Van — we did n't know we had n't any right to it!' cried his aunt, hysterically.

'Well, how about Evelyn's?' Van inquired. 'Oh, I see,' he added quickly; 'Aunt Myra's being alive makes a difference, I suppose. Evelyn could n't inherit until her mother's dead, anyhow.'

'*Van Cleve! How can you? How can you talk about my being dead that way?*' Mrs. Lucas almost screamed. 'Don't you care if I die? Don't you *care* if I die?' She, too, broke into tears and sobs of sheer fright at the idea.

'I did n't say that!' said Van Cleve, helplessly; 'I only wanted to get the straight of it, Aunt Myra. I don't want you to die. Nobody wants you to die.'

'We did n't mean wrong to you, Van, my dear, darling boy. You know I love you like a mother, you *know* that, don't you?' his aunt gasped out between sobs; 'you've had just as much good out of the property as anybody else, anyhow. We've always shared with you, have n't we? Oh, say you forgive us, say you forgive us!' She cast herself on him with wild prayers.

'Well, but I don't know what's happened yet,' the boy began, not too patiently.

'Say you forgive us!' reiterated Mrs. Lucas with prodigious determination in the midst of her weeping.

'Don't get so excited, Myra,' Major Stanton remonstrated; 'you'll hurt

yourself. You know excitement's not good for you.'

'I'm *not* excited — I'm *not* excited,' retorted the other in a tearful impatience. She attacked her nephew anew, at once pleading and imperative. 'You do forgive us, Van, don't you?'

'All right. I forgive you!' said Van Cleve shortly, coloring at the words. Anything for peace, he thought in a species of resigned exasperation — and then wondered guiltily if there was not something wrong with him morally or mentally because his aunt's behavior seemed to him utterly foolish. He reminded himself with remorse that he had been warned repeatedly that Aunt Myra was very delicate and high-strung; and it was always perilous to contradict her. Everybody in the family was more or less delicate and high-strung, for that matter; Van had even heard himself so described, although he was uneasily conscious of being all the while in absolutely brutal health!

'I'd better go down and see those lawyers myself, had n't I?' he suggested, perceiving that it was useless to expect any more definite information from his elders, and judiciously selecting a moment when the scene had quieted down somewhat.

And everybody agreeing, with many expressions of wonder and satisfaction at the maturity of his judgment, young Kendrick did go down on the morrow and interviewed Messrs. Fogson and Dodd — not the true names, indeed, but they will serve, as this is the first and last appearance of that legal firm in this history, and Van never saw them again.

Both attorneys smiled a little when the young fellow recited the family fears that he had been done out of his inheritance. Mrs. Van Cleve, they said, had not precisely understood — they regretted exceedingly to have given her a false impression; of course

it would not have been possible for her to alienate her grandson's property — anything like real estate, that is. Nevertheless, after a careful study of Mr. Van Cleve's will, they thought it not unlikely that confusion might arise at some future time from — er — from the fact that his daughter's, Mrs. Kendrick's, interest, which was certainly implied, if not explicitly stated, had been apparently overlooked, and so on.

They had no trouble with the boy; the questions he asked were clear-headed enough; and he listened to their explanations with more understanding and self-control than they had met with in any of the older members of the family, Messrs. Fogson and Dodd remarked to each other, with some amusement, after Van had taken his leave. He himself came away not greatly cast down; he walked home slowly in a thoughtful mood, and as he went up the steps to the Van Cleve front door, and rang the bell, decided privately that he must have a latch-key.

His grandmother was alone in the sitting-room with a mass of documents spread out before her, and the little old wooden strong-box bound and fortified at its corners with brass, in which her husband had always kept his papers, with 'J. Van Cleve' outlined in brass nails on the lid, standing open alongside. She looked up at the lad, troubled and apprehensive.

'Well, Van?' she said; and her hands trembled slightly amongst the old deeds and receipts and letters. 'I — I think perhaps you ought to look these over. You — you're getting to an age when you ought really to know something about business — about your — our — affairs. I must begin and teach you.'

'Yes. I guess it's time I took hold,' said Van Cleve. He came and stood by her, smiling, as he looked down at the litter. 'I used to think all the money

came out of that box, when I was a boy,' he said.

When he was a boy! That was only yesterday, Mrs. Van Cleve thought with a strange mixture of fear and pride and pain. Well, and why should he not be grown — be a man? She was an old woman, she would be seventy her next birthday, and she had been only fifty-two when this grandson was born.

'What did those men tell you, Van Cleve?' she questioned him jealously; 'what have they been saying to you? You know we — I never meant to use any money of yours, whatever they say.'

'Oh, you could n't, anyhow,' said the young fellow, practically; 'that's safe enough.'

'But I *would n't* — why — why, I *would n't*!' his grandmother cried out, grieved and indignant; 'I would n't *do* such a thing —!' She broke off abruptly, aghast at the sound of her own voice raised in futile protestations — for that they were futile, she could read in the kind indifference of the other's young face. She recognized in a sort of terror the same feeling that had so often possessed her in her Joshua's company; she remembered Joshua's harsh tolerance, his half-answers, even that gesture of putting his hand in his pocket and that abstracted, 'Well, how much d'ye want?' which was many times the only notice her attempts at conversation got. It used to irritate her so! And now this youngster —!

Desperately she made an effort to regain their familiar footing. 'I suppose we'd — we'd better not talk any more about college, Van,' she said, with a tightening of the throat; in spite of her, the words came humbly. 'I hate to have you disappointed, but —'

He was not listening to her! But, at her second attempt, he roused himself.

'Hey? Oh, *college* — yes, I know,'

said Van Cleve, and patted her hand soothingly. 'That's all right, Grandma, don't worry — it's all right. I have n't got any time for college, anyhow. I'm going to work.'

CHAPTER II

SOME FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS

Latterly we have fallen into the habit of saying to one another that the city is getting so *big* with all its near and far suburbs, and the distances are so *impossible* (unless one has a motor), and there are so many *new* people, and everybody has so much to do, and one is *constantly meeting* at clubs and parties, *anyhow* — I say we have got into a way of telling ourselves that for all of these reasons the fashion of making calls is practically obsolete. But at the date when the Van Cleve family came to Cincinnati to live, this efficient catchword had not yet come into vogue; people called on them, and they began to be known and to go about in a surprisingly short time.

I think all the ladies had a quite unusual social gift, setting aside the fact that they were well introduced and very well connected, — the Zanes and Van Cleves, you know. Even Major Stanton, for all his unreliable reminiscences, was a man of distinguished presence, and good manners, — an agreeable enough addition to most companies. Young Kendrick was the only unornamental member of the family, and hardly anybody ever saw him; very likely he was grubbing down town in some grimy office all day and coming home at six o'clock in the evening, tired and hungry and short-tempered, hanging on a strap in the trolley-car along with the rest of the tired, the hungry, and the short-tempered. A shabby, overgrown, and, on the whole, rather sulky and silent, lout, was the

verdict passed upon Mr. Kendrick by most of the people — by all the women, in fact — who were privileged to meet him at this time. As to the gentleman's opinion of them, he probably never took the trouble to form one; during all this part of his career, Van's energies were strongly concentrated on his own affairs.

But the ladies! I remember the first time they appeared at Sunday morning service at All Saints' in our suburban parish of Elmhill, where they had taken a house somewhere on Summit or Riverview Avenue, so the Gilberts — with whom, it seemed, they were intimately acquainted — had told me. There was a tall, fine-looking old lady, Mrs. Van Cleve presumably, with an erect carriage, dark hair thickly laced with silver, brilliant dark eyes, and a beautifully fresh complexion almost like a girl's, to whom the Major carefully gave an arm up the aisle; to tell the truth, his mother looked much more capable of giving an arm to *him*, and, indeed, of generaling the whole congregation and church to the Reverend Mr. Babcock himself, for all her seventy-odd years!

After her, there came a couple of much younger women, — Mrs. and Miss Lucas, as it developed, — both of them slender, tall, black-haired, bright-colored, repeating in the strangest incisive way the older one's effect of personal distinction. They were quietly dressed, their entrance was as unostentatious as any lady's should be, and we ourselves were no staring, provincial-minded audience; but had they been preceded by a herald and trumpets, they could scarcely have been more impressive. I recognized Van Cleve awkwardly bringing up the rear; but nobody else noticed him, even when he stumbled over the hassocks in their pew, and sat down with undue violence, reddening round to the back

of his neck. He was figuratively nowhere by the side of the imposing Major and those three torch-like women.

It was after this that I bethought me, not without shame, of my own polite duties, and, in a day or so, posted over to the Gilberts' for Lorrie's company and countenance in a call upon the Van Cleve household. The Gilberts lived on Warwick Lane in a weather-beaten old house, — their means must have been very small; it was wonderful the way Lorrie and her mother managed, — and young Mr. Robert himself opened the door to my ring. Instead of bolting off incontinently, as heretofore, at sight of the petticoats, he grinned and said, 'Oh, how d'ye do?' in an affable and unconstrained manner; and ushered me into the big, battered parlor, explaining that Lorrie was out — she had just gone over to see one of the girls — and his mother busy with a seamstress upstairs, but if I'd wait a while, they'd both be here, he thought. And he hospitably pulled forward an arm-chair, and offered me some home-made peach-cordial out of the short, squat, cut-glass decanter that Mrs. Gilbert always kept — she was a Virginia woman — on the side table by the dining-room door. It was strong, high-flavored stuff, and doubtless there were members of All Saints' congregation who would have shaken their heads at the spectacle of the Professor's son drinking it, and at my countenancing him.

Bob displayed a refreshing willingness to talk, joke, chatter, tell everything he knew, in the obvious desire to be a civil and entertaining host, and being, moreover, by nature — as I judged him — open and talkative. The burden of his conversation was mostly *Van*, however — Van this and Van that; he told me all about their association at Put-in-Bay two or three sum-

mers before; how Van Cleve had wanted to go to college with him, and how something had happened, Bob did n't know what, — of course Van would n't say much, — but his friend suspected the funds gave out. Anyhow, Van went to work — got a job in a shoe factory over there in St. Louis at eight dollars a week. Did n't I think that was a fine thing to do? Did n't I think that was a *great* thing to do? Yet Bob was sure from little things he saw and heard when he was with them, you know, that Van's family had made the most awful fuss. 'A *shoe factory* — that's what got 'em! That's what they could n't stand. As if that made any difference! It's what a man *is* that counts, it's not what he *does*, is n't that so? I mean, as long as he does something honest, of course,' the young fellow added hastily, fearing I might misunderstand the above highly original statement. 'I think Van's pretty *big* — he's the *biggest* man I know!' declared Robert roundly, his own fair, good-looking face flushed with enthusiasm and a little with the peach-brandy, no doubt, and his voice shaken by a generous excitement and pride. 'Give me a chance, that's all! I'd show you how quick I'd do it!' he cried bravely. It was rather foolish and rather touching.

He went on without much prompting. 'Hey? Why, yes, I think they have some money — yes, Van as much as told me that himself. But it's not enough without him working — Major Van Cleve does n't do a thing, you know. Anyway, Van wants his *own* money — why, *any* man does. Van's not going to sit round and ask his grandmother for it — I would n't, 'either,' said Robert, loftily. 'Van Cleve just kept right on at the shoe factory, and let 'em fuss. He's awfully stern and — and *strong*, you know, when he wants to be.'

However, at about this time, it seemed they had moved to Lexington, and Van Cleve went right off and found another place — some kind of a place where he did some kind of office-work in one of the Government bonded warehouses or distilleries, or whatever they are, Bob was n't quite certain. They only stayed in Lexington a few months; and since they had been living here in Cincinnati Van Cleve had been working for a firm of brokers down on Third Street — Steinberger and Hirsch. Bob had another friend in the same office, Phil Cortwright — did n't I know him? He, too, by a curious coincidence, had recently come here to live. Van Cleve, it appeared, did n't like it at Steinberger and Hirsch's; he was going to leave them in September. No, Bob did not know what it was that Van disliked about the brokers' office or business — he would n't be likely to tell anybody, even Bob. 'He says I'm a regular sieve, anyhow!' Robert confessed with a laugh.

'Has he got something else to do?'

'Oh, yes! Van would n't throw up any job unless he was sure of another. He's going into the National Loan and Savings — Mr. Gebhardt's bank, you know. He'll have a pretty good thing there, he thinks,' Bob said with a large air. 'At least, he told me he meant to *stick* this time. He says he's chopped and changed around enough; he's tired of it, and he's getting too old. He's right, too, — he'll be twenty-one his next birthday. Funny thing about Van, he is n't the least bit swell-headed, you know, but he talks about sticking with the bank just as if nobody else had any say about it — just as if he was perfectly dead sure of making good. And he will, too, you see!' said his friend confidently.

I said quite truthfully that it had always seemed to me a formidable sort of undertaking to go and offer one's self

and one's services to anybody; that I wondered how any man could ever get up the courage to do it. Young Mr. Gilbert heard me with gravely smiling tolerance.

'Well, of course, a *woman*, you know —! Now, between *men*, it's so different.' He spoke with the wisdom of the ages. 'But Van Kendrick — why, applying for the bank job, or any other job, would n't worry *him* any. He went right to Mr. Gebhardt. Mr. Gebhardt knows his people, anyhow; he knows Major Van Cleve —'

Here Robert stopped short, struck, perhaps, by a certain idea of which he may have seen the reflection in my own face; for, our eyes meeting, he burst into a sudden guffaw of laughter. I am afraid I smiled, too. It was more than a little funny to think of Mr. Julius Gebhardt or any other hard-headed business man being favorably influenced by knowing Major Van Cleve.

'Has he been to see you yet?' the boy asked.

'Yes, but I was out. I'm going to call on the ladies to-day. I thought perhaps your sister might care to go with me.'

'I'm sure she'd like to very much,' said Robert, gallantly. 'Lorrie knows them pretty well; we were all summer up there at Put-in-Bay together, and she used to do fancy-work with them and the rest of the ladies on the porch of the hotel; Lorrie and Mother got to knowing the Van Cleves pretty well, lots better than I do — excepting Van, of course. Lorrie says he is n't a bit like the others. I don't believe he is, myself. Seems to me from the little I've seen of them (and Lorrie says so, too) that that old lady Van Cleve and Mrs. Lucas and Evelyn are all of them the kind that get up and run round in circles and scream if they don't get their own way, or things don't go to

suit them. Van's not at all like *that*. And the Major —' He checked himself again, eyeing me with a dubious smile that presently became another laugh. 'That's all *bunk*, you know, those stories he tells — you knew that, did n't you?' he said confidentially. 'Is n't he the prize hot-air-distributor, though?' He made a metaphorical gesture. 'Whoosh! And the blow almost killed father. Van knows it, of course. But nobody can say anything about his uncle before him — not much! He'd take your head off. It must be hard on him sometimes, though.'

Mrs. Gilbert's entrance, patting her hair and picking a stray thread or two from her dress, put a stop to these confidences. Robert, as often happens with young people, was struck into dumbness and awkwardness again by the parental presence; and sat quite silent and self-conscious until the end of the visit.

'Won't you have some peach-brandy? You know I'm one of those amusing creatures, an old-fashioned housekeeper, and I love to inflict my home-made stuff on people,' said Mrs. Gilbert, as we rose. 'Oh, the decanter's empty. Mercy, that's not at all like old-fashioned housekeeping!'

Summit Avenue, where the Van Cleves had established themselves, was in those days a quiet, plain street on the edge of one of our most fashionable and expensive suburbs, and quite popular, therefore, with small gentry. Number 8, although it was of precisely the same plan and architecture as its neighbors on either hand, still contrived to appear amongst them with a certain distinction, acquired, without doubt, from its present tenants, — or so I fancied. The whole row was, as a matter of fact, out of date and beginning to be woefully shabby-genteel, but neither of those terms could be applied to the

Van Cleves, and their home looked like them.

A nice-looking German maid-of-all-work let me into the long, dark, narrow hall whence a long, dark, narrow stairway ascended steeply to the floors above. In the parlor there were charming cretonne draperies, cushions, and so on; and chairs and tables which one might guess to be the solemn black walnut of a few years earlier, now rendered extraordinarily seemly and sprightly by a disguise of white enamel paint; there were ivory-tinted plaster casts; there were 'Copley Prints' and 'Braun Photographs' of all the best-known classics; there were smartly colored posters framed in passe-partout; and there were, besides, all over the delicate green walls, a glorious lot of water-color sketches, and chalk and crayon representations of woodland scenes, old mills, Italian-looking boys in costume, the Venus de Milo, Phidias's or Somebody's head of Jupiter, and other studies of antiquity; and, at my elbow, an easel with an oil-painting in a handsome frame of a brass kettle, a tumbler, a napkin with red fringe, and a plate with a banana on it — admirable portraits, all of them. These trophies recalled a rumor that one of the ladies was 'artistic,' the youngest, most probably; and this was presently confirmed by Mrs. Lucas and the grandmother who entered restlessly sparkling, with a kind of overpowering and devastating graciousness of welcome. It left you stunned, tense, with the sensation that something tremendous had happened, or was about to happen, during every moment of your stay in the house!

'Yes, Evelyn — my daughter Evelyn — is the artist, or, rather, the art-student. She is studying at your Paradise Park Academy,' Mrs. Lucas explained. 'Oh, *thank* you for saying that! Of course, *we* think she has tal-

ent. Evelyn is very *temperamental*, all her teachers have always said, and *temperament* is invaluable!' And in the middle of this, the young lady herself came in, from an outdoor sketching-class in the Park, in remarkably neat tramping attire, with a trig little folding camp-stool, portfolio, and artist's etceteras under her arm.

More superlatives, more graciousness, more excitement! They were, indeed, as I had been warned, as different as possible from the lank, sandy-haired, tongue-tied youth I had met in his uncle's company and seen going about with them, later. Young Kendrick did not seem at all vivacious or ready-witted; he was a little slow, if anything; whereas nobody could have been quicker, more unsparingly enthusiastic and emphatic, than these other Van Cleves. They were delighted with the city, the street, the house, the people. Everybody was so kind, so charming, so interesting, so clever! Was n't All Saints an attractive church? Was n't Mr. Babcock a *wonderfully* gifted man for the ministry — so true, so *eloquent*, so *sound*! Was n't Mrs. Gilbert a dear, sweet woman? Was n't Lorrie simply a *precious* girl —!

'Oh, you're sitting in a draught there; *do* take this chair! So careless of me, I did n't notice before!' cried Mrs. Lucas, interrupting herself with startling suddenness and energy in the midst of a cataract of exclamation points; '*do* take this chair! I *know* you're not comfortable!'

'Why, thank you — I'm all right — there is n't any draught, I think —'

'Oh, yes, I *know* there is! *Do* take this chair — you'll be *quite* safe *here*. And suppose you caught cold! I'd never forgive myself!' says Mrs. Lucas, tragedy in her voice.

All at once, terror quivered in the air about us: pneumonia — diphtheria — tuberculosis — all the forms of death

from taking cold menaced me; the Grim Reaper, as our newspapers love to call him, was flourishing his scythe for the blow, when I averted the calamity by moving to the other chair! Everybody breathed freely again (I trust), at least until the next crisis, which occurred when the maid brought in tea.

'You take sugar?' Mrs. Lucas said, — commanded would be the better word, — clamping me firmly with her bright, insistent eyes; 'you take sugar, of *course*!'

'No, thank you, I —'

'Oh, you *must* try sugar! This tea does n't taste nice without sugar, and I *do* so want you to have a *nice* cup of tea! Really, you'll take sugar, won't you? I *know* you won't like it without sugar — I *know* you won't! Have you ever *tried* sugar? You ought to, really — you can have no idea how it improves tea. *Do* let me put some in — now *do*! I *know* you'll like it with sugar!'

I took sugar; and tranquillity was restored. That is, Mrs. Lucas did not start from her chair and begin to 'run round and scream,' which at one moment had seemed imminent. After this the call progressed without any more sensational incidents, excepting, perhaps, a burst of alarm from Mrs. Lucas when it was discovered that Evelyn had gone out on the damp grass of the Park — it had rained twenty-four hours previously — without any overshoes (!!!), and the departure of the young lady upstairs to *change her shoes and stockings immediately* (!!!). Miss Lucas did not go without some objections which she voiced in what I took to be the temperamental manner, that is, with considerable sharpness and stubbornness, but she yielded at last, for — 'Everybody always has to give in to Myra. She's a natural boss,' said the Major to me with an indulgent

laugh. He arrived on the scene while the amiable little contention was going on.

'Myra is really not at all strong — she's very high-strung and sensitive,' Mrs. Van Cleve also explained aside; 'and of course Evelyn is all she has in the world, and Evelyn is n't strong, either, so they're each one a constant anxiety to the other. It's nothing but affection and worry, you know, but it sounds so much like quarreling, I sometimes wonder what strangers think of it.'

'Oh, I hear what you're saying, Mother,' said Mrs. Lucas from behind her tea-things, looking up with a roguish smile that was very attractive and disarming, somehow. She addressed me. 'What they really think is that Evelyn has been terribly spoiled, whenever she is rebellious, and I have to insist with her. But you know how it is with young people, they don't know what's best for them. I tell Evelyn and Van Cleve that they will both live to thank me for making them mind. You've met Van Cleve? Is n't he the *dearest, noblest* boy?'

'That is, of course *we* think so,' put in the grandmother. Suddenly her eyes filled. She had to take a quick gulp of her tea to keep down her emotion.

'Van Cleve's a splendid fellow,' said the Major, emphatically, setting his cup on the table; 'an unusual young fellow, madam. Mr. Gebhardt, whom I've no doubt you know, — I mean Mr. Julius Gebhardt the banker, your most prominent citizen, I should judge,' — it is impossible to give any idea in writing of the lusciousness which Major Van Cleve managed to impart to this description, — 'paid Van what *we* consider the very high compliment of inviting him to accept a position in the National Loan and Savings, of which he is the president, as you know, of course. "Your nephew is a striking ex-

ample of an old head on young shoulders, Major!" Mr. Gebhardt remarked to me the other day. Gebhardt is himself a very original and brilliant man, a man of enormous character.'

'That's what makes us sure Van Cleve is going to like it at the bank — Mr. Gebhardt and he will be so congenial,' said Mrs. Lucas, with so much innocent pride, one could not find it in one's heart to laugh.

It was a chorus of absurdly and pathetically extravagant praise. Did they repeat these things to Van Cleve's face? It set one upon the thought: what kind of an atmosphere was this for a young man to live and grow up in? The Kendrick boy looked sensible, and all that I had heard about him so far sounded sensible; but it would need a deal of intrinsic force in any character to weather through these alternate gusts of hysterical devotion and hysterical tyranny, and keep its integrity to the end.

It so fell out that, on coming away, about a square from the house, I encountered Van Cleve himself, striding along home in the late afternoon, and whistling sturdily. He gallantly turned back to escort me to the car; and, on the way, Bob Gilbert's name having come up, I said that I had already understood from him that Mr. Kendrick was about to make a change of business.

'Yes,' said Van Cleve, briefly. He was not nearly so much of a talker as the other boy. Van, on his side, had no idea of launching into talk or praise of his friend, it was plain; and, as to betraying any sort of opinion about Steinberger and Hirsch, or brokers in general and their offices, that would be the last thing in the world to enter young Mr. Kendrick's head.

As we waited for the car, there came, walking on the other side of the street, Miss Lorrie Gilbert, in pretty, fresh, white piqué skirts, crisp and cool on

this warm day, with a straw hat with roses on her brown head, and a white embroidered parasol (they had been put down to one-ninety-eight, and I had seen her in the shop the other day gleefully buying one of these bargains out of her little, lean, careful purse) whirling and twirling over her shoulder. Miss Gilbert came walking with some other girl, and they both nodded and waved to us pleasantly. The other girl I saw was that newcomer here, that Miss Jameson, who could be recognized from afar by her bright auburn hair, and who (as the young people reported) was forever attaching herself to Lorrie, anyhow. Van Cleve looked after them with an interest showing through the odd, unyouthful reserve of his face which I fear I had not excited — alas! His light, cool, slate-gray eyes brightened indefinitely.

'Miss Jameson's a very pretty girl, is n't she?' said I, obligingly.

He started faintly. '*Miss Jameson?* Oh, yes, she's awfully pretty!' he said with almost unnecessary heartiness. And the car reaching our corner at that moment, he hustled me on to it, and scurried off after the young ladies, quite like the boy he really was, in spite of his uncannily mature airs. He could be seen to join them, out of breath and smiling, and jabbering fast enough *now*, no doubt!

CHAPTER III

CONCERNING THE GILBERTS AND SOME OTHERS

Professor Samuel Gilbert's name bore after it on the rolls of the University teaching-staff a handsome train of capital letters and abbreviations signifying all sorts of honors achieved at, or conferred by, a number of similar institutions of learning, and forming a set of decorations to which the Professor

himself was never by any chance known to refer. He was a plain man. He occupied the chair of Dead Languages, and might be seen any morning, even the rawest, windiest, and iciest, trudging off in the direction of that piece of furniture, to his class-rooms in the University; ploughing along with his large, square, tired, placidly-humorous face set toward the heights, and his large, square frame clad in a loose, ill-fitting, shabby style not at all in accordance with the dignity of his position and titles.

But who ever heard of a dapper or dressy professor? Chairs — of Dead Languages or what-not — in the colleges of this land of wealth and freedom are not notoriously the best-paid of offices; educators as well as education ought to come cheap from our splendidly democratic point of view. And it is possible that Samuel Gilbert, with his head full of hard-won Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit, with his capital letters and his scholastic eminence, walked through rain and shine to economize on carfare, and slaved away the long, hot days of summer school to pay last winter's coal-bill, and wore his dingy old overcoat and those monstrous, clumsy brogans which furnished his classes so much amusement, because he could not very often afford to change them. For the matter of that, few of his brother professors were in much better case. There was Weimer (Metaphysics) who kept his wife and two children in Düsseldorf, over in Germany, on half of what it would have cost him here, and who hoped, by saving up most of the other half, to be able to visit them, in two or three years. There were Burdette (Political Science) and Stoller (Mathematics), lucky bachelors who roomed together, thereby reducing expenses incredibly. There was Livingstone (Chemistry), engaged for the last twelve years, and

waiting till he should get up to a salary of two thousand for the wedding. No, Professor Gilbert was by no means an isolated instance.

The Gilberts, of course, had to live very simply and unfashionably in the little old house on Warwick Lane; but this fact did not appreciably interfere with their being invited everywhere, and knowing everybody. The winter Lorrie was nineteen, for instance, the first winter she was 'out,' there could be no question of a *débutante* ball or tea or dinner-dance, such as the other girls in her set were treated to, as an introduction to society. Nevertheless, Lorrie went 'out'; she poured at the receptions, she danced at all the germans, she went to the Charity Ball for the Training-school for Nurses; she was seen constantly in her little, cheap frocks — one white embroidered net, worn over a pink or blue China-silk slip, turn about — among all the gauze and lace and satin plumage, apparently having as good a time as anybody, with her pretty, waving brown hair, and her bright eyes and cheeks. Sometimes it was Mrs. Gilbert chaperoning her daughter, in her old black grenadine with the jet *passementerie* down the front; sometimes the Professor himself might be noticed waiting patiently about in corners, with a vague, resigned look, absently polite, as if he might be inwardly conjugating a Semitic verb while he answered your remark about the weather. His dress-coat was the same he had worn at the commencement ball when he graduated from Dartborough Institute, Virginia, — Samuel Gilbert, '68. By what his wife regarded as a special dispensation of Providence, Samuel never outgrew that coat; in middle life he retained the spare, angular, and bony figure of his youth.

There were only the two children — Lorrie, who was the elder by a year and

a half, and Robert. Perhaps their mother, in her secret heart, considered the smallness of the family another dispensation. Mrs. Gilbert was a devout Episcopalian, and would have taken uncomplainingly whatever it pleased her God to send; but He Himself knew that their income had always been a tight fit, and was getting tighter as the cost of living advanced, and the children grew up. Lorrie, indeed, for all her spirits and girlish delight in society, and that spice of coquetry from which, sad to relate, more than one young man had already suffered — Lorrie was, after all, a generous, right-minded sort of young woman, and had wanted very much at one time to study shorthand and go into an office, by way of lightening the family burdens. It was a sane and practical idea; but the Virginia-born father and mother could not bring themselves to accept it favorably — to accept it at all. Their particular generation did not easily emancipate itself from the traditions of their particular state. Even when the point came up of sending Bob to college, which, plan as economically as they might, would strain them to the last notch, Professor Gilbert would not listen to his daughter's proposal.

'Robert must have his education. But better let him go without than sacrifice one child to the other,' said the father. And then he added, unconsciously betraying a much stronger feeling, 'It's a poor apology for a man who can't take enough care of the women of his family to keep them out of offices, I have always thought.'

'Father, you're hopelessly archaic, and antediluvian, and behind the times and out-of-date!' said Lorrie; and laughed and kissed him between her adjectives. 'You're primeval, and probably arboreal —'

'Father's just *right*!' cried Bob, stoutly. 'It would be just the same as

my taking your money that you'd worked hard for, and going off to have a good time with it, Lorrie. I think I see myself!'

'You're not going to college just for a good time, Robert; remember that!' said the Professor, a little anxiously.

But Bob, who was always prone to sanguine and brilliant dreaming, had already begun to explain eagerly what he meant to do.

'As soon as I'm through — it's only four years, anyhow — I'm going to get out and *hustle*, you'll see! I mean to make money — I mean to take care of you all. I won't have Father and Lorrie and you, Mums, working round and scratching and saving the way you do now. You just wait!' he declared, striding up and down, with sweeping gestures, his hair tumbled, his young face aglow. Mrs. Gilbert watched him, infinitely proud and tender. Of course he was very young and self-confident and boastful, but his ideals were high — they were clean, they were true, thought the mother. If your young men have not the vision, the country perisheth; but her Robert had it, she was sure.

Professor Gilbert, on the other hand, lacking the maternal insight, had had his moments of doubt and perplexity, and angrily-hushed misgivings, about his son, before this; and they crowded thickly upon him now.

The truth is, that to Samuel, the breath of whose nostrils was study, labor, the conquest of difficulties, Robert offered a painful and disheartening enigma; with all his experience of youth, the Professor found himself unable to solve it. Bob was not a dull boy, or a bad boy, or a lazy boy; he was simply and incurably *boy*. He could have yawned his head off over the Dead Languages; all the poetry of both ancient and modern worlds left him cold; he cared no more to read history than to read his

mother's cook-book; he kicked his feet and stared out of window in the class in mathematics.

With all this, Robert, to the slightly bewildered relief of his parents, made no such poor appearance in their world, being not in the least uncouth, nor, on the surface, at any rate, ignorant. The young fellow was ready enough in talk, gay, mannerly, and agreeable; nobody ever took a joke better, or was more amiably amused at his own blunders.

'I can't understand it!' Professor Gilbert would complain to his wife in their worried private moments: 'Bob looks and talks like a gentleman's son — I never caught him in a lie in my life — yet he does n't seem to have the faintest idea of personal responsibility. And he can't add, and spells "judgment" with an *e*!'

By what despairing labors, or what shrinking use of his own name and influence, the elder Gilbert got his son through the entrance examinations at Eureka College, one can only guess; possibly the standards of that institution were not mercilessly high. Robert went off in fine feather; ere long letters came back brimful of zest for the new life. Such fun! He had been initiated into the B. K. E. Everybody belonged to a fraternity, you know — you *had* to belong to a fraternity; why, if you did n't, you were n't in anything, and could n't have any good times at all. He would have felt awfully if he had n't been invited to join; but two or three different frats had come after him. It sounded big-headed for him to say that; but you could n't help being glad the fellows liked you, you know. He liked them all; they were splendid fellows, every one of them. He was learning to box; pretty nearly everybody boxed or did some kind of athletic stunt; he was going to save up and buy a pair of boxing-gloves. He could get on the Glee

or Mandolin Club, too, lots of the fellows had told him; only he did n't like to be borrowing some other fellow's banjo all the time, so he could n't get very much practice, but he meant to save up and buy one for himself.

'It would be great if I could go on tour with the club during the holidays, would n't it?' he wrote excitedly. 'They have the time of their lives. Every town they go to there are always either some Eureka men, or some belonging to the same frats, and they can't do enough for you. It looks just now as if the expense would kind of oversize me, but I think maybe I can make it yet, by saving here and there. You watch little Robbie, the Wonder of Eureka College, in his Peerless Performance of Piling up the Scads! . . . There's a man in the Glee Club that's a special friend of mine, though he's a good deal older, about twenty-four, I think, and I'm such a kid. That's what they all call me, you know, Kid Gilbert. I think I told you about him before; it's Phil Cortwright, the same fellow that was so nice about telling me about rooms, and the right sort of fellows to know and all that, when I first got here. He was the one that got me into the B. K. E. He comes from Paris, Kentucky, and I believe his people are in the whiskey business, or race-horses, but you know they don't think anything of that down there — I mean they think it's all right and perfectly gentlemanly. Anyhow, Phil's a crack-erjack fellow, and if the Glee Club comes to Cinti, I want to make it pleasant for him. I'd like to have him stay at the house if we can. It won't be any trouble, you know, because we'll be out all the time. Tell Lorrie to stir up the girls, so he'll be invited places. I bet they'll all like him; Cort's a good deal of a fussy, and an awfully clean-cut, good-looking fellow, and dances like a dream, all the girls here say. . . .'

And the letter ended with, dear old Dad and Mums, he was n't doing any great things in class, just sort of tailing along with the rest, but don't worry, he'd make it up before the end of the year.

Perhaps Robert had laid out his plans on too large a scale, or had not had leisure enough for even a single one of the things he meant to accomplish; at any rate, when he came home for the holidays at the mid-year, he was not yet a member of any of the organizations for which he had proposed to qualify, and was still occupying the not at all exalted position in class which he had described. After all, however, — as the young fellow argued good-naturedly, — there was plenty of time; Dad knew that he was n't any high-brow, Dad did n't expect him to *shine*; he would come out about even with the run of 'em in the end; he was as good as the average. So why be a grind?

Why, indeed? The town was full of young college men; you saw the fresh faces, you heard the rough music of the boys' voices at every turn — goodly sights and sounds. It was not a moment for sermonizing; everybody wanted them to have a good time, everybody was bent on giving them a good time. In the middle of the festivities, the Eureka Mandolin and Glee Club arrived on their 'tour.' — 'Rah, 'rah, 'RAH! U-ree-KAH! etc.

Bob rushed down to the train and bore the much-heralded Cortwright home in triumph; not home at once, to be sure, for they had to stop at the Mecca to have a high-ball, and stop at Smith's to pick out some neckties, and stop at Andy's for a game of pool, and attend to a dozen-and-one matters of like importance before finally taking the Elmhill car. It was a cold and sunny winter day, at about that hour of the afternoon when any number of

carriages were hurrying to and from luncheons, matinée parties, receptions, and what-not. They sped by with clouds of picture-hats, furs, and white gloves, extraordinarily warm-looking and radiant. And no doubt it secretly pleased Mr. Robert Gilbert not a little, as the two young men strode along, to be constantly taking off his hat in response to smiling salutes from all these rich and dainty cargoes. Rob was no snob, but hang it, a man can't help taking a pride in his own people, you know, and he liked to show them off to Corty!

The latter young gentleman preserved a kind of appreciative immobility; he was twenty-four and a man of the world, who had seen something of life, and — ahem! — of women. Nevertheless, he was not above glancing into a mirror in the drug-store window as they passed and noting anxiously that his overcoat set without a wrinkle. He was tall, slim, straight, and straight-featured, a satisfying example — according to his own ideas — of the type that a certain eminent artist in black-and-white was just then busily bringing into vogue.

'Hello, there's Lorrie now!' said Bob, suddenly. Another carriage had gone by. Bob looked after it. 'Somebody's taking her somewhere,' he said explanatorily; 'Lorrie's generally on the dead jump.'

They resumed their walk.

'The one with the auburn hair — is that your sister?'

'No — that was n't Lorrie; her hair's brown, and she's always got it kind of loose and wavy. Lorrie has beautiful hair. No, that red-headed one is a Miss Jameson. I don't know whether she's come here to live, or only visiting one of the girls. You'll meet 'em all at this dinner of the Gebhardts to-night, and the other places, you know.'

'Gebhardt? That's a kind of Ger-

man-sounding name. You have lots of Germans here, have n't you?' Cortwright said fastidiously.

'Yes. The Gebhardts are American-born, though; they're just as American as you or I; Mr. Gebhardt's at the head of a bank here. They've got a beautiful place out on Adams Road.'

'Money to burn, I suppose?'

'Yes, I guess so — oh, of course they must have,' said Bob, vaguely. It had never occurred to him to notice; he was not interested in the Gebhardts' financial status, nor, in fact, in anybody's.

Young Cortwright was of a much more practical turn; he viewed with a more or less appraising eye the carriages and girls Bob pointed out to him, and the handsome, sober, rather old-style residences which, at that date, decorated our hill-top suburbs. 'You know I'm expecting to go into business here or in Chicago — wherever there's the best opening, of course,' he confided sagely to his junior; 'but wherever it is, I'm going to know the moneyed crowd, you bet. It's the only way to get along.'

'Well, that lets *me* out, if you ever settle down here. You won't know *me*!' said Bob, with his ready laugh.

And the other, after an instant of confusion, laughed too, and clapped him a staggering blow on the back. 'You *are* a kid, Gil,' he said.

This last conversation took place in Bob's bedroom (the one at the back over the kitchen, a shabby and homely little room like all the rest of the shabby, homely, dignified house) while they were dressing for the dinner; and as Cortwright, having finished first, went downstairs, he repeated to himself that Gilbert *was* a kid, but a good sort for all that, and a regular little Who's-Who-in-Society. Anybody could see the family were n't just what you'd call rolling in coin, but that did n't

count so much after all, outside of New York; the old Professor was a nice old mossback; and Bob's mother reminded Philip of his own who had died when he was a little fellow — the young man, for all his ingrained worldliness, thought of her with a momentary flush of sentiment that did him credit. He had not yet met the sister that the Kid was always bragging about; — and upon this, Mr. Cortwright, straightening his fine, square shoulders, and feeling for the final time to see that his white tie was accurately in place, passed into the living-room whence he had already heard certain girlish sounds.

A young lady, dressed, or, one might say, over-dressed, in a delicately elaborate evening toilet of Nile-green chiffon, covered with beaded embroidery, fairy-like lace festoons and knots of ribbons, who had been sitting in the low chair by the hearth, jumped up with a faint scream at sight of him. Never was fright more overwhelming — considering the very slight occasion for it — or more prettily displayed. She clasped her slim hands together, and gazed at him with wide eyes of the most beautiful deep and clear violet-blue ever seen.

'Startled fawn style!' said Philip to himself, knowingly; he had not gained that reputation of being an expert and successful 'fusser' without practice. 'What stunning red hair! But I thought Bob said the red-headed one was n't his sister,' went through his mind as he delivered a glance nicely compounded of admiration and apology, and began, 'Miss Gilbert —?'

'Oh, no, *indeed*, I'm not Lorrie,' interrupted the fawn, still in a charming flutter; she dropped her eyes before the young man's, which, to tell the truth, were sufficiently bold, and fidgeted with her frills and laces. 'I'm — it's — I'm Miss Jameson — I came over

to go with Lorrie to-night, you know — I did n't expect to see any strangers —'

'You did n't, hey? *Come off!*' thought the experienced Philip skeptically, though the lovely shell-pink of her cheeks had not altered, and the blue eyes were quite childishly candid and open as she faced him with this statement. 'I startled you bolting in this way? I'm awfully sorry,' he said, and once more allowed his gaze to wander appreciatively over her — a gaze which Miss Jameson apparently did not in the least resent, although she could scarcely fail to be conscious of it. 'I'll have to introduce myself, if you don't mind. I'm Bob's friend, Cortwright — you may have heard him —'

'Oh, Mr. Cortwright! — oh, of course! Why, I did n't know you were here yet! They were n't expecting you *to-day*, were they? When did your train get in?' And with these guileless inquiries, Miss Jameson reseated herself, turning her head so that her profile, exact and finished as a cameo, was exhibited to him in full relief against the dark and dingy old iron mantel-piece.

Cortwright, who himself possessed a good figure and no small talent for posing, forgot all his own tactics to stare at her unrestrained; he had never seen so completely pretty a woman. No wonder she liked to show herself off, he thought; she was pretty all over; the calculated grace of her attitude brought out sweet, exquisite curves and outlines of a yielding suggestion that set the young man's senses tingling. He did not rebuke himself, not being, perhaps, particularly conscientious on that score, and feeling, moreover, a cynical suspicion that she was fully aware of this powerful feminine appeal — counted confidently on it — wielded it as a familiar tool. He knew something about women, and he had met her sort before! Their eyes met. Cortwright, with a spectacular haste, lowered his to

her foot — an enticing foot in a high-heeled satin slipper and all but transparent Nile-green stocking.

‘Why, we got in in the afternoon — a little late on account of the snow in the mountains, you know,’ he said, answering her last remark elaborately. ‘Oh.’

There was another silence; then another interchange of glances. Cortwright began to feel uneasily that the scene ran some risk of becoming ridiculous. She could n’t expect him to start holding hands, or teasing for a kiss right off? That would be a bit *too* strong, although, to be sure, there *are* girls — but not in a house like this — among this kind of people —

‘It’s awfully cold, is n’t it?’ said Miss Jameson.

‘Yes, but I like it, don’t you? So bracing!’

‘Yes, it *is* bracing.’

Again the conversation halted. The young lady appeared to have an exceedingly shallow run of small talk; yet she was anything but bashful. She wore her unusually low-necked ballgown, and languidly uncovered her round, tapering ankles, with an air of complete self-possession. Cortwright looked and looked with a kind of luxuriance.

‘I like summer better than winter,’ said Miss Jameson, playing with an elegant trifle of a fan she carried on a slender chain threaded with pearls that hung and swung below her knees. ‘It’s so much warmer.’

‘Gets almost too hot, though, in this locality sometimes.’

‘Yes, it *does*, does n’t it?’ She looked at him under and through her long, thick lashes this time; and this time Mr. Philip gazed back at her ardently, not thinking it worth the trouble to go through his former pantomime. This was what she was after; and he had always found it worked

well to meet them halfway, he said to himself. She was as softly accommodating as a cushion; and it sufficed for her that he was male. But in another moment this most promising flirtation was all off — in Philip’s own phrase — because Bob came breezing downstairs into the parlor; and after him Miss Gilbert, who turned out to be no such beauty as the other girl, though she was nice-looking enough, and who gave him a firm little hand, and looked at him out of a pair of straight and steady brown eyes, with a frankness and simplicity which were on the whole rather refreshing.

‘We’re so glad to have you here, Mr. Cortwright. It’s so nice to know Bob’s friends,’ Lorrie said sincerely. ‘We drove past you and Bob this afternoon — did you see us? There was n’t time to stop and speak,’ she added innocently.

And Cortwright, glancing swiftly into Miss Jameson’s face, experienced a not unnatural glow of conceit, as he knelt down to put on the latter’s furry party-boots. Well, he *was* a fine-looking fellow; she was n’t the first woman that had found it out, and made an opportunity to meet him!

Then they all bundled off to the Gebhardts’ dinner-dance, and the ensuing ‘whirl of gayety,’ as the “Society Jottings” column in the Sunday supplement described it. There were so many girls and such pretty ones, and so much good eating and drinking, and so fine a dancing floor, that Cortwright lost sight of Miss Jameson after the first two-step. He hardly had time for any one girl in particular. At this party and at others, to Bob’s immense pride and delight (he was so unreservedly proud and delighted, in fact, that the older man was at times a little annoyed and almost made ashamed by it), Corty made a highly successful impression in their society. He was undeniably hand-

some, he dressed well, he could talk, he could dance, he could rattle off any amount of rag-time on the piano, and whistle and sing all the latest 'coon-songs' and airs from the popular operas. The men liked him; he spent freely, and was an all-round good fellow, they voted. It was with a real reluctance that the young people saw him go when his time was up; and his last act on the day of his departure, after the Wattersons' breakfast at the Country Club, was to entertain a dozen or so of his youthful hosts and hostesses at the vaudeville performance they were having that winter down at the old Pickrell Opera House.

I grieve to state that the party, under Mr. Cortwright's leadership, behaved with regrettable indecorum, notably when Mlle. Patrice came on for her serpentine dance and the calcium-light machine in the gallery threw an illuminated picture of the United States flag accompanied by the legend '*La Libertad de Cuba*' all over her and her gauze draperies as she serpentine about the stage, a spectacle they singled out to welcome with applause fit to raise the roof. The '*Libertad*' of this island was something everybody was hearing a good deal about in those days.

Miss Jameson was not one of the guests on this occasion; as it happened, Cortwright had seen her only once or twice after that initial party. He divined that, for some reason, she was not always welcome everywhere in Lorrie's set, but was far too wise to ask why. For all that, Philip did not forget her, and therefore pricked his ears one day at a fragment of talk concerning the young lady between Bob and his sister.

'Say, Lorrie, who is this new skirt, anyhow?' the brother demanded inelegantly; 'I don't remember ever to have met her before, and yet they say she lives here, and she talks as if she al-

ways had. You know who I mean — Miss Jameson — your friend Paula. She said she would n't mind if I called her that — floored me for a minute. I had n't asked to, you know.'

'Why, yes, you do know her, too, Bob. We all went to kindergarten together to Miss Banning when we were little — don't you remember? You ought to know Paula Jameson perfectly well.'

'Well, I don't — hold on! I believe I do, too. She must have been the little girl with the flossy sort of clothes that always had whole boxes of chewing-gum in her desk — oh, yes, I know *now*. But where's she been all the while in between? Nobody seems to know her nowadays. When I asked some of the girls the other day, they all rather sniffed, and said she was hanging on to *you*, and trying to *get in*.'

'Oh, don't talk like that, Bob,' said Lorrie, a little troubled. 'There's nothing the matter with Paula, only — well, her mother has never gone out here and does n't know many people, and that makes it hard for Paula, you see. And then living in hotels and boarding-houses all the time must be horrid; *nobody* lives in a hotel, here — *nobody*. I think poor Paula has a pretty hard time.'

'Why, she dresses out of sight, does n't she? That's what all the girls say. I guess she's too pretty — that's what's the matter,' said Robert, shaking his head profoundly.

'You know better, Bob Gilbert — you're just teasing —'

'Is Miss Jameson so pretty?' said Cortwright, in a tone of slight surprise. He thought it diplomatic never to express admiration for one girl to another girl. 'It seemed to me she lacked animation a little. Did n't talk much, you know.'

'She does n't need to talk — she can just *look*,' said Bob. 'Why, yes, Cort,

she's a stunning beauty. Funny you have n't noticed it. Don't I tell you that's the reason all the girls are so down on her? *Wow*, look out for Lorrie!

He riotously dodged an imaginary thunderbolt; and Mrs. Gilbert came mildly in to see what all the noise was about.

The visit, the holidays, came to an end; all the young people vanished in a twinkling, Cinderella-fashion, when the tocsin sounded; no more tearing-off from luncheon to card-party, from card-party to dinner, from dinner to cotillion, no more coming in at four o'clock in the morning, and yawning down to breakfast at noon. Bob's father and mother felt, with a formless disquiet, that they had scarcely seen the boy at all; there had been no time for the long, intimate, kind talks they had planned, not one quiet evening, not one meal in private. Perhaps a tear or two fell and damaged Robert's shirts as Mrs. Gilbert folded them into the trunk; it had all been so hurried and noisy and hilarious — *too* hilarious that night while that young Mr. Cortwright was here, and the boys had come home at dawn, and the cabman came up the steps with them, and Samuel himself had to go down and let them in. The mother thought of that night with shrinking. Young men must be young men, of course, but — She got up suddenly from the midst of the clothes strewn all about, and went and took from her desk a tintype of Robert when he was four years old, in his first funny little breeches, with a top in his hand, and stood looking at it a long while. He had been her little boy then — all hers. Mrs. Gilbert put the picture down with a sigh, and went back to her packing.

Bob did actually get through his Freshman year and pass the examinations without serious mishap, some-

how or other; and returned to Eureka the next fall, a Sophomore, as exuberantly sanguine and care-free as ever. His letters, which were not so regular as they had been, and very much briefer, now began to be filled with a disconcerting variety of schemes and dreams relating to his career upon leaving college — vast fortunes he would acquire by manœuvres based upon all sorts of airy possibilities. His friend Cortwright, it seemed, had already finished, and was now entering upon brokerage and insurance in his home town. Robert did n't believe Phil would stay in Paris long; he was already talking of moving to some bigger place and maybe would come to Cin. Would n't that be bully?

There was more in the same strain, over which the parents exchanged worried glances. It was different from all that wholesome chatter about frats and athletics; the boy talked too much about money; what was all this jargon of 'fliers' and 'sure things'? And as for classes —! Professor Gilbert girded himself up, and wrote a letter, sternly reminding Robert of his age, his duties, the value of his time and education; and suffered tortures of anxiety and self-reproach during the weeks that went by before any answer came. 'Have I hopelessly antagonized him?' thought poor Samuel, wretchedly; 'why did n't I let him alone? But I said nothing but what I've said over and over again, and Bob never got hurt, or angry, or sulky at it. Something else must have happened. *I know* Bob's all right — but you can't tell anything about boys.'

In the end, Lorrie, who had a certain affectionate understanding of her brother's character, though her own was so different, was visited by an intuition on which she acted in her usual prompt and direct fashion. 'Dearest Bobs, I'm afraid you are bothered about your allowance,' she wrote. 'I don't see how

you get along on it, because you must *have* to do certain things, you can't get out of doing them; and you have n't got much to do with. I should think even with the greatest care, you'd get behind sometimes; and then it's always so hard to get straight again —' And so on without a word about duty and ambition and self-sacrifice, which, indeed, were subjects Lorrie would have considered altogether too lofty for *her*.

She got a reply by return post full of bad spelling and contrition and confession and promises of amendment in Bob's big, loose scrawl, the pages decorated with one or two blobs and smears which looked as if Master Robert, in spite of his sex and his twenty years, had had to wipe his eyes at times over this composition. The lad was really honest, really loving. Yes, he acknowledged, he had 'got in bad'; he *could n't* tell Dad; Dad never could see things *his* way. But it was like her to guess it. She always *understood*, somehow; there was n't anybody like her — no fellow ever had such a sister. Would she tell Dad and Mums for him now? He hoped he could get through without asking them for any more money; they were so good, and scraped and pinched and stinted themselves to give him what they did, and his allowance would have been plenty for anybody but a fool, and he was n't worth what they did for him. His friend Cortwright was going to fix up some kind of

a loan for him (Phil was in that business, you know), get him some money so he could pay the fellows and the other people he owed, that is; and afterwards Bob could pay the loan off by degrees, and he guessed it would be all right. Cortwright was an awfully good fellow. But Bob could n't make the exams this year — he was way behind — Would Lorrie tell Father that, too? And he was going to take a brace from this minute *right on* — he was n't going to have anything like this happen again — just give him a chance, and he'd *prove* it — he was going to get even, you *see*!

It is a sorry task to write or read of these years of Robert's — a sorry and a wearisome one to rehearse the schedule of failure and disappointment and folly; let us leave it! In the middle of his third term (by which time Professor Gilbert was perceptibly grayer and more stooped, and his wife looked ten years older) the young man came home. One of the first persons he fell in with was Van Cleve Kendrick, who must have been scrubbing along in the shoe factory, the distillery, Heaven knows where, all this while, and acquiring experience of a very different order from Robert's. Cortwright was here, too, with Steinberger and Hirsch down on Third Street.

And I suppose all these events must have taken place about the year '92 — or was it '93? How time flies!

(*To be continued.*)

THE DRIFT TOWARD GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS

BY B. L. WINCHELL

I

THERE is an unmistakable drift toward government ownership of railways in the United States. This tendency is probably most apparent to those closely identified with railway affairs; but it is also evident to many who are interested in the railway business chiefly, or only, as observers and students of economic, industrial, and political problems.

In the first place, there has been for some years a rather unsteady but certain increase in the number of socialists in the country; and those who thus favor public ownership and management of all of the means of both production and distribution must be counted in with those others who favor public acquisition of the principal means of distribution. There has also been an increase in the number of those who advocate public ownership of all public utilities, of which steam railways are the largest. Finally, there has been a mighty growth in the number who favor very stringent regulation of railways, and who have succeeded in getting this policy adopted. The last-named class, which is much the largest, may finally turn the scale for public ownership. For its members now expect much from regulation—lower rates, better service, smaller railway dividends, complete elimination of traffic discriminations, shorter hours and higher wages for

labor, higher railway taxes, fewer accidents, and all the rest.

There is, however, a limit to the amount along these lines that any railway policy, whether that of unregulated private management, regulated private management, or public management, can accomplish. It is to be feared that public regulation, however submissive to it the railways may be, will accomplish less than many expect; and that, disappointed, these will join the ranks of those who believe in government ownership.

Furthermore, the opposition to public ownership from the men who, in past years, have had the strongest incentive to oppose it, namely, the officers and stockholders of railways, may decrease—nay, is decreasing—just when the tendency toward it becomes strongest. Whether rightly or wrongly, many railway officers and stockholders feel that unless present tendencies of regulation are checked, the time will soon come when, regardless of what their attitude as citizens may or should be, they will have no good reason, as railway officers and stockholders, for opposing public ownership.

The main thing about any employment that makes it attractive to strong men is the opportunity, under conditions affording much freedom of action, to exercise their best initiative, put forth their best energy, and thereby achieve the best results of which they

are capable; and many railway officers feel that the ever-increasing restrictions that regulation is putting on railway management are depriving them of this opportunity. The public has small conception how the hundreds of federal and state laws regulating railways, passed in recent years, and the innumerable orders that are constantly being issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission and the forty-two state commissions, tie the hands of railway officers. Doubtless much of the regulation is needed; perhaps all of it is well intended: but the public has unfortunately tried to adopt a policy of regulation that will prevent railway officers from doing anything that they ought not to do, and has overlooked the fact that to hedge men about with restrictions of this sort may, at the same time, so narrow their freedom of action as to make it impossible for them to do many things that they ought to do.

Those who have bought railway stock — as distinguished from those who have really loaned their money to the roads by buying their bonds — have done so in order that, while incurring the risk of business loss if the venture did not pay, they might get a business profit if it did pay; and the tendency of regulation to limit and reduce railway profits is making many investors wonder if they would not be better off financially if government ownership should be adopted. With an outstanding capitalization of less than \$63,000 a mile, or lower than that of the railways of any other first-rate country in the world, the railways of the United States have never been able in any year to pay as much as 4 per cent on both their bonds and their stock. In 1910 their average interest was 3.79 per cent and their average dividends 3.64 per cent. It is in the face of this fact that the state and

national governments are pursuing a policy under which net earnings are declining instead of increasing. In the calendar year 1907, net earnings per mile were \$3,359; in 1908, following the panic of 1907, they were \$2,869; in 1909, \$3,441; in 1910, \$3,344; in 1911, \$3,152. Now, railway stockholders know that no government has ever, in acquiring railways, paid an improperly low price for them; they feel confident that the government of the United States will not be the first to set the example of railway confiscation; and if they could get their money out of railways they could invest it elsewhere with more chance of large profits.

In these circumstances, the time may soon come when the only persons who will oppose public ownership will be those who will do so solely from a disinterested belief that it would be a bad thing for the republic, and we all know that disinterested zeal is seldom active, strenuous, and effective.

A change to government ownership in the United States, whether the results were bad or good, would be a revolution of stupendous proportions. The mileage of the railways of this country, amounting to more than 240,000 miles, is greater than the combined mileages of all the railways now owned by governments in the world. The net capitalization of our railways is about fourteen and a half billions of dollars; they certainly could not be acquired for less than this; the purchase price, very likely, would be nearer twenty billions; and all this immense sum would be added to the national debt. The 1,700,000 employees would all become government employees, with what political consequences no one can foretell. We should arouse ourselves to a clear recognition of present tendencies, cease drifting, and determine by investigation, thought, and discussion whether government ownership

will or will not be the best policy for us as a people; and then, having decided this, we should deliberately and carefully either prepare for the change, or work out and adopt a railway policy that will steer us clear of it.

II

The first question to be squarely faced and settled is: Is government ownership desirable or not? To discuss that question adequately within the limits of a magazine article would be impossible. Some of the most important points may, however, be touched upon.

The largest state-owned railway system in the world is that of Germany, and its results are those most frequently cited by advocates of government ownership as arguments for that policy. It is said that the German state system yields large profits to the government, that its rates are reasonable and non-discriminatory, and that its service is good. There is no question that, on the whole, the German state lines are quite well-managed. But there is one vital difference between Germany and the United States that must be taken into account. Germany is a monarchy; the United States is a democracy; and Charles Francis Adams, long chairman of the Railroad Commission of Massachusetts, thirty years ago forcibly expressed the reasons why the results gained by public management of railways under one form of government cannot, without much qualification and many reservations, be used as an argument for the adoption of the same policy in a country having a different form of government.

'In applying results drawn from the experience of one country to problems which present themselves in another,' said Mr. Adams, 'the difference of social and political habit and educa-

tion should ever be borne in mind. Because in the countries of continental Europe the state can and does hold close relations, amounting even to ownership, with the railroads, it does not follow that the same course could be successfully pursued in England or in America. The former nations are by political habit administrative, the latter are parliamentary. In other words, France and Germany are essentially executive in their governmental systems, while England and America are legislative. Now, the executive may design, construct, or operate a railroad; the legislative never can. A country, therefore, with a weak or unstable executive, or a crude and imperfect civil service, should accept with caution results achieved under a government of bureaus.'

As W. M. Acworth, the English railway economist, has said, 'Prussia is Prussia, with a government in effect autocratic, with a civil service with a strong *esprit de corps*, and permeated with old traditions, leading them to regard themselves as servants of the king, rather than as candidates for popular favor. I am inclined to think,' Mr. Acworth adds, 'that the effect of the evidence is that the further a government departs from autocracy and develops in the direction of democracy the less successful it is likely to be in the direct management of railroads.'

Most of the employees of the German lines are ex-soldiers who not only have the soldier's training and traditions, but might at any time be called into military service. Suppose that they should strike. They might at once be ordered into the army and then detailed, as soldiers, to return to their posts on the railways; and if they refused they might be tried by court-martial and shot. The employees of the German state lines are not allowed to organize labor-unions such as the

employees of the privately-owned railways of Great Britain and the United States have. They may form local associations to carry on discussion and formulate complaints and petitions as to wages and conditions of employment; but a superior officer is always present at these meetings. They can present their complaints or demands to Parliament only through their officers, and political activity on their part to secure anything the railway administration does not want to grant, is unknown, and would not be tolerated.

These facts illustrate the differences between the conditions under which government management is carried on in such a country as Germany, with a monarchical government, and those under which it would be carried on under a democratic government such as ours. Can any one believe that if government ownership were adopted here the powerful railway brotherhoods would be abolished, and political activity by employees to secure such wages and conditions of employment as they wanted would be prohibited? If we could expect this to be done, it would be, to the minds of railway employees, a powerful argument against government ownership; and if it were not done, experience indicates that the result would be the bidding, by our politicians, for the votes of the great army of railway employees, by means which would be ruinous to the railway service, and bad for government, for the public, and in the long run for the employees. No American citizen doubts that democratic government is the best form of government for protecting the personal and property rights of the citizen; but one may be a very patriotic citizen and yet be sure that democratic government is a very bad form for managing large industrial concerns.

However, while all must concede

that, in many ways, the German lines are well managed, this is far from conceding that they are managed better, from the standpoint of the interests of the public, than are those of the United States under private ownership. It is true that their net earnings, amounting in 1910 to \$229,368,256, are paid into the government treasury; but after deducting from this amount interest at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the cost of construction there is left only \$86,607,000. Professor H. G. Moulton, of the University of Chicago, in his recent book, *Waterways versus Railways*, places the clear profit from the Prussian railways at only about \$57,000,000. But these figures are *less than the annual taxes paid by the railways of the United States*, amounting in 1911 to about \$110,000,000; and, of course, the clear profits, after interest, earned by state railways are no less and no more a contribution to the support of the government than are the taxes paid by privately-owned railways.

Furthermore, if the charges to operating expenses for maintenance on the German railways were as generous in proportion as are the similar charges of American railways, their *apparent* net earnings would be less. It is a general practice of state railways, of which those of Germany have not been innocent, to present as good a showing as possible by making inadequate charges to maintenance, and then to charge to capital account new equipment really acquired to maintain the property, thereby swelling the capital account and the amount of interest that has to be paid on it. While this makes an apparently good showing for the management, it is the opposite of good for the public in the long run, and was largely responsible for an increase of \$14,000 per mile in the capital cost of the German lines between 1900 and 1910.

The freight rates charged by the German railways in order to make as good a financial showing as they do, are higher than those of the railways of the United States, averaging 14 mills per ton per mile, as compared with 7.5 mills in this country. Their average passenger rate is lower, being only 9 mills, as compared with 19.3 mills in the United States, but the lower average in Germany is due to the fact that a large proportion of passengers there take the poor and low-priced third-class service. For the first- and second-class services, which are comparable with the service in this country, the rates are, first-class, 3.45 cents per mile; second-class, 2.55 cents. It must also be remembered that these rates are charged on railways in a country where the wages of labor, which determine both the cost of labor to the railways, and the amount that the people who work for wages can afford to pay for transportation, are much less than in the United States. For example, the average annual wage of railway employees in the United States is \$673, while in Germany it is but \$388. Therefore, on the average, a day's labor will buy almost as much passenger transportation in the United States as it will in Germany — although the density of passenger traffic is about four times as great there as it is here — and it will buy three-and-a-half times as much freight transportation here as in Germany. This is probably the best test of whether the railway rates of a country are high or low, for in the long run the wage-earner, as consumer, pays freight as well as passenger rates, and it shows that the rates of the German lines are relatively much higher than those of the railways of the United States.

To summarize, then: the privately-owned railways of the United States, while paying their interest and very moderate dividends, pay wages to their

employees much higher than those of the German lines, charge rates much lower, and at the same time turn into the public treasury in the way of taxes an annual sum greatly exceeding the profit derived by the German public from its railways.

III

Hardly of less interest than the railways of Germany to the student of state management are the railways of Australia. In Australia government is as near pure democracy as anywhere in the world; and here the troubles that characterize public management of industry under democratic government were long experienced. The location of new lines was often determined by log-rolling in the provincial parliaments rather than by consideration of the public needs. The wages of employees were determined rather by the relative importance of the men as voters than according to economic considerations. In consequence of these things most of the lines were long unprofitable.

In 1903 the labor situation came to an extraordinary crisis in Victoria. Parliament at last refusing to yield to their demands, the employees struck. The government won. The question of completely disfranchising the railway employees was considered. There was at last passed a law forbidding employees of the state, including those on railways, under heavy penalties, from taking any part whatever in politics except to vote for members of Parliament. Their unions were practically broken up. To free the railway management from political interference, legislation also has been passed in all the provinces placing the control of operation completely in the hands of permanent non-political railway commissioners, instead of political ministers.

There is still a good deal of politics in the railways, however. For example, the lower house of the New South Wales parliament recently, just after the chief commissioner had started on a long inspection trip, suddenly passed a bill to create a special board to supervise the work of double-tracking some of the main lines. The chief commissioner, as soon as he heard of this, entered vigorous protest against it on the ground that it violated the principle of independent management. As a result of the adoption of the system of independent management, — which, however, is temporary, because it is in constant danger of political attack, — the financial results of the railways have been better in recent years than formerly, when they commonly did not earn enough net money to pay the interest on the investment. In all Australia the net profit, after the payment of interest, averaged during the last six years \$244 per mile per year; while the railways of the United States during the same period have paid \$386 per mile per year in taxes, or almost 60 per cent more. In 1911, the most prosperous year in the history of the Australian lines, their net profits, after payment of interest, — in other words, the net money which actually could be used for the public benefit, — amounted to the unprecedented sum of \$7,000,000. This was \$446 per mile, which, by an odd coincidence, is exactly the amount per mile which the railways of the United States paid in taxes in the same year.

In other words, the governments and public of the United States derived just as much direct financial benefit per mile from the railways of this country under private ownership, as did the Australian public from its railways, under public ownership, in the most prosperous year in the Australian railways' history.

What, now, of the result to shippers, travelers and wage-earners? In New South Wales, which, next to Queensland, has the largest mileage in Australia, and where very full figures regarding rates and wages are published, the average rate per passenger per mile in 1911 was 1.17 cents, as compared with 1.93 cents in the United States, and the average rate per ton per mile was 18.2 mills, as compared with 7.53 mills in the United States. The average railway wages per year paid in New South Wales were \$558, as compared with \$673 in the United States. In other words, on the average, a day's railway wages in the United States will buy three fourths as much passenger transportation, and three times as much freight transportation, as a day's railway wages in New South Wales.

IV

The French government for thirty-five years has owned and operated a railway having 1860 miles of line. A few years ago it acquired also the Western Railway, having about 3700 miles of line, one of the large systems that had been operated by private companies. The results are remarkable and instructive. In the last year of operation by the company (1908) the gross earnings of the Western were \$43,520,000, and its operating expenses \$29,700,000, its net earnings being \$13,820,000, and the ratio of its operating expenses to its gross earnings 68 per cent. After two years of public management its gross earnings had increased (in 1910) to \$45,920,000, and its operating expenses to \$41,180,000 — a rise of 38 per cent in the latter; its net earnings had decreased to \$4,740,000 — a decline of almost 66 per cent — and its operating ratio had risen to 89 per cent. Complete figures for 1911 are not available at this writ-

ing, but it is expected that, when they are made up, they will show a still further heavy increase in expenses, increase in the operating ratio, and reduction of net earnings.

The reduction in the net earnings and increase in the operating ratio were in no degree due to changes in the freight and passenger rates charged. The government made no reduction in them. Some of the defenders of the government's management have sought to show that the lines were in bad shape when turned over to it by the company, and that the enormous increase in operating expenses has been caused by expenditures to put the lines in suitable condition. M. Colson, director of roads and bridges in France, — a government officer, — who knows more about railway transportation in France than any other man, has shown in an article in the *Bulletin of the International Railway Congress* that this contention is fictitious. Nor is the change due to improvements in the service. No additions to the number of trains have been made, irregularities in their running have increased, and the government has in many cases lengthened their schedules. There has been an increase in the number of bad accidents, and a very large advance in the claims for damages presented and paid.

The main causes of the heavy augmentation of expenses have been that the government dismissed the experienced officers who had been employed by the company and filled their places with men both less experienced and less capable; that, following a severe strike, it raised the wages of the employees without, however, getting any more loyal and efficient work from them; and that it has also largely increased the number of employees. The last-named has been the principal influence. The increase in the number of employees has added three times as much to

expenses as has the increase in their wages. Under the management of the company there were, for example, only 1526 employees at the central administration and at the central motive power and traffic departments. This number has been increased by the government to 2587. There have been large additions not only to the number of employees, but also to the personnel of the official class.

However, the causes of the increases in expenses mentioned are secondary. They are all themselves effects of a single primary cause, and that cause is the influence of politics. France, formerly a monarchical and administrative country, has now become a legislative country; and the government, in the management of the Western Railway, has been influenced less by a desire to get good results on the railway than by a desire to get support in the Chamber of Deputies and at the polls. Meantime, the net earnings are insufficient to meet the interest on the capital cost of the railway, and the taxpayers of France must make good the deficit which is growing greater every year.

If things go on as they have been going, the Western Railway will soon be in the same plight as another good-sized railway which is owned and operated by the government of a virtually democratic country. The Intercolonial, owned by the Dominion of Canada, seldom earns enough to pay its operating expenses, to say nothing of interest on the large investment in it. In 1909 its expenses exceeded its earnings by \$449,535. Interest on the total investment at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent was \$3,080,244, which, added to the deficit from operation, made a total loss of \$3,529,779, which the tax-payers had to make good. In 1910 it earned \$281,877 more than its operating expenses, but as interest at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on its capital cost was

\$3,252,814, it really incurred a net loss of \$2,970,937, which the taxpayers suffered.

Each political party, when it is out of office, charges that these poor results are largely due to the use of the railway for political purposes by the party in office; and the charge, whether made against one party or the other, seems to be true. It has been repeatedly alleged that the administration, whether of one political complexion or the other, usually largely increases the number on the pay-roll when an election is approaching. While the state-owned railways of France and of Canada have been getting such poor results the privately-managed railways of both countries — while confronted, like the railways of all other countries of the world, with increasing wages and costs of materials — have been keeping their expenses within reasonable bounds and fairly maintaining their net earnings.

V

It may be hardly fair to cite the railways of Italy as an example of the results of government ownership, for they have been an operating and financial failure under both private and public management. Certainly, however, the most enthusiastic advocate of government ownership would not cite their results as an argument for his cause. Within three years after the government in 1905 assumed the operation of the Italian lines the number of employees was increased from 97,000 to 137,000, and this was not accompanied by any increase in efficiency. The opposite seemed to be the case.

Under government management in Switzerland, rates have been reduced, wages have been increased, and the service given has been more or less good. It is a disputed point, however, whether financially the roads have

been profitable, and the rates charged are still much higher, and the wages paid still much lower, than those on the railways of the United States. However, results gained in a compact country having only 3034 miles of railway, can hardly yield any very strong arguments either for or against the adoption of government ownership in the United States.

In Austria, where the state operates about 8500 miles of line, the wages paid are somewhat lower, and the rates charged somewhat higher, than in Germany, while the government has to make good from taxes a deficit of about \$25,000,000 a year. Before the government a few years ago took it over, the Northern Railway of Austria was paying 6 per cent dividends. M. Pattai, president of the Austrian Chamber of Deputies, and a friend of government ownership, in a public address, said in the summer of 1910: —

‘We are still in favor of the principle, but it does seem to us that our government has performed a remarkable feat when it has succeeded in creating a deficit on the Northern Railway. The government has enlisted an army of new employees. They have gone much too far in the reduction of hours of labor. Instead of commercial management, they have appointed lawyers to posts that required business men or experts. They have established an entirely impracticable bureaucracy.’

VI

We can get some data regarding the results of public ownership and operation without going abroad. The government of the United States about six years ago acquired the Panama Railroad and the steamship line owned by it, and has since operated them. During the last ten years of private ownership the ratio of the operating

expenses to the gross earnings of the company was never more than 66 per cent, and during the last year of private management, 1904, it was less than 63 per cent; I include the figures for the steamship lines as well as for the railway. Immediately after government acquisition the operating ratio began to increase. In 1905 it was 77.4; in 1906, 79.54; in 1908, 74.49; in 1910, 71.4; and in 1911, 71 per cent. If this bad showing had been made when gross earnings were declining, it would have been understandable, but, while the gross earnings meantime had increased from \$3,267,859 to \$6,009,555, or 84 per cent, operating expenses increased from \$2,024, 181 to \$4,257,038, or 110 per cent.

The gross earnings of the Panama Railroad under government management were, in 1911, over \$80,000 per mile, while the gross earnings of the railways of the United States were but \$11,553 per mile. The operating expenses of the Panama Railroad were almost \$50,000 per mile while those of the railways of the United States were less than \$7700. In other words, the earnings and operating expenses per mile of the Panama Railroad under government management were each about seven times as much as those of the railways of the United States under private management, although the freight traffic handled by the Panama Railroad per mile was only slightly greater than that handled per mile by the railways of the United States. Its passenger traffic, however, was about four times as great per mile as was that of the railways of the United States. Its net earnings were almost \$31,000 a mile, while the net earnings of the railways of the United States in the fiscal year 1910 were less than \$3900 a mile.

The explanation of the large gross and net earnings of the Panama Rail-

road is to be found in the high freight rates that it charges. Its average rate per ton per mile on commercial freight is seven cents, or nearly ten times the average ton-mile rate that the railways of the United States are permitted to charge; while the rate it charges the Isthmian Canal Commission is only about two cents per ton per mile. Its average rate on all freight is 4.14 cents, or about five and one half times as much as the average rate of 7.53 mills on the railways of the United States. Despite these facts, the Panama Railroad actually made some advances in its freight rates in the autumn of 1911.

The government has been reconstructing the Panama Railroad, and it is interesting to compare the cost of this work with some things that have been said about the cost of construction and the capitalization of the railways of the United States. Very recently a prominent business man made the statement in a magazine article that the upset cost of railway construction under modern conditions is \$50,000 per mile, denounced the capitalization of the railways of the United States (amounting to less than \$63,000 a mile) as exorbitant, and advocated government ownership as a remedy for alleged evils growing out of over-capitalization. Now, the official figures introduced at hearings on the Canal Zone in December, 1911, before the committee of the House of Representatives on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, show that up to that time the cost of reconstructing the government-owned Panama Railroad had been \$167,000 per mile, and it was officially estimated that the total cost of reconstruction of this line would amount to \$226,190 per mile. It is true that the work was done under peculiar conditions which necessarily made it very expensive, but, on the other hand, the figures given include no outlay for right of

way, which is often one of the largest items in the cost of railways in the United States, and nothing for large terminals in great cities, for land for which the railways of the United States sometimes have to pay as much as \$1,000,000 per acre.

VII

The adoption of public ownership would be a political and economic change of the greatest magnitude and importance, and the burden of demonstrating, by a clear preponderance of the evidence and convincing logic, that the result would be of public benefit rests on those who favor the new policy. They have not shown this, nor do I believe they can. They claim that under government ownership wages would be higher, rates would be lower, service would be better, and the profits from the railways could be applied in mitigation of public taxation, but the evidence shows that under private ownership the wages paid by the railways of the United States are the highest in the world, that the rates charged by them are the lowest in the world, that the service rendered by them is as good as any rendered in the world, and that the taxes paid by them into the public treasury exceed the net profits, after interest, paid into the public treasury by any state-owned railway system in the world. This combination of facts seems to demonstrate that our railways, under private ownership, are the most efficiently managed, *in the interest of the public*, in the world. What good reason is there for believing that public management here would be more efficient than private management, when the latter is, in this country, more efficient from a public standpoint than public management is anywhere in the world?

I am aware that a very plausible

theoretical argument can be made to show that considerable economies could be effected under government management; but the inherent and apparently, to a large extent, incurable shortcomings of public management cause actual wastes, wherever government ownership obtains, that greatly exceed these theoretical economies, and it is chiefly due to this that most state-owned railway systems, instead of yielding a profit to the public, usually earn less than the interest on the investment in them, and the difference has to be paid from taxes, — public ownership thus increasing instead of diminishing the burden of taxation.

One argument advanced is that the rates fixed under private ownership are unfairly discriminatory, and that we must change to public ownership to correct this evil. But there are now stringent laws in the United States forbidding unfair discriminations, and the Interstate Commerce Commission is so enforcing these laws as to correct these discriminations as fast as they could be corrected under government ownership.

Again, it is said that the government ought to require the railways to remove the influence now exerted on political and governmental affairs by railway corporations. The fact is, however, that developments of recent years have practically annihilated the political influence of railways in this country, while under government ownership the efforts of political parties to win votes often cause them to make and to carry out promises for the fixing of rates, the building of extensions, and, especially, for the increase of the wages and of the numbers of railway employees, in practical disregard of the interests of the general public, which alone should have any weight in the administration of state railways. The country where the influence of politics on state rail-

way management seems to be the smallest is Germany, and the reasons for this have already been shown. Nevertheless, Professor Hugo R. Meyer, in his book entitled *Government Regulation of Railway Rates*, published some years ago, demonstrated with the greatest copiousness of illustration that while partisan politics does not affect railway management in Germany, the adjustments of rates are largely determined by sectional struggles and, as a result, are ill-adapted to commercial and industrial needs.

On the whole, it seems to me — looking at the matter as an American citizen rather than as an American railway man — that the argument against government ownership of railways in this country is overwhelmingly conclusive. The evidence that I have cited (and much more of the same kind could be introduced) indicates that public ownership would tend to increase rather than to reduce the cost of operation; that it would tend to make rates more inelastic and thereby injure commerce; that it would lead to efforts by the political parties to use the railways and their employees for political purposes, which would result in the railways and politics mutually corrupting each other.

But I realize that political action is often not determined by the statement and analysis of facts, and that our future railway policy may not be so determined. It is unfortunately true that the managements of our railways, by various mistakes of both omission and commission, have lost the confidence of the public; that many leaders of public thought, from motives sometimes good and sometimes otherwise, have fanned the popular feeling against them; that in consequence a system of regulation which unduly interferes with management and limits profits has been adopted; and that this

combination of circumstances may hurry us into government ownership unless some alternative plan be adopted to prevent it.

Some acute observers who have detected the drift of things have advocated different plans to secure satisfactory results under private ownership for both stockholders and public, and at the same time save us from government ownership. One scheme that has been suggested is that the railways be allowed so to adjust their rates that each can earn a fair return, say 6 or 7 per cent, on a fair valuation, and that all earnings in excess of this be divided between the railway company and the public, the public's share being paid into the government treasuries as taxes.

This plan has marked advantages over that of limiting all railways to the same maximum return. If every railway, whether well or ill managed, were restricted to the same return, there would be no incentive to good management, while allowing the better conducted roads to earn and pay dividends substantially exceeding the average would give an incentive to good management of all railways. The adoption of this scheme might tend to keep up rates, because each reduction in them would reduce the public's, as well as the railway's, share of the net earnings, but I cannot agree that shippers and travelers are entitled to receive in the form of reductions in rates all the benefit of increases in the efficiency of railway operation.

Another plan that has been outlined and advocated with ability by W. W. Cook, the eminent authority on the law of corporations, is that there shall be organized by the federal government a great holding company, on whose stock the government would guarantee a return of three per cent, and which would acquire a controlling

part, or all, of the securities of all the railways. The first board of directors would be appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate of the United States, and its members would appoint their own successors. Mr. Cook contends that this scheme would have many advantages over either the present policy of private ownership and government regulation, or government ownership. It would, he says, remove the railways from the influence of Wall Street without subjecting them to such political influences as probably would dominate them under government ownership. He assumes that the directors of the holding company would retain the present officers of the various lines, who have been chosen because of their experience and skill in railway affairs, and that, therefore, the roads would be as efficiently managed as they are now, and would be more efficiently managed than if government ownership were adopted and they were turned over to political appointees.

It seems probable that the first, and almost certain that the succeeding, directors of the proposed holding company would be chosen for political reasons, and that they would be influenced by like considerations in appointing the officers of the railways. Furthermore, the concentration of the control of all of the railways in the United States in the hands of a single holding company would cause a concentration upon it of the demands of all interests and sections for readjustments of passenger rates, freight rates, and wages, and for the provision of additional facilities and the construction of new lines, which the holding company would be unable to meet; and the resulting public dissatisfaction probably would soon lead to the substitution of government ownership.

A short time ago I suggested that it might be desirable for the government

to acquire from twenty-five to forty per cent of the stock of the railways, with proper representation on each board of directors, so that it would become the partner of the present owners, sharing in their profits, and also in their losses, if any. This plan would have the advantage of causing government officials to look at the railway business from the standpoint of the owner as well as from that of the traveler, the shipper, and the wage-earner.

Under present conditions there is a strong tendency for public officials to regard themselves as the champions of all other classes, against the owners; and therefore, in spite of all the railway managers can do, wages and the other expenses of operation increase faster than gross earnings; net earnings are so small as to offer insufficient attraction to investors; the new facilities provided in recent years have been inadequate; and it is certain that any large and sudden increase of traffic will find the railways unable to cope with it. If the government were a stockholder and had representatives on the boards of directors, whatever affected net earnings would affect the stock of the government as well as that of private individuals, and the public, and public authorities, would be better able to appreciate the railways' financial needs than they are now.

Undoubtedly the best course will be to leave the ownership of the railways entirely in private hands and follow a policy of firm but *wise* regulation. We have not succeeded yet in working out and adopting such a policy. Most of the legislation for the regulation of railways has been conceived in prejudice, or drafted in ignorance. It used to be contended that certain forms of government regulation must be adopted as alternatives to government ownership. It is to be

feared that they may prove to be precursors and causes of, rather than alternatives to, government ownership. But if the public and public men will but give the subject the intelligent, fair, serious consideration it demands, the fatal plunge into public ownership may be avoided.

Fair and intelligent consideration would result in the concentration of authority over the railways in the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the abolition or subordination to the Interstate Commission of the numerous state commissions, with their multitudinous, conflicting, vexatious, and costly requirements. It would result in the appointment of well-paid experts and scientists, both to membership on the commissions, and to the various important and responsible positions under them. It would result in public authorities ceasing to try to substitute themselves for the managers of the railways, and becoming content to perform their proper duty of holding the managers responsible for the effects of their management on the public interests. It would result in no diminution of the efforts, growing every day more successful, to suppress all forms of unfair dis-

crimination by railways; but it would result in a diminution of the incessant and successful efforts to hold down railway profits — efforts which are repelling capital from the railway business, and, by preventing adequate increases of facilities, imperiling the welfare of every manufacturer, every merchant, every farmer, every wage-earner, in the country. One thing is certain, and that is that we cannot long continue to muddle along as we are doing now. W. M. Acworth, the eminent English authority on railway affairs, after a visit to this country, said in an article published last autumn in the *Bulletin of the International Railway Congress*: —

‘If I have an individual belief it is that the United States will get much nearer to the brink of nationalization than they have come at present, and will then start back on the edge of the precipice, and escape by some road not yet discernible.’

The best road by which we may escape is a conservative, wise, just policy of regulation; and the most vital question of our time is whether the people of the United States will be just, wise, and conservative enough to take that road.

LETTERS OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

EDITED BY SARA NORTON AND M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

'If you see to the inscription over my grave,' Norton once wrote to Lowell, 'you need only say, "He had good friends, whom he loved."' At an earlier day Lowell had written to Norton: 'It is almost my happiest thought that with all the drawbacks of temperament (of which no one is more conscious than myself) I have never lost a friend. For I would rather be loved than anything else in this world.'

The touches of sentiment through the long and abundant correspondence between Lowell and Norton are highly characteristic of the two men, and reveal an affectionate relation maintained without an interruption through a close friendship of more than forty years. Inheriting many things in common from their New England forbears of that straitest sect from which the frank expression of warm feeling is not usually expected, they found themselves similarly possessed of this somewhat exotic gift, endearing them to many friends — and to each other.

But there were many other bonds of intimate association — a Cambridge boyhood with the same background of learning and simple dignity that dwelt in such places as Elmwood and Shady Hill; a love of letters naturally born of such surroundings; an enthusiasm for the forward movements in political, social, and intellectual life; a joint participation in editorial labors — first on the new *Atlantic*, with Lowell as editor and Norton as one of the earliest con-

tributors, then as fellow editors of the older *North American Review*. In later years a parallel experience as professors at Harvard, an enduring sympathy of aim, bound them together when Lowell went out into the larger world as a public servant, and Norton remained at Cambridge, a confidant and counsellor in all that concerned the truest service of their country and the finer civilization which both the friends held dearly at heart.

Norton, the younger of the two, led, moreover, so essentially domestic a life from beginning to end that his friends were almost inevitably the friends of his family; and in no instance was this more strikingly exemplified than in the friendship with Lowell, the friend of three generations at Shady Hill. It is, therefore, natural that in any record of Norton's life his letters to Lowell should bear an uncommon significance. The passages drawn here from letters covering a wide range of years illustrate many points in their community of interests.

The letters begin in the fifties, when the Nortons were spending the summer in a house they had recently built at Newport, where Lowell often visited them. In the first of the letters that have been preserved, there is a detailed account of an expedition to Narragansett by Norton and three friends, and of the hospitality of that quaint character 'Joe' Hazard, at his strange tower near the Pier. The letter, too long

for reproduction, has a pleasant flavor of Rhode Island in its pages. To the summers spent in Newport the Nortons owed their close friendship with a branch of the Middleton family of South Carolina. The following letter was written while Mr. Norton was paying a visit, with one of his sisters, to these friends on their island plantation of Edisto, near Charleston.

MIDWAY, EDISTO ISLAND

Good Friday Night, *April 6, 1855.*

MY DEAR LOWELL: — It is almost midnight, but I do not feel like going to bed, on the contrary I feel like writing to you. . . . Here it is perfect summer. I am writing by an open door that leads onto a piazza, below which is a garden, while beyond the garden at the foot of a steep bank flows a beautiful little river from whose opposite side stretches a wide spread of marshes, bordered far off by tall pine woods whose outline is here and there broken by cultivated fields. The air is close and damp with low-lying clouds, and in the south now and then comes a bright gleam of lightning. There is scarcely a sound but the whistling of the frogs, — and as I write these words I hear the pattering of a soft rain.

This place is Mr. Middleton's cotton plantation, and the island on which it is produces the finest cotton in the world, the long, silky Sea Island cotton which is used for only the most delicate stuffs. We are some thirty miles south of Charleston, and to the softness of the Southern climate is added the luxury of sea air. One might fancy it the genuine, original Lotus island, for it woos one to voluptuous ease and indolence, and makes day-dreaming the natural condition of life.

Think of being woke up in the morning as I was yesterday and shall be to-morrow by the singing of mocking-birds on a tree that grows near my win-

dow. Such a flood of song as they pour out would drown the music of all the nightingales that ever sang on the Brenta. Their song is the true essence of all sweet summer sounds, so rich in melody, so various, so soft and delicate, and then so loud and joyful that nothing more exquisite was ever heard even in the enchanted gardens of romance.

We are seeing plantation life to great advantage, — for this has the reputation of being one of the best managed plantations, and Mr. Middleton is a man of such kindness and liberality of heart that few better masters of slaves are to be found. But slavery in its mildest form is yet very sad, and it is on such a plantation, where the slaves are all contented, and well cared for so far as their physical condition is concerned, where they are treated with the consideration due to human beings, so far as their relations to each other and to their master extend, that one feels most bitterly the inherent evils of the system, and recognizes most distinctly the perplexities that it involves, and the responsibilities that it enforces. I have had much talk with all sorts of persons since being here, in regard to this subject. I have used the greatest freedom in expressing my own opinions, and it has been very pleasant to find that men were willing to discuss the subject fully and freely, and, however you might differ from them, without impatience or ill-feeling. It seems generally to be taken for granted that a great difference of opinion must exist, and that such difference is no ground for vexation. I confess that the result of these talks has been only to deepen the conviction that one of the worst effects of slavery is to deaden the moral feelings and to obscure the intellects of the masters. There are those, indeed, who escape this influence, but they are few.

It is a very strange thing to hear men of character and cultivation . . . expressing their belief in open fallacies and monstrous principles, and convincing themselves with utmost honesty of feeling that they really and truly do believe in these things. It seems to me sometimes as if only the women here read the New Testament, and as if the men regarded Christianity rather as a gentlemanly accomplishment than as anything more serious, — as if they felt confident that they had secured seats in the coupé of the diligence that runs to the next world, and had their passports properly viséd for St. Peter. It is very different with the women, — there are many who are as clear-sighted in regard to the wrong, and as devoted to the fulfillment of their duty in respect to it, as truly Christian women should be; — but they are bewildered often, and their efforts are limited by weakness, inexperience and opposition. Their eyes fill with tears when you talk with them about it, while the men often look at you with a certain scornful pity for having yielded to the prevailing sentimentality of the day so far as to believe slavery anything but a blessing.

For my part I see no remedy but the gradual and slow progress of the true spirit of Christianity, bringing together black and white, quickening common sympathies, and by degrees elevating both classes, the one from the ignorance and brutality in which it is now sunk, the other from the indifference and the blindness of mind in which it rests content. But this is a work of ages.

I am losing all confidence (if I ever had any) in the idea that any immediate, compulsory measures would improve the condition of either masters or slaves. — I ought to have written you a different letter from this, and told you more of what we are seeing

and enjoying. We are really having a delightful time. . . .

Ever gratefully and affectionately yours,

C. E. N.

In July of 1855 Lowell went to Europe, and by the time the next letter was written the Nortons were planning to follow him. This letter tells the Newport news — of the Longfellow, Appleton, the Storys, Curtis, and Stillman. Its pages of a wider interest deal with two books which were new in 1855, and have not yet passed from remembrance.

[NEWPORT] *September 23, 1855.*

. . . The summer is not the time for new pictures or new books, and there have been few of either in which you would have been much interested. Longfellow's new poem, the 'Song of Hiawatha,' will very soon appear. He gave me half of it to read a month or two ago. It is very different from anything that he has done before, and being wholly founded on our Indian legends is too remote from the interests of present life, and too distinct in the tone of sentiment from that of our day, to give him full scope for the display of his finest and most peculiar poetic characteristics. It has a little the air of having been crammed for, and written not from the fullness of the heart but the fullness of the head. Still there is much in it that is very charming, — it is fresh, simple, free from conceits and prettinesses, and the octosyllabic blank verse in which it is written is exquisitely modulated, and managed with all the melodious skill with which Longfellow always controls the metres that he uses.

Hiawatha is the hero of the story, which is in part purely mythical in its character, in part simply descriptive of Indian life in the forest. He is one of

the heroes, half human, half divine, of the ancient times, and the story of his deeds is told by the poet to the later generations. He is the fighter with the winds, the conqueror of the maize, the redresser of wrongs and the deliverer of his people. But perhaps my criticism on the poem is wrong. It is at any rate imperfect, as I have seen, as I said, only the first half, and Longfellow tells me that the part I have not seen is better than that which I have. . . .

A new book called *Leaves of Grass* has just come out which is worth knowing about. It is a quarto volume of unmetrical poetry, and its author, according to his own account, is 'Walt Whitman, one of the roughs, a kosmos.' It is a book which has excited Emerson's enthusiasm. He has written a letter to this 'one of the roughs,' which I have seen, expressing the warmest admiration and encouragement. It is no wonder that he likes it, for Walt Whitman has read the *Dial* and *Nature*, and combines the characteristics of a Concord philosopher with those of a New York fireman. There is little original thought but much original expression in it. There are some passages of most vigorous and vivid writing, some superbly graphic description, great stretches of imagination, — and then passages of intolerable coarseness, — not gross and licentious, but simply disgustingly coarse. The book is such, indeed, that one cannot leave it about for chance readers, and would be sorry to know that any woman had looked into it past the title-page. I have got a copy for you, for there are things in it that you will admire, and it is worth having merely as a literary curiosity, for the external appearance of it, the covers, the portrait, the print, are as odd as the inside. . . .

Two years later Lowell had returned to America, and Norton was still in

Europe. The *Atlantic Monthly* was about to begin its existence. The letter that follows reveals Norton's early identification with the magazine and something of the service he could render to its first editor.

PARIS, Hotel de l'Empire, June 20, 1857.

MY DEAR LOWELL: — . . . I am glad to hear of the plan for the new magazine. Of course it will succeed with you as its editor, and with such liberal arrangements for its beginning. But such things are never permanent in our country. They burn brightly for a little while, and then burn out, — and some other light takes their place. It would be a great thing for us if any undertaking of this kind could live long enough to get affections and associations connected with it, whose steady glow should take the place of, and more than supply, the shine of novelty, and the dazzle of a first go-off. I wish we had a Sylvanus Urban a hundred and fifty years old. I wish, indeed, we had anything so old in America; would give a thousand of our new lamps for the one old, battered, but true magical light. Like Aladdin's maid (was it his maid?) we do not know the value of the old. — I will do all I can for you, and will write the article you want about the Catacombs, but not till I come home, which will be, I hope, in less than two months. How glad I shall be to be at home, and to see you once more!

I was just writing to Mrs. Gaskell when your letter came, and I told her of the plan for the magazine, and of your suggestion that she should write for it. You said nothing about terms, except that contributors would be paid well; so I took the responsibility of telling her that if she would write a story in two or three numbers she should receive for it at least half as much again as she is paid for what

she writes for the *Household Words*, and should have the same rights of reprinting, etc. If this was going too far I am sorry, — but I shall be glad to be personally responsible to her for it, — for she is not rich and depends much on what she is able to earn by writing. I dare say I shall hear from her about it in a day or two, — if not I shall see her at Manchester before long, and will bring you or send you word about it.

Will you not write to Clough and ask him for contributions? He might like to write. I will try to get some new poetry from him. He ought not to give up poetry altogether, — though hard work and care may make it difficult; while a good and happy wife has cleared away from his heart many of the perplexities which found their expressions in verse.

When did I last write to you? Was it from Rome, — when the spring had filled the Campagna with larks and anemones, or was it later from Venice when summer was making the city glorious with sunshine? It was hard parting from Rome, and would have been much harder if I had not had the happiness of travelling with Mrs. Gaskell. You have read the life of Miss Brontë, which is almost as much an exhibition of Mrs. Gaskell's character as of Miss Brontë's, — and you know what a lovely and admirable character she has. Seeing her as intimately as one sees a companion on a journey, I learned every day to feel towards her a deeper affection and respect. She is like the best things in her books; full of generous and tender sympathies, of thoughtful kindness, of pleasant humor, of quick appreciation, of utmost simplicity and truthfulness, and uniting with peculiar delicacy and retirement, a strength of principle and purpose and straightforwardness of action, such as few women possess. I know no bio-

graphy that has so deep and touching an interest as this of Miss Brontë, — none other written so tenderly, sympathetically and faithfully. I have seen no notice of it as yet that seems to me to do it the least justice, — the reviews are cold and unappreciative. But it is a book that will be read with tears, and make those who read it better and stronger, and readier to bear the trials of life, — a hundred years hence, as it is read now.¹ . . .

Through the course of the Civil War, Lowell and Norton were fellow residents of Cambridge, with constant opportunities for personal intercourse. From the letters written while one or the other was away from home, the following may well be taken for its record of the impression made by New York more than fifty years ago, and for its evidence of the good counsel that Norton was giving with reference to Lowell's most important contribution to the political thought of the period — in the writing of the second series of *Biglow Papers*. In the February (1862) number of the *Atlantic* 'Mason and Slidell: A Yankee Idyll' was printed. Apparently upon Norton's advice, Birdofredum Sawin's 'Letter to Mr. Hosea Biglow' appeared in the March number.

¹ In a Roman note-book, on April 2, 1857, Norton recorded a conversation with Mrs. Gaskell, who called his attention to the fact that her life of Charlotte Brontë had no preface. 'I am a great coward,' she said; 'no one knows how great, and I venture on saying many things in my book which I should hardly dare to if I thought of speaking to my readers face to face, as it were. This is the first book I have published with my name: as Miss Brontë's friend, and as having been asked to write her life by her father and her husband, and as desiring to connect my name with hers, I was glad to put my name on the title-page. But even in this book I have said some very strong things, and yet the strongest have been cut out by the publisher who declared that if they were printed I should expose myself to three actions for libel.'

The Albemarle, New York.

December 19, 1861.

MY DEAR JAMES: — . . . This is a wonderful city. It has greatly changed since you and I were here eighteen years ago. There is a special fitness in the first syllable of its name, for it is essentially New, and seems likely always to remain so. It is all of the New world, and what Villemain says of Joinville is true in another sense of the impression that a stranger receives from New York, — *On dirait que les objets sont nés dans le monde le jour où il les a vus*. The only old things here are yesterday's newspapers. People do not seem to live here, — they pass the nights and spend the days in the city, — that is all. The persons whom I meet in the street do not have, to my eyes, the air of belonging here, or of being at home. They look restless, and even the children have tired faces as if they had been seeing sights too long.

The New Yorkers have got Aladdin's lamp, and build palaces in a night. The city is gay, entertaining, full of costly things, — but its lavish spending does not result in magnificence, it is showy rather than fine, and its houses and churches and shops and carriages are expensive rather than beautiful. Architecture is not practised as a fine art, it is known here only as a name for the building trade.

Boston is farther off than it used to be from New York. We are provincials, with a very little city of our own. This is really metropolitan, and has great advantages. A few years hence and Boston will be a place of the past, with a good history no doubt, but New York will be alive. It seems to be getting what Paris has so much of, — a confidence in the immortality of the present moment. It does not care for past or future.

My windows look out on the junction of Broadway and Fifth Avenue,

and there is not a livelier place in the world.

The news from England, I trust, is not so bad as it seems. The manner in which the country has received it is most satisfactory, — and there is apparently no reason to fear war as the result of any popular excitement here, or of any want of temper or discretion on the part of the Administration. It is a fortunate thing for us that Seward has regained so much of the public confidence. He will feel himself strong enough not to be passionate or violent. — I cannot believe that the English ministry mean war, — if they do they will get it and its consequences.

How good the new number of the *Atlantic* is! I have read and reread your letters in it, always with a fuller sense of the overflowing humor, wit and cleverness of them. You are as young, my boy, as you were in the old time. It seems to me indeed (you will take what I say for what it is worth, and of this you are a better judge than I am), that there is some risk from the very abundance of your power lest the popularity and effect of this new series of the *Biglow Papers* should not be as great as it ought to be. This letter of B. Sawin's is too full, and contains too much. I know that the necessity of the case forced you into details in order to place your characters on the stage in an intelligible way. But I am afraid that the public will be impatient of detail, and will complain of divided interest. It was this that prevented common readers from appreciating the delightful fun and humor of 'Our Own.' The truth is that for popularity — that is for wide, genuine, national popularity — there is need of unity of effect. One blow must be struck, not ten. Moreover our people are more in earnest now than they ever have been before, they are not in the vein for being amused by the most humorous touches of satire

unless there be a simple, perfectly direct moral underneath. The conclusion to which I want to come is this, — that you must interrupt the series of Birdofreedom's letters, by some shorter pieces of Hosea's own, the shorter the better if so be that they give expression and form to any one of the popular emotions or sentiments of the moment; — and more than this that you should make them as lyrical and as strong as possible, binding the verses together with a taking refrain. The pieces in the old *Biglow Papers* that have become immortal are the lyrics; — the John P. Robinson; the Gen. Cass says some one's an ass; the Apostles rigged out in their swallow-tail coats, and so on. — Am I right? I believe so. And if I am, I am sure that you can do what I think should be done. You have a fine chance (*me judice*) at this moment to put the popular feeling toward England into verse which shall ring from one end of the country to the other. Do let Hosea do it, and send it with one of his brief old-fashioned letters to the publishers for the next number, — and keep back Birdofreedom till March. If you hit the nail of the minute such a ringing blow on the head as you can hit it, all the people will cheer and laugh, and throw up their hats in your honor. I am so proud of you, and love you so well that I not only want you to do the best for the country but am sure that you can do it. — And love gives me the precious right to write thus freely to you.

Thank you very much for the little note you sent me the morning I came away. Give my love to Fanny and to Mabel. Your loving

CHARLES E. N.

Mr. Norton was a constant observer of the birthdays of his family and friends. Nearly always, when the 22nd of February came round, there was a

birthday message to Lowell. The coincidence of the date with that of Washington's birthday could not always be ignored. Here it is playfully suggested — and there is a pleasant glimpse of Mr. Howells during his editorship of the *Atlantic*.

SHADY HILL, February 23, 1874.

MY DEAREST JAMES: — As we still keep Sunday as a fast and not a feast, we did not celebrate your birthday yesterday, except in our hearts, but to-day all the bells have been ringing, and the guns firing, and the flags streaming, in honor of the happy anniversary. The children have all had holiday, the shops have been shut as well as the schools, even the post-office has been closed since early morning, and the 'express' has not been on the road. Cambridge has been glad for her poet. Your statue, which stands where the old elm used to stand, in the square, has worn a laurel crown all day, — and to-night, as I passed by, there was a crowd around it listening to a beautiful youth, who with a sweet full voice, was reciting to them some of those poems of yours which they had all known by heart so long. There was a pretty procession of children this morning strewing the path to Elmwood with branches of the fir, and carrying baskets of spring flowers to adorn the house. It is a happy day, and a sweet and tender sentiment fills every heart. — All that I have written, if not literally true of Cambridge, is spiritually true of Shady Hill and its inmates. We have been glad and grateful for you . . .

I am beginning to work in preparation for my new department. Fortunately I am impressed with a sense of my ignorance, and I shrink from making an exposure of it; so that I am driven to work hard. The gulf to be filled is very deep, and too wide to be spanned by any suspension bridge.

I thought Howells would be here to-night to read me part of the new novel he has just finished. . . . It is a pleasure to see him now-a-days, he looks so much at ease, and his old sweet humor becomes ever more genial and comprehensive. He is in just such relations to the public that he makes the very editor needed for the *Atlantic*; — there is not much in the magazine that is likely to be read twice save by its writers, and this is what the great public likes. — There must be a revival of letters in America, if literature as an art is not to become extinct. You should hear Godkin express himself in private on this topic. He speaks with more than his usual vigour.

I am going in two or three days to New York for a short visit to the Godkins. I do it reluctantly, for I am more than ever inclined to stay quietly at home, — but Godkin has not been well, and is somewhat depressed, and I am glad to go to do what I can for him. I am anxious that he should get a long vacation this coming summer. . . .

The ensuing group of letters was written within a year of Norton's return from a five-years' sojourn in Europe, whence Lowell, who had followed him there, was on the point of returning. The news of Agassiz's death had touched Lowell to noble utterance. Norton's part in the first disposition of the 'Elegy,' and his expressions following the death of Sumner give the letters an interest beyond that of mere memorials of friendship. The long service of Professor Norton as a teacher at Harvard was just beginning. In 1872 his wife had died in Dresden.

SHADY HILL, March 13, 1874.

MY DEAREST JAMES: — Yesterday your 'Elegy' came safe. Such poetry being meant to live would insure the safety of any ship which bore it across

the ocean. It is a noble poem, manly and forthright as you wished it to be; full of fine characterization, of genuine feeling, of literal truth sublimated by the heats of imagination. I like no part of it better than the passage about Clough. You do scant justice in comparison to Emerson. — Emerson was here this morning and I read the poem to him, to his great interest and delight; — he had to hurry away at the end, to go to a recitation (he was in Cambridge as one of an examining committee) and had only time to say, — 'How large and fine a work!' and bid me give you all affectionate regards from him. He seemed in excellent health and heart, — far better than a year ago. He had been much moved by Sumner's death; but this death touches Longfellow more nearly than any one else. I saw him this afternoon. He was serene as usual, but he looked as if he had had a heavy blow.

Poor Sumner! What a sad life his seems to one who looks beneath the shows of things! He illustrates the difference between bigness and greatness. He will hardly look more heroic to future generations than he does to us, but his figure will fill a large place in our history. I have a very kindly feeling to his memory; I should like to have more respect for it.

We shall try to get Hoar for his successor, but our Massachusetts politics are so 'mixed' just now that I am afraid some much inferior man will get the place. Butler's recent course has at length really aroused the spirit of honest men, and the forces are drawing off on either side for a battle that shall decide the fate of the Republican party. If we win it, the party is safe; if Butler wins it, we will break up the party. The better portion of the party will follow the lead of Massachusetts. I have been in New York, staying for a few days with Godkin, and, after much

talk with him and Olmsted, came home to have a three hours' talk yesterday with John Forbes. He has taken his gloves off, and you know what that means when the Scotch blood is up.

I wait for your next letter to know what you wish me to do with your poem. I have my own wishes about it, and I hope yours will not be very different. It is too beautiful and fine a poem for the *Atlantic*. But I am no critic of your poetry, — save as a lover is the best critic of all. I see you in it all, and seeing and feeling you in the lines I know them to be good from first syllable to last, good in the high sense of the word with all its best associations. . . .

SHADY HILL, March 15, 1874.

MY DEAREST JAMES: — I wish you could have seen Howells's face yesterday afternoon when (having received your letter from Rome in the morning) I took to him your poem, — there was more pleasure in it than I have seen in any grown face for a long time. 'Oh!' said Mrs. H. when he told her what had come, 'oh! how splendid! why, that will carry the *Atlantic* for six months.' There was something touching and pretty in the little woman's delight in the lift to her husband's work. It was as if he had accomplished something great himself; she knew at least that he had now got a good handful of pure wheat to offer in the place of his common sackful of the most unnutritious chaff. — And then I read them some parts of the 'Elegy,' for I am sure such a poem needs the interpretation of the voice, and it was pretty again, and pleasant to me, to see their common sympathy of appreciation and delight.

I have read the poem five times from beginning to end, and have thought more of it each time. I am afraid to read it often again for fear I should

begin to like it better than some old poems dear to me with many a precious association.

The manuscript is in perfect order. No words omitted or illegible. I asked Howells to let me see the proof, and I will make sure that no great blunder occurs in the printing. One line I think must be changed, but I shall ask Longfellow's counsel. I cannot recall it exactly, but it is the line in which you speak of Agassiz's quiet and kindly disregard of Tyro while 'He puffs his smoke with inattentive ears.' That's not the line, yours is far better, but the 'puffing with the ears' is what jars on mine. No doubt some easy correction of the verbal ambiguity will suggest itself.¹

You are to have not less than \$300 for the poem; and if you do not desire me not to do so, I will put the amount in a bill of exchange and remit it to Barings on your account. Do not allow your debt to them to make any dent on your mind. Did n't they keep moneys of yours for years? Spend, dearest boy, and accumulate debt at 4 per cent. You never will run in debt so cheaply elsewhere; . . .

Poor Sumner lies buried in Mount Auburn. I took Eliot and Rupert² to see the funeral procession this afternoon. They were disappointed in the show, for there was no music (as there should have been) and there were no soldiers (as there might have been); only a detachment of mounted police, then a carriage or two, then the hearse with outriders, then a long line of carriages. — Sumner's gift to the Library is most welcome, and is gracefully and feelingly made. I feel very kindly to the poor fellow, for I knew him best when I was a boy, and he was very

¹ The passage as finally printed stands: —

'The long-trained veteran scarcely wincing hears
The infallible strategy of volunteers.'

² Norton's eldest and second sons.

kind to me. I should have liked to pay him all tender respect as to an old friend, but I could not join in honoring him as statesman. At this moment it looks as if the attempt would be made to exalt him into an ideal character; he is very near apotheosis. And there is poor Mrs. Sumner!

If you should be in Rome when this reaches you, please give kindest remembrances from me to the Storys. I wish I could be with you in Rome for a day. My mood would fit its sadness. — With much love to Fanny, Your ever loving,

C. E. N.

SHADY HILL, *June 6, 1874.*

MY DEAREST JAMES: — It is pleasant to think that this is my last letter to you abroad, and that a month from to-day you may be at Elmwood, and we may once more talk together. I have missed you more than you would wish to be missed during this past year. It has been a bitter year for me, and I have often longed for the help of your presence and affection. I have lived a solitary life, and the more so for your absence. — Your letter from Paris came to me ten days ago. I was glad to know that you were so far on your way home, and you seemed all the nearer from the memories of the days we spent together on the Rue de Rivoli. I wish I had been with you there now. — You were quite wrong in your judgment of your poem. It should have greatly pleased and satisfied you. No poem of yours has made a more immediate and deeper impression on the public, with the exception of the 'Commemoration Ode.' A mere material proof of this is, that it carried up the sales of the *Atlantic* quite above their usual mark. Howells told me that one of the distributing houses ordered 500 extra copies, — a fact, he said, quite unexampled in his experience as editor. But what is

better than this is, that the few whose judgments you would value have agreed in their admiration of the poem. . . .

I find that the full-blooded manliness, and intense sense of life and the earth, in the poem, strike every sensitive reader, and that its imaginative truth and sympathy touch every one. They not only recognize the Agassiz they have known, but they see him more completely than they saw him in actual presence. You are the only doubter as to the worth of the poem.

I am sorry you are not to be here for the dedication of the Memorial Hall, and the meeting of the Alumni; — you will be greatly missed. The services of dedication are to take place on the 23d, the day before Commencement; and, on Commencement, the Alumni are to dine in the hall. — Mr. Adams is to make the Address at the dedication, and Eliot will have some words to say in receiving the keys of the building, delivered to him in trust by the Chairman of the Committee of the Alumni.

The College is in every way prospering, and Eliot's energy and admirable sense are unfailing. By the way, you are assumed to be Professor, and will be expected to resume your duties next term. Your return will be most heartily welcomed. . . .

George Curtis is to deliver a eulogy on Sumner next Tuesday, before the Legislature, in the Music Hall, — the fifth eulogy in Boston on the late Senator! I am sorry the subject is so hackneyed; the moment of emotion is past, and the funeral baked-meats are already cold. . . .

Throughout the correspondence with Lowell there are so many indications of the important place which George William Curtis, the friend of both, held in Mr. Norton's interest and affection

that a selection which should fail to recognize this fact would be quite imperfect. A passage from a single letter written at Ashfield, while Lowell was Minister to Spain, may stand as typical of many.

ASHFIELD, September 17, 1878.

MY DEAR JAMES: — . . . George Curtis and I have been taking a long walk this afternoon. The sunlight had an autumnal pallor, but the air was soft; the goldenrod fringed the roadside with its splendid plumes; here and there we saw and left many gentians; the blue jays were bickering on the edges of the woods; the streams were full with last week's abundant rains. For sweet, easy, daily pleasantness George has no rival. It is perpetual summer with him. There is no change in him, except that each year makes his good still better. Time improves the best things. He is as busy and as serviceable in politics as ever, — and our long daily talks are more occupied with the shifting aspects of affairs in New York, or Maine, or Massachusetts, with the errors or good deeds of the Administration, with the prospects of the autumn political campaign, — than with all other topics put together. He has a capital, practical estimate of forces, and his judgment has been disciplined by long experience. He is one of the most prominent figures in New York politics just at this moment, but he looks on at his own part in the mêlée, and gives and takes heavy blows, with as much unconcern as if he were a third person to himself. We were laughing to-day at the heat of the battle around him, while he remains a cool spectator from the hills. His position has been one of real difficulty and delicacy, and is likely to be so, so long as Conkling succeeds in holding a majority of the Republican party in New York. . . .

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The birthday letter of 1879, with its allusion to the *Nation*, to Godkin, and to Mr. George E. Woodberry, touches upon matters of intimate concern to the writer.

SHADY HILL, February 22, 1879.

MY DEAR JAMES: — I have celebrated your birthday in my heart, glad and grateful for all that my life owes and has so long owed to your love. Few men can look back on so many years of mutual affection as you and I can do, absolutely unshadowed by even the most passing cloud of difference. Fewer still have been so blessed in a friend as I in you. — It is long since we heard from you; but I take your silence to mean only good. I hope with all my heart that you are well and contented. I wish that on the first of every month you would send a postal-card to me with the two words *Buenos días*. I will do as much. And, indeed, on my part there is little need of more, for the days pass so quietly with me, and one week is so like another, and each so like those that you have known, that there is little to tell you of personal experience. In essentials there is no change here since my last letter.

It is late in the evening. I had meant to begin my letter earlier, but just before tea Godkin came in, having been dining at the Saturday Club, whither I did not go to-day because I had some work that I wanted to accomplish. I had not seen Godkin since he went to New York at the beginning of November. He is well, and seemed in good spirits. He has come on to spend a few days with the Gurneys. I fear he is tried by the condition of the *Nation*; the subscription list declines, and the paper still depends on him so exclusively that he can get no release from constant work. He can find no one to relieve him, and the prospect of con-

tinuous labor is unlighted by any hope of a competent assistant. . . . The trouble is that he is so eminent in the field of political writing himself, that there is no second to him. He stands alone, without even a squire at his side. It is a great pity that he is thus unaided. It is, indeed, in part due to character, and I see nothing for it but that he must continue to work, till he grows too weary to work longer, and turns the paper over to some wholly new hands which will hardly be able to carry it on at its present level of ability.

Woodberry is now established in Cambridge for a few months, writing regularly for the *Nation*, and studying Italian with a view to the study of Venetian history. Godkin had not gone this evening when he came in to read me an article on the effect of our institutions on literature, suggested by the reading of old Mr. Dana's prose and poetry. It was a thoughtful and interesting essay which I hope will appear in the *Nation* of next week.

When I referred to your birthday Woodberry spoke with warmth of your kindness to him. He is growing fast in power; the experience of life is serviceable to him; and if he keeps his health, and has sufficient energy, much that is good may be fairly expected from him. He has no successors in College with literary gifts that approach his in quality. I see him once a week regularly, for he is one of a class of young graduates and of Seniors, — eight in all, — with whom on Tuesday evenings I read Dante. It is interesting work, for they are a picked set, and all full of fresh interest and zeal in the study. By the end of the year we shall have read the whole *Divine Comedy*, and there will be eight more lovers of Dante in the land. In the ideal University I should like to be Professor of Dante. When you come

home you and I must go to work on the edition of the *Divine Comedy* which we have so long planned. I was pleased the other day to receive from the good old Witte a new volume of his collected essays on Dante. . . .

Lowell's appointment as Minister to England came in January of 1880. Norton's pleasure in the event, and his rational views on the financial considerations involved — a subject of frequent discussion in recent years — find expression in this letter.

SHADY HILL, January 22, 1880.

MY DEAREST JAMES: — The letters of the last two weeks from you and John Field have lightened our hearts, and made the beginning of the year happy for us. . . . By this time I wish that Fanny¹ may have got her invalid chair from London, and be able to move from room to room, and enjoy the fresh air at the windows.

I hope she is pleased with your appointment to London. I take it for granted that the Administration consulted you before making it, and appointing your successor at Madrid. It pleases me that the place should be offered to you, whether you accept it or not. Mabel writes to me, 'I do so hope that Papa will feel he can afford to take the English mission. I can think of nothing better, for they just wish to get away from Madrid as soon as may be.' I do not think the question of 'afford' ought to enter among those to be discussed in coming to a decision. It is an immense mistake, it seems to me, to think it necessary to live at a great expense and in a grand style as Ambassador. You can live with dignity and propriety in London on the Minister's salary, and be just as much liked as if you spent double,

¹ Mrs. Lowell was recovering slowly from a desperate illness.

and more respected. I think Motley never gained by his lavishness, but on the contrary exposed himself to criticism that was not unfounded. I am sure John Field will confirm me about this matter of expense in London, and of the way in which our Minister ought to live. There seems to be but one feeling throughout the country as to the fitness of your appointment, and a general expression of gratification in it. I inclose a note from Brimmer which has just come to me and will show you how people feel.

Howells and Curtis and I did our best to bring this about last June, — but the weather grew hot, and Congress and the Cabinet left Washington, — and then Fanny was taken ill.

I hope with all my heart that you will not suffer now from any reaction from the tense life of the last six months. Take care of yourself, my dear old fellow, for Fanny's sake now.

Your faithful friend,

C. E. N.

The following self-explaining passage from a letter of August 3, 1880, deserves perhaps the attention of poets who are considering new editions of their complete works.

. . . After your letter came I went over the 'Household' edition of your *Poems* and marked those which it seemed to me might, with least loss, be omitted from the new edition. I gave the list to George Curtis and sent it to Child, and I inclose to you what they say concerning it. The objections to omitting anything are clear, — they must be weighed against the advantage of consigning to the past such pieces as have, in comparison with what is left, a lesser value both biographically and poetically. There are, of course, two interests to be considered, that of the student of your poetry as an illus-

tration of yourself, and that of the reader of your poetry as poetry, with only a minor thought of the poet. On the whole, the interest of the latter class should be the predominant consideration. The student of you will always be able to find the omitted pieces, the lover of the best in poetry will be thankful to you for selecting your best for him. How few are the poets of all time of whom a part is not better than the whole! I can think at this moment of but two whose whole is better than a part would be, — and in Dante's case this is not true if one regards the poetry alone, but because the poet has a personal character of such supreme individuality as to make every expression of it matter of concern; while as to Shakespeare, his imagination is such an unique marvel in the history of the race as to make every expression of his genius of consequence as a measuring or divining rod of its limits.

But let your judgment in the matter be what it may, you will decide right. . . .

In the summer of 1881, the assassination of Garfield, the two hundredth anniversary of the Hingham meeting-house with which Norton's earliest American ancestors were associated, and the sensation created by Wendell Phillips's Phi Beta Kappa oration at Cambridge, gave occasion for a longer letter than usual to the absent friend.

ASHFIELD, August 31, 1881.

MY DEAR JAMES: — Every day for the past two months my thoughts have been with you even more regularly than usual, for in every day's paper I have turned to Blaine's dispatch to you as the best summing up of the President's condition, and have shared with you in the alternations of hope and fear. This protracted anxiety, these partial

reliefs, and frequent disappointments have been very wearing, and have made us restless and uneasy. Many people, like the doctors at the bedside, have grown visibly older. It has been a comfort to have George Curtis close by, for there has been news to exchange, and hopes and fears to share; and, at such a time, there is a sort of relief in the mere speculation with such a friend concerning chances and consequences; and in the simple expression to each other of a common feeling.

Yesterday there seemed reason for hope. No paper has reached us yet to-day. We should have had a special telegram sent up from the office, six miles away, if there were any decidedly ill news, so that I am beginning to hope that to-day's accounts will continue encouraging.

If Garfield were to die now, the country is in a much better condition to meet the blow than if it had fallen two months ago. There has been much serviceable reflection and determination in these weeks. It is hardly possible that Arthur, who is not a dull man, should not have had some important lessons forced home to him. Conkling's fate would have been very different had Arthur become President on the 2nd July. But, perhaps, nothing has been of more service than the example of patience, fortitude, simplicity and sweet domestic worth shown by both Mr. and Mrs. Garfield under a trial so severe, and made enormously more grievous by the terrible glare of publicity in which they have had to endure it. This exhibition of admirable character has produced a great effect. The impression made by it is very deep. It is a blessing for the country that such a standard should have been held up. — I have felt how hard it must be for you to have to wait so long for the daily details from which you might form your own judgment in the case.

It cannot now be many days before we shall be assured of life or death. I do not venture as yet to have any confident hope of Garfield's recovery. . . .

I have had one occupation this summer quite out of the common course. There was to be a commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the building of the old Meeting House at Hingham. It was built when my ancestor was the minister of the parish, and the Committee for this year's celebration appealed to me to make the address. I did not want to do it, but five generations of my ancestors who had worshiped in that house were too strong with me: filial piety prevailed, and I undertook the task. The commemoration came off three weeks ago, and was altogether a successful occasion so far as giving satisfaction to the people and the parish was concerned, and in celebrating the venerable old building. These two centuries have been so very long in this country, as measured by change, that the old meeting-house seems older than many a building of far greater antiquity as measured by years in the old world. I was not sorry to read a good deal of the New England theology of the end of the 17th century, and to read over great part of the *Magnalia* and altogether to refresh and enlarge my knowledge of the early Colonial period. The second volume of Sewall's *Diary* is quite as good and entertaining and instructive as the first, and if you have not had it, you should have it sent to you. It would steep you in New England. It is quite invaluable for its sincerity; its very dryness is delightful as a reflex of the times, and every page is full of genuine human nature. One learns to feel both respect and affection for the old Judge. He was as tender-hearted as he was stout-hearted, an upright, provincially-minded, clear-headed worthy. I often wished for you

while I was reading and writing. New England is your province; and I wanted you to give your Imprimatur to my words.

I wished for you, too, for your own sake at Phi Beta. George Curtis was staying with me, having come to receive his LL.D. from Harvard, an honor that pleased him greatly. Commencement Day and Phi Beta were two of our loveliest summer days. Cambridge never since she became a city looked so pleasant at the end of June. There had been no canker-worms, or so few as to make no inroad on the beauty of the trees. The spring had been late and wet, and the June rains had been frequent, so that the foliage was far more abundant and richer than usual. There was a great crowd to hear Wendell Phillips, and he was well worth hearing. He had brought himself, for as he said, 'I supposed they would not have asked me unless they had wanted *me*,' and there he was, the most admirable natural orator of our time, artist to the last point in the forms of oratory, with all the power that perfect libertinism of speech secures for the speaker. As Longfellow was leaving the stage he said, 'Yes, it was marvelous and delightful, but preposterous from beginning to end.' As Phillips was speaking I could not but contrast him, and his looks, and his speech, with Emerson and his Phi Beta discourse.¹ Phillips's face reveals his temper. He has lost nobility of expression. His features moving or at rest have a bitter and malign look, — they are not the lineaments of Gospel books. It was a great and memorable performance. It will be one of the historic Phi Beta orations. Charles Eliot made a forcible and eloquent five-minute speech at the dinner, vigorously rejecting Phillips's doctrine and exposing the essential fallacy

¹ Emerson's second Phi Beta Kappa address was delivered in 1867, thirty years after his first.

of his discourse. He was surcharged with moral indignation, and without the slightest intonation, much less a word that could give offence to Phillips, gave expression with characteristic manliness to the offended sentiment of serious men. . . .

In this Phi Beta Kappa oration Phillips dealt with 'The Scholar in a Republic,' raising his voice for woman suffrage, Irish home rule, the success of the Nihilists in Russia, and citing with approbation 'Landor's sneer, that there is a spice of the scoundrel in most of our literary men.' The power of his oratory, and the vigorous dissent of many of his hearers from the sentiments he was uttering, are illustrated by the true story of a Boston gentleman who heard the man behind him applauding and stamping his feet with the utmost enthusiasm, exclaiming at the same time, 'The d— old liar, the d— old liar!'

The following letter marks the close of a memorable chapter in the social history of Cambridge and the literary history of America: it may fitly stand last in this selection.

SHADY HILL, *March 28, 1882.*

MY DEAR JAMES: — You have been much in my thoughts during these last days. I have wished that you were here, and I have felt how much you would wish to be here. I have known how deeply Longfellow's death would touch you. It is an immeasurable change and loss for us who have known him so long and loved him so well. His friendship has been one of the steadiest and longest blessings of my life. It dates back almost half a century. I have gifts from him given to me when I was younger than my own Richard. I have a book in which he wrote my name forty-one years ago. And in all this

time I have not a single recollection of him that is not sweet, pleasant, and dear. It is a delightful retrospect. Even the memory of his sorrow is beautiful. His life has been an essential part of the spiritual atmosphere of yours and mine.

Last Sunday week, the 19th, was a beautiful day, soft with the early breath of Spring. I went to see him in the afternoon, and heard, to my regret, that he was in bed with a cold, taken the day before, but that he was not seriously ill. An hour later I met Mrs. Ernest Longfellow who told me that there was nothing alarming in his attack. I had felt anxious, for of late he has seemed to lack vigor, and he has suffered from inability to do any mental work and from shifting neuralgic pains. One of the last times I saw him, I said as I entered his study, 'I hope this is a good day for you.' 'Ah, Charles,' he answered, with a not uncheerful smile, 'there are no good days now.'

On Tuesday and on Wednesday I heard that he was better, but on Thursday I was alarmed at hearing that Dr. Minot had been sent for by Wyman for consultation, and on Thursday evening I saw Wyman and he told me there was no hope. He said that on Saturday Longfellow had been walking on his piazza in the afternoon, and came in feeling a chill. As the evening went on he became ill, he had a night of sickness, and 'when I saw him on Sunday,' said Wyman, 'he was already very ill, and his strength very much gone.' . . . On Wednesday he slept much, but was cheerful when awake, and said, 'I don't understand all this anxiety.' On Thursday it became plain that the end was not distant. He wandered a little from the effect of the opiates that were administered, but was for the most part tranquil and without pain. I saw Wyman again on Friday

noon. Death might come at any moment, he said; and in the afternoon at a quarter past three the meeting-house bell began to toll. He had just died.

There is no reason to wish for his own sake that he had recovered. He did not desire longer life. A year ago I dined with him on his seventy-fourth birthday, and he said, 'Really I cannot think I am so old, it seems that the numerals have been reversed, the four should precede the seven.' But since then there has been a great change. He had greatly aged in the twelvemonth, but he lost nothing of his familiar sweetness, or of the brightness of his smile of greeting.

Thursday, March 30.

The funeral services on Sunday were in all respects what they should have been. The coffin was in the library, — the large back room, — and here were the friends, while the immediate family were in the study. George Curtis came from New York, and was with me. The most striking incident was Emerson's solitary approach to the coffin, and his long gaze at the face of the dead. Only the family and a few intimate friends went to the grave at Mt. Auburn. Emerson was there, — his memory gone, his mind wavering, but his face pure and noble as ever, though with strange looks of perplexity wandering over it from time to time. The afternoon was raw, gray, March-like. Emerson took my arm up the path to the grave, — and his arm shook as we stood together there. I could not but think of Longfellow's happier fate.

Yesterday I saw Alice and Annie. They were both well, sweet, simple, self-controlled as could be desired. They would not wish that their father had lived longer. There was nothing to wish different, and no reason to desire longer life for him. Everything in the end had been appropriate to the life.

His greatest pleasure in the last month had been in Edith's children. They meant to live on in the old home, and to keep everything unchanged so far as was possible. They had thought

much of you, and of your sorrow with them. It is almost twenty-one years since their mother died. I stood on Sunday close by the spot where I had stood at her funeral. . . .

SOME HAVE GREATNESS THRUST UPON THEM

BY LORIN F. DELAND

THERE is really no reason why the story should not be told. Dudley is dead now. So are Dr. Hale and Mr. Kidder. So, too, are Martin and Walk-er and Eliot.

I will try to tell the thing just as it occurred. It needs no garnishing; it is preposterous enough in its simple nakedness of truth.

It all happened in less than two hours, and left me a dazed, much-honored, sorely-discomfited young man. What Dudley thought of me afterwards I never could clearly tell. He treated me as a man of mystery and power. He believed that I had a destiny, — or something of that sort. Poor Dudley! How little he knew that I was a mere pawn in the hand of Fate. But I must let the story tell itself without my flowers of rhetoric.

It was the afternoon of an autumn day in Boston, in the year 1884; and the Park Street clock gave the time as a quarter to two. I was walking up Tremont Street, and had passed the corner of Beacon Street, when I noticed a somewhat excited crowd trying to gain admittance to Tremont Temple. The fringe of the crowd extended a third of the distance across the street, but it was not blocking my path and I

hurried on, caring little for what it all meant. Speaking candidly, the vital concern of earning a living held me in its grip. It was low-tide on my financial beach, and I was not attending afternoon religious services. In front of Park Street Church I ran bang into the arms of L. Edwin Dudley. Dudley was something of a character. Originally an Indian agent in the West, and a man of generous enthusiasms, he had journeyed East, shaken off the alkali, shaved, and settled down into the prosaic vocation of organizer of the Law and Order League of Massachusetts. This brought him into close contact with men of political prominence, and Dudley was always a politician. He reveled in politics, cold, hot, raw, or with tabasco sauce.

I wanted to see Dudley about a newspaper I was printing for his league, and I tried to detain him. But he was in a hurry! He said he was on his way to a mass-meeting in Tremont Temple; it was already late; there was sure to be a big crowd, and he dared not delay. I decided to walk back with him and so gain a few moments' conversation.

'But how is it you're not going to Tremont Temple yourself?' he said.

'Every man who cares for the welfare of Boston will be on hand to-day.'

I was impatient to talk business, and his enthusiasm over his Tremont Temple meeting bored me, but I managed to ask him civilly what it was all about.

'It's a call for a Citizens' Movement,' said Dudley, warming to his subject. 'I tell you, my boy, a Citizens' party is the only solution of municipal government. "Republican" and "Democrat" are all right when you're dealing with state issues, but when it comes to a question of back-yard politics you want the best men, irrespective of party. This is a mass-meeting to-day of every one who wants good government right here in this city of Boston. First of all, we're going to take the public schools out of politics. We're going to nominate an improved school committee, and we—'

I choked him off rather abruptly. 'Good-bye! I'll see you later—'

But Dudley had the soul of a missionary. 'Now look here, don't try to skin out of this! It's your duty—it's every man's duty to go to this meeting.'

We had nearly reached the Temple entrance. The crowd was before us. It was useless to argue. I had to act quickly. I told Dudley that politics was something I knew nothing about, and I gripped his hand in token of immediate departure.

But he opened fire from a new battery. 'You say you're new to this business! Well, here's a great chance for you! If you don't know anything about political meetings, then you ought to see this sight,—just as an experience if nothing more. Now keep close to me; hang on to my coat-tails and I'll get you through this crowd.'

We were well into the throng now, and Dudley began propelling himself along, partly by his height and force,

and partly by a certain assumption of importance which made many give place to him. Behind him, comparatively sheltered, I followed in his glorious wake. For just one brief moment as we reached the foot of the staircase I had a chance to speak to him. I told him that it was no use; that, in fact, I had to be in another part of the city in ten minutes to keep an engagement. 'And anyway, Dudley,' I said, 'the thing does n't interest me. I'm no politician. I've got a family to feed, and the sooner I get away from this Citizens' matinee the better for me.'

We parted on that word! Speaking accurately, Dudley parted from me; alas, I could not part from him so easily. To attempt to turn back now was useless; to stand still was equally impossible; and I resigned myself to being propelled into a citizens' convention as the only way by which I could finally escape from it.

At the head of the stairs I made a futile attempt at a revolving wedge formation which might save my entering the hall and enable me to reach the wall and slip down by the baluster rail on the side of the staircase. But there was no revolving whirlpool for me; I was in the upper rapids and the utmost I could accomplish was to work gradually to the right until, at last, forced through the main doors of the hall, I broke from the edge of the crowd and reached a place against the rear wall. There I fixed myself, hoping that as soon as an opening came I could reach the stairs and again try a retreat by that baluster rail.

I held this outpost for nearly five minutes, vainly waiting for some sign of relief at the door. From my perch I had a fine sight of the throng that filled the hall. Once I caught a glimpse of Dudley. He had worked to the head of a crowd in the lower third of one aisle, and I marveled at his ability.

'That's what comes of being a politician,' I thought. And then suddenly I was aware that some one on my right was speaking to me.

I turned to face an excited usher. 'Are you Mr. Deland?' he demanded. I owned up! It seemed best to do so; he might prove an influential friend on this battlefield.

'Mr. Hale wants to know if he can speak to you for a moment,' said my influential friend.

'Do you mean Dr. Edward Everett Hale?' I asked.

'Yes,' said the excited one.

'But I don't know him,' I said; 'you must be looking for some one else.'

'No,' the usher insisted, 'he sent me to get *you*. He's up in a room — back of the stage. I can take you round there if you'll follow me. We never can get there up this aisle.'

It is recorded that a tramp once approached a hospitable door where a dog wagged his tail and growled. But the tramp did n't dare advance, — he said he did n't know which end to believe. I found myself murmuring vague protests that Dr. Hale did n't know me: 'There has been a mistake. — It must be some one else he wants.' But all the while I was addressing these polite sounds to the back of an usher whom I was following at furious speed. By side doors and erratic rear passages we reached a room. Into this room he threw me! It seemed to contain about seventeen men in long frock-coats and white ties. There was positively nothing else in that room but men, coat-tails, and clergymen's neckwear. The familiar form of Dr. Hale loomed up through the ecclesiastical mist and gripped my hand.

'Oh, Mr. Deland!' said he, 'such an absurd thing has happened! Here we are, nine clergymen and only one layman. May I depend upon you for

a twenty-minute speech on the Public School question?'

To the day of my death I shall always swear it was the tone of his voice that lured me to my ruin. I knew no more about the public schools than I did about carpet-weaving; I did n't even know that there was a public school question. I could n't have told you who ran the public schools, or why he ran them. Yet then and there I consented to address that outside mob for twenty minutes on the Public School question, whatever it might be. And twenty minutes is a long time to talk when you have n't anything to say.

I have said that Dr. Hale did n't know me; this proves it! But don't judge me harshly! Any one who remembers Dr. Hale's voice, that benign and Zeus-like countenance, and the splendid note of inspiration in his graciousness, will understand the flattery of his appeal. Under such encouragement prudence melts like a snowflake in the sea. It was as if he had said, 'My boy, of course we all know you! You are the one man on earth who can be depended on in any emergency.'

I fell! I have always insisted that if a man is going to fall, he might as well fall the full distance. If there was any more distance that I did n't fall, I should be glad to have it pointed out. Yet in the black horror that confronted me, I recall one delightful bit of satire. The good clergyman asked if I could use three minutes or so in getting my thoughts in order. I acknowledged that I could use three minutes, and he said, 'We'll delay the meeting for three minutes.' Then, instinctively, without knowing just what I was seeking, I dodged through that forest of coat-tails and gained the window. I wanted air! I felt like a fly in a huge mass of ecclesiastical amber. Two kind clergymen came up to introduce them-

selves. I gave them my precious three minutes. After all, they were of no use to me.

It was not over three minutes before Dr. Hale summoned us to march to the stage. He placed me in the middle of that long single file. First, five clergymen; then the Public School expert; then four clergymen, — and so we walked to my doom. A door was suddenly thrown open; before us was a short flight of steps, and beyond there rose a sea of faces. As I mounted those steps it only needed a cross-beam and the dangling rope, and my misery would have been complete.

In that moment of horrible glory I thought of Dudley. Somewhere out on that billowy sea his astounded face was looking up at mine, and his political sagacity was trying to figure out just why two and two made five. I knew that that problem would hold Dudley for a while.

We took seats in a long line across the stage, my seat being close to the centre. Dr. Hale advanced to the speaker's desk and read the summons under which the meeting had been called. He asked for nominations for temporary chairman. At that precise moment Henry P. Kidder, the banker, was moving from the crowd at the foot of one aisle to a seat at the reporters' table which stood on the floor directly below the stage. He was a prominent citizen, and his face was familiar to many in the audience. Some one caught the suggestion and nominated him for temporary chairman. The motion was carried with a strong vote, and Mr. Kidder, who had halted at the reporters' bench during the voting, continued his way to the platform. Taking the gavel from Dr. Hale, he called for a nomination for temporary secretary.

I shall never know how it happened, or who caught that flash of lightning

by the tail, but some one in the audience sized up the situation on *a priori* principles. Accounting for my presence in a group of much older men by the presumption that I was 'working for my passage,' he saw in me a logical candidate for the working post, and I heard my name called out from the floor. Mr. Kidder, never having heard the name before, asked to have it repeated; a loud voice called it clearly, and Mr. Kidder announced that I was nominated as temporary secretary.

I heard that announcement with a great throb in my breast-bone; I was to be plucked as a brand from the burning! Then I glanced at Dr. Hale, and my heart almost stopped. For the good Doctor looked aggrieved. Clearly he did not want his Public School expert used as a temporary secretary. He rose from his seat and started toward the chairman, but even as he reached the desk the vote was taken, and Mr. Kidder announced my election.

Dr. Hale went back to his chair. Just what had passed through his mind, and why he started forward as he did, I never knew. It was enough for me to hear the chairman asking me, in a voice addressed to all parts of the hall, if I would come up to the platform and act as secretary. A link in my chains had snapped somewhere, and I was drifting toward freedom.

My first thought was to get out of the danger-zone, away from that firing line of frock-coated speakers, and I went at once to the desk, reported myself to the chairman, and moving over to the edge of the platform on the left, I commandeered a small table from the reporters and started on my new job. I was resolved that the public schools might now go hang before I would say a word in their favor. I regarded them, in fact, as a deadly enemy; they had nearly killed me, and

it was not their fault that I was not at that moment politically and socially dead.' I resolved to take no further chances with them. To speak plainly, I took refuge in flight. Slipping down among the reporters, I remained in semi-concealment while the black-froked spell-binders unlimbered into action.

Safely hidden away, I longed to ask the reporters one question, yet I dared not betray my miserable plight. It was an innocent question: I merely wanted to know what the meeting was all about. From Dudley's talk I gathered that it had something to do with a new citizens' movement in the cause of good government. Then I knew that the public schools got into the scheme somewhere. But I would have given a week's earnings for reliable information as to just what game I was up against.

When at last I saw Dr. Hale rise and start down the platform stairs I resolved to sell my life dearly. As the reverend gentleman descended the stairs, I placed one foot on the reporters' table and vaulted to my secretary's seat on the stage.

But my agitation was needless. Dr. Hale was not thinking of the public school question; I had long passed that danger, though I was too ignorant to realize it. To speak frankly, my friend, the Doctor, was now up against *his* game. Charged with preparing the resolutions which should start the machinery of permanent organization, he had neglected this essential, and now he was doing his best to make good the deficiency at the eleventh hour by scribbling various motions on scraps of paper. These he had in a sheaf in his hand as he went in search of me. He soon located my changed base, and it suited well with his plans. From the reporters' table he passed his motions up to me, one by one, with some

brief, hurried words of explanation: — 'Make this motion first,' — 'make the motion next for this committee,' — 'let this motion come third,' and so through the list. It was terribly cut-and-dried, but as we conferred together in whispers over the edge of the platform, I think no one in the audience knew what was transpiring, or realized, when the motions came later, how they had originated.

And so it came about that I made a series of motions. To the audience I must have appeared like a lambent flame playing over the whole Citizens' Movement from end to end. I had come through the Public School furnace as unscathed as Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego; and now what were a few motions more or less to me! To the chairman I made all roads smooth; if the course of true government ever seemed to hesitate, he had but to turn to his secretary and a motion came flying from my mouth before any one else got started. To Dudley I must have seemed — well, I hesitate to say what I must have seemed to Dudley. Ossas had been piled on Pelions, and Dudley was out of sight in the valley.

The motions which I was so busily making called for the appointment of different committees to carry forward the permanent work: a motion for the appointment, by the chairman, of an executive committee of nine; a motion for the appointment (always by the chairman) of a committee of seven on nominations; another for a committee of three on printing and advertising; another for a committee of five on future permanent organization; another for a committee of four on finance.

I do not mean to imply that no motions came from the floor; quite the contrary. But there was no conflict from the floor. Some one put through

a motion by which the temporary officers were made permanent, and some one else moved that each committee should meet subject to the call of its chairman. Later the meeting voted that the officers and committees should form the nucleus of a permanent organization on a platform irrespective of party lines, and place a citizens' ticket in the field. Then the meeting adopted the resolution for an improved school committee.

One or two of the committees called for by the votes of the convention were named by the chairman immediately upon the passing of the vote. Some were taken under consideration and announced later in the proceedings, and I think that one committee was not announced until the very close of the meeting.

Perhaps in this way the fact escaped attention that the chairman, in making up these committees, merely followed the old rule of appointing as chairman of each committee the one who had introduced the motion to create it. Now the reader may recall that I had acted as the mouth-piece of the 'men higher up' in the motions to constitute these committees, and a little mental calculation will make clear the avalanche of political power which now descended upon my unworthy head.

I had entered that wretched hall against my will, — thrown into it like a chip on a stormy sea, — ignorant of politics, not even knowing what the meeting was called for or who called it. Two hours later I was the chairman of every committee, and practically the whole Citizens' Movement! When I left the hall I carried away under my hat the entire power of the organization. Gilbert and Sullivan might have dramatized me just as I stood. I had *pooh-bahed* everything in sight. No committee could meet till I called it together. More than

that, I carried away in my pocket the complete records of the convention. If I had been wiped out that night, the Citizens' organization would — at least temporarily — have ceased to exist, except as a pleasant memory for that throng in the street and that jostling crowd on the stairs.

It is said that two men were once traveling companions on a railway train entering Russia. One was an Englishman; the second was none other than Karl Baedeker. Each was a stranger to the other. They had talked for four long hours over a wide range of topics, when the Englishman asked the German if he happened to have a Baedeker that he could lend him, in his satchel. It was too much for the warm-hearted Teuton. Bursting with a sudden and overwhelming enthusiasm of friendship, he beat his breast with both hands, exclaiming, 'Gott in Himmel! — I am *it*!'

I felt just that way when I found myself once more on Tremont Street, passing the spot where, only two hours before, the enthusiastic Dudley had lured me from the sober path of honest toil. As I walked home, those first words of Dudley came back to my mind: "If you don't know anything about political meetings, then you ought to see this sight, just as an experience." I had had the experience. So this was politics! I recalled an old lady who rode for the first time on a railroad train. There was a head-on collision, and from the ruins they brought her out miraculously unhurt. When they asked her if she was n't frightened, she replied, calmly, "O no, I thought they always stopped that way." I resolved to emulate the old lady's composure.

That evening I told the whole astonishing business to my wife, and I had barely ended when Dudley, the bewildered Dudley, arrived to demand

an explanation of my conduct. He wanted half a dozen explanations, beginning with some certified proof that 'I am I and you are you.' Poor Dudley was like the Spanish madman trying to mix a salad. It was in vain that I presented to him the true story of the tragedy of my political glory. He was too old a fox to be caught by such talk, and never, so long as he lived, would he admit that I was telling him the raw truth about the events of that day. Thenceforward he treated me less as a friend and more as one to be placated. I think he really believed I made the political slate of the diocese. He even came to me a few days later with a proposition that I should let him announce me as a candidate for alderman of the city. He was sure that he could effect the nomination. It was too absurd even to be humorous. I told him so, but his Indian-agent sagacity merely detected in this simple truth-telling another proof of my political guile. He could not descend to the level of my stupidity. So we played 'Puss in the Corner' for a while longer. I told him that it would all be clear if only he would believe my story of the convention. 'Yes,' he said, 'but no sane man can believe such a combination of absurdities.' And he never believed it.

Few words will suffice to tell the results of the campaign that followed. We joined with the Republicans in the effort to reëlect Augustus P. Martin as mayor. The Cunniff-Maguire combination, controlling the Boston Democracy, defeated us. However, acting independently, we induced General Francis A. Walker and Dr. Samuel Eliot to accept nominations for the School Committee, and we brought these names forward before either party had made up its slate. We succeeded in getting both of these candidates accepted by the Republicans,

and one of them by the Democrats. Both were elected, and each one in a letter the day after election gave to our organization the credit for the result. It is doubtful if either the Republicans or the Democrats would have troubled to seek out men of this calibre for nomination. To that extent we might reasonably claim to have effected their election. Undoubtedly we modified the plans of both parties as to school-committee candidates, and on the whole we accomplished much for municipal betterment.

One last catastrophe remains to be told. When I called the various committees together, I succeeded in persuading Mr. Kidder to become chairman of the finance committee, but I could not shake off so easily my other ill-gotten honors. I did practically nothing until the election but manage the Citizens' campaign. After election we found ourselves short of funds. As secretary of the finance committee I finally was compelled to call a meeting and report the inability to pay all our bills until we could collect about eight hundred dollars.

I can shut my eyes now and see the whole scene. I can see Mr. Kidder rise and say in his pleasant voice, 'It's a little late to ask our friends for subscriptions; here we are, four gentlemen together; I think the best plan will be for us each to draw our check for two hundred dollars and hand it to the treasurer. Let us settle it that way, and so save the need of further meetings of the committee. We are all busy men.'

I will not set down in cold type my emotions at that moment, nor reveal the amount of money I then had at my command. If this were a work of fiction there would be a row of stars here to indicate the omission of something on the part of the narrator. I could use those stars even now without vio-

lating the truth. For there surely was an omission. I had omitted many days of legitimate toil for daily bread; I had lost the regard of my friend Dudley; now I had to take two hundred dollars from my small store and pay for all this glory! Yes, there was an omission.

Somewhere in this curious experience there should be a moral for young men. Of course if I had not walked up Tremont Street it never would have happened. If I had not met Dudley it never would have happened. But I pass over both these innocent happenings and fasten instead upon that wretched 'Public School Question,' about which I was to talk for twenty

minutes. Here is the danger, and I warn all young men to beware of the public schools. Know just as little about them as you can, for they are fraught with terrible 'questions' that may spring upon you from ambush at any moment and can only be appeased by your talking for twenty minutes.

Sometimes in sleepless nights I have wondered just what I should have said to that audience if my twenty-minute speech had once got started. In the absence of adequate police protection, I suspect that I escaped easily with no greater punishment than the carrying away of the entire movement.

A REVOLUTION IN ADVERTISING

BY ELIZABETH C. BILLINGS

To make advertising interesting, we need a sensation; and advertising forms so large a part of our daily intellectual diet, that it seems not too grasping to ask for a change of mental food.

'Kosy Kumfurt Karamels' have lost their taste. 'Sharp Snappy Styles for Serious Students' have wearied eye and mind. 'Mannish togs of dainty model' tug at the feminine purse-strings in vain.

'We could not improve the picture — but look what we have done to the frame!' won us by its complacent satisfaction, but now tires us by its constant repetition.

'A prominent manufacturer who is going out of business' has placed at the advertiser's disposal his entire stock, which is being offered to us at 'merely

nominal prices' — but for us he has retired once too often, his magnanimity no longer touches us, and we wearily thrust aside the lists of his misplaced philanthropies.

That combination of Time and Eternity, 'Watch the clock! Our goods reduced every half hour,' has in it that element of chance whose fascination draws eager throngs, just as do those games of hazard which come under the ban of the law. \$1.98 and \$7.95 no longer delude us. We have learned nationally to add and subtract, and other devices are needed to catch our wandering attention.

Why are we invited, at such vast expense to our hosts, to attend 'Anniversary Sales'? Has the foundation of these great business houses been to us

such a boon that we must accept, rather than bestow, gifts at their birthday parties? Why must we aid great store-keepers in the distribution of charity? They 'challenge' each other in a contest for the greater benevolence—their kindness is unbounded.

In serving the public, the department stores everywhere seem bent upon cutting one another's throats as well as their own. In their generous offers there is no indication that they are in business for profit. Smoke, fire, and water, the traditional godsend of the trade, are left to the lesser brethren. An absorbing impulse to make 'more room for new goods'; the uselessness of 'broken lots'; the unexpected changes of the seasons; the earnest desire to supply to all, clothing which has 'that distinctive look'; the things which 'Dame Fashion' decrees as necessary for 'Mildred's Wardrobe'; these are the obvious motives which make so kindly a spirit of giving, so large a generosity, and such willingness to spend of their hard earnings to tell us about it. The situation is not unlike universal armament, and remedies as revolutionary as the Hague Tribunal seem necessary.

The clever, shrewd, and interesting men who are at the helm in our great retail business must know that we see through their devices, and can hear, underneath their smooth phrases, the fierce beat of the engines, the driving of the factory wheels, the weary homeward march of the toilers, and, saddest of all, the pitiful struggle of the workers at seasonal trades.

We are asked to spend, spend, spend without reason, and without thought, and as the ultimate goal of our spending we are given cheapness instead of worth.

An attempt, at least, has been made to absorb the waste of the business world through Scientific Management; but Scientific Management has not yet

framed its simple economic message for our daily lives. It would be ludicrous, were it not tragic, to know how utterly order and skill are lacking from the domestic arrangements of the ordinary American family.

In speaking of our national extravagance, at the banquet of the International Chambers of Commerce, the President said, 'Let us make our budget before spending it'—and it is a plea that would serve well as a motto for each person's simple buying. Economists give laws which govern the average expenditure of income. It would seem as natural to take them into consideration as to accept the fact that two and two make four. To the total expenditure, clothing and rent keep a fixed proportion, while the proportion of food-cost varies in an inverse ratio to the size of the income; so that the richer you are, the smaller is the proportion of your income which goes for food, and upon the poor man falls heaviest the burden of our national juggling in food-stuffs. Dr. Engel deduces, from typical budgets, the law that clothing assumes and keeps a constant proportion in the whole; and Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, in charts prepared for the purpose, gives to clothing a one-sixth share in the family budget. Now if it be true that clothing assumes a one-sixth share in our family income, why not face the music? Here is one sixth—there are hats and coats and shoes and shirts and neckties and under-clothes for some of us, and hats and shoes and dresses and coats and corsets and gloves for some more of us, not forgetting the children, with their definite and increasing needs.

The making of a budget would place us at once in the rank of intelligent buyers and, as such, we should hold a commanding position. We are a self-respecting people, and we ask of our merchants neither gifts nor sacrifice.

What we want is common honesty and simple truth.

What a surprise it would be to find our great stores advertising, not the same old wearisome chatter about 'Latest Models from Paris' (made in Hoboken), but facts about economy and expenditure, real talk about real things. Suppose that they should help us to spend our sixth manfully or womanlike — for we have to be clothed, or else return to Eden. Suppose that we should have some real plan in mind as to the sum that our clothes ought to cost, some system in their purchase. What a revolution it would make in certain phases of industry. Suppose that the advertisers should stop their lying and take us behind the scenes and tell us honestly about manufacturing, — showing us how products of skill and beauty are made by those who toil for our comfort, so that we might appreciate their real worth. People love dearly to see things made. If the great stores should put industrial exhibits into their subway windows they would be fined by the sub-surface road for obstructing traffic. It would be possible, for instance, to use a 'Bargain Basement' along the lines of Jane Addams's Industrial Museum at Chicago, or to create a 'Mechanics' Fair,' — where processes were shown where mechanical and hand works, both, were exhibited, and where orders were taken.

We could go to our great stores as to museums of vital and present importance, schools for the teaching of thrift and of order in living, places where bridges of contact are built between buyer and maker. To plan such a work would need culture as true, and a vision as large, as is demanded of the head of a great university.

Such department stores might show the producers that we, the consumers, are grateful to them for their skill and

for their knowledge; that we hate cheap goods and cheap labor; and that the advertiser, the middleman, builds not a wall between the two, but a roadway easily traversed. Suppose that advertisers should honestly confess to us the bitterness of the seasonal trades and the blight which they lay upon the homes of the workers and should ask us, the spenders, to help stamp out this evil.

There is now no test of excellence. A \$25.00 suit may be more desirable than a \$40 one. The 'mark-down' sale shows us conclusively that all the 'values' are fictitious. In every instance we have to gamble on our purchase. Suppose that the advertiser really told us how to judge. What a difference such a policy of bargaining and buying would make in our homes, elaborate as well as simple. Our great stores have the machinery to make for scientific purchasing, and for producing trained purchasers. What a change it would be for the shiftless, idle man and the capricious, vain woman who wander purposeless in search of 'things'; for the eager bargain-hunter who is living on the excitement of getting 'something for nothing'!

Not long since I had to wait for a friend on a 'great white floor' in my city. There was a 'sacrifice' sale of lace-trimmed chemises and nightgowns. The cloth was of flimsiest texture, the lace, coarse and cheap, was carelessly sewed by poor workers, the cut of the garments was vulgar, not modest, or decent, or useful.

I watched the buyers — for the most part, young girls in their teens, with faces so pretty, so sickly, so foolish, so vacant. I sent up the prayer, 'God! Lead us not into temptation.' Our shops seem to bid for such trade — else why do they constantly publish suggestive pictures to lower the ideals of our youth. Our idle women and our

restless men are our menace, and our big stores cater to them, as though they were our pride, instead of our undoing.

What a sane and reasonable trade could be built up, if it were the fashion to use brains in purchasing and to demand thought of those we purchase from! We should speedily find both commodities, for we have brains as a nation — good brains, grown from the fine and sturdy stocks of the world; and we have sufficient education to compass such a result, if our minds were resolved to accomplish it.

There are a few small groups working on the subject of household economics. A few colleges, normal schools, and schools of domestic economy, are giving high service along these lines. There is a little experiment station at Darien, Connecticut, where Mr. and Mrs. Barnard are working on problems of household 'efficiency,' 'routing,' motion-study, and the like, and where are made tests of household appliances on the simplest scale. There is another such station in New Jersey, conducted by Louise Boynton and Georgie Boynton Child. The American School of Home Economics at Chicago provides bulletins on modern labor-saving appliances and conducts correspondence courses, with thousands of students all over the country. There may be other such honest and intelligent attempts.

Suppose our advertisers instead of publishing lists of bargains, with wood-

cut illustrations, such as: '7 doz. egg-beaters, all nickel-plated, 39 cents each — were 50 cents'; and instead of assuming that we do not know that the cost of inserting this fact is far greater than the cost of all the beaters, should really advertise facts about efficiency, honest facts about labor-saving devices, about up-keep, and wear and tear, and repair, about the care and cleaning of kitchen utensils, about fuel and laundry work, — about all the things which go to make an ordered home. Such a store could have 'efficiency engineers,' men as qualified, as competent, as curators of a museum, who have insight, training, and sympathy to assist the purchaser. To be a trustworthy guide in a department store would be a useful career worthy of the honest effort of any man or woman.

How many dozen cards do you receive (and throw away) daily, which say, 'We cheerfully furnish estimates.' Suppose that, instead of these advertising phrases, the stores cheerfully furnished real information, and were actually turning the tide so that those who sell cheap and shoddy articles, and those who make them, were both lifted out of the slough into which foolish over-production has dragged them. It would then be possible to use our artistic impulses, our common sense and our self-respect in daily purchasing — and advertising might become a fine art and a worthy science.

TUBAL CAIN

BY WILBUR M. URBAN

Some mourn a time of golden glamor
When men knew naught of iron bands,
Knew not our rugged craft with hands,
Nor aught of workman's sudden clamor.
Thine iron hand, they say, hath stung
To restlessness our world, and flung
A quivering race beneath thy hammer.
What though a feeble folk may rage?
We feel the ardors of our age —
The pulse of time in blows that rain
From thy hammered hand, great Tubal Cain.
— *Tubal Cain: An Ode to Labor.*

SOME fifteen years ago one might have read rather widely of a proposal to erect in Pittsburg a colossal statue of iron to the artificer of Bible-story, Tubal Cain. Stirred to emulation by the great figure of silver that Colorado had cause to be raised to her own glory, some iron-master had visions of this titanic figure dominating the city of iron and steel. Erected at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, where the smoke of the altars of industry never ceases, and where daily thousands upon thousands of cars of coal and iron pass in endless procession, it should, like some tutelary divinity of old, show forth our praise.

As one of the very few symbolic ideas which it has entered into our hearts to conceive, this monument to the glory of labor seems indeed, worthy of consideration. Into that heroic figure what national faith, what sturdy idealism, should there not be wrought! One had visions of it taking its place beside the Statue of Liberty, and if not enlightening the world, at least teaching it our one great truth — the unity of brain and hand, and the dignity of toil.

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Alas for the ironical years! The statue was never erected, and the enthusiasms thus recalled are now as remote as the national ideals that called them forth. It all belongs to another world — to that far-off time when we could still speak of the 'dignity of labor' without risking the comic, and when on the posters of political parties one might still see the sturdy, smiling workman with the Thor-like hammer in his hand!

I

In the light of the revealing years the statue of Tubal Cain would, indeed, have been an unbearable irony. Who knows but that, had it been erected, some McNamara, a little more imaginative than his fellows, and with an excess of that mordant humor which characterizes the workman of the present, would have smilingly placed a charge of dynamite at its feet? Certainly the workman of to-day scorns the whole conception for which it stands. The same explosions that wrecked the monumental products of our industry doubtless gave the last push to the crumbling idol of our laborious democracy, but for a long time it has been the workman himself who has been jabbing viciously at its feet of clay. The idol's fall has been but the final revelation of our great incapacity and our great sadness — the inability of our industrial civilization to dignify and glorify its inmost principle and force. 'The World's Work' — that is our loudest shibboleth, but it rings

hollow because of the great schism of hand and brain.

Into all the causes of the workman's disillusionment and hardness of heart it would be idle to enter. It suffices that he does not recognize the fancy picture you have drawn of him in the faces, the forms, and gait of the human products of Steel Trust and Beef Trust. In his own way, he is as realistic as the next one. The very 'properties' in which we have dressed him up he indignantly spurns. The education of the machine is a thorough one, and the realities of fire and iron he does not find favorable to illusions. For him the 'muck-rake' and the reports of congressional committees have really never been necessary.

Perhaps the dignity of labor has never been anything more than an idol of forum and market-place; so, at least, the cynical and disillusioned would tell us. In any case, while you have been clothing him with a pretended dignity and honor, the workman himself is at last convinced that these attributes do not exist. At last he accepts the frightful paradox of modern industry: Thou must increase, I must decrease! He knows that, while industry requires a development of intellect as never before, this intellect can accomplish its perfect work only by taking the soul from the workman and reducing him to a machine; that, while the processes of labor are tremendous and heroic as never before, the laborer himself must ever grow less and less. Whether rightly or wrongly, he accepts as an accomplished fact the schism between hand and brain and believes it to be growing deeper day by day. It has all been not unlike the fairy story of old. We have pretended that he was beautifully clothed, and now at last he himself, with an almost childish simplicity, has cried out, 'Yes, but I have nothing on!'

As the laborer thus refuses longer to share our illusions, so at last he has come to disdain our sentiment. It has, indeed, been easy for us all to wax sentimental over him and to cry, —

Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Having felt the ecstasy of Tolstōi's glorification of labor in his picture of the reapers, we have with him cried out against the 'diabolical invention of the division of labor,' and weakly cursed the giants of machinery and capital under our breath. But the period of sentimentalism with regard to labor, in its sympathetic as well as its laudatory form, has passed. Instead, labor itself has entered into a new stadium that sternly forbids both. Manual labor has always been at the bottom of the scale, this sad Atlas carrying a world of luxury and refinement on his back. Now the great Atlas shrugs his shoulders, reverses the hierarchical pyramid, and you find yourself in another world where your ideals and your tears alike are out of place.

It is this that would have made Tubal Cain an anachronism, this that would have made the image as unbearable as, let us say, the absurdities of the *Sieges-Allee*. But it is this also that is giving reality to an art in which the soul of labor is increasingly finding expression.

Nothing so proves the fundamental cultural meaning of the labor-movement as the rapidity with which it has found expression in literature, philosophy, and, above all, in art. Doubtless, at present labor is itself in no way to raise statues; but revolted labor, the schismatic labor of the hand, finds itself in an heroic mood, and if it is as yet but barely articulate, there has not been lacking an art that, feeling its way up from beneath, has revealed

to us the workman's soul. In the 'Black Country' of collieries and pastures, Meunier found the workmen stunted and deformed and stamped with a tragic depression, but he also found in them a silent heroism and a primitive energy that turned pity into admiration. The more he watched these dogged sons of Cain fulfilling their sinister destiny, the more his Miner, his Hammerman, and his Puddler revealed themselves, not as suppliants, but as conquerors; not merely as humanity, 'betrayed, plundered, and profaned, and fraught with menace to the universe,' but as that humanity fashioned to have joy in its labor and to know itself as part of the deeper creative will to life itself!

II

It is, I fancy, this new mood, heroic as well as sullen and brutal, which, as much as anything else, makes mock-heroics of the idealisms of the past. That it is sullen and brutal, who can deny? The brutal jaw has, indeed, been loosened and let down, but it is becoming fixed and firm again with a new resolve. The brow is slanted back, but it is again alight, if not with intellect, at least with emotion and passion. Certainly, for the workman, the time of wistfulness and self-pity has passed; the period of passionate and heroic self-consciousness has come. Out of the depths of the great schism of hand and brain have come schismatic morals and religion, a separatist poetry, philosophy, and art. Thus it is that, though unwilling, we must at last attend. For if that movement is to be feared that generates its own songs, so also is that movement to be welcomed that creates its own loyalties and nobilities, its own heroisms and obligations.

Schism is always brutal. Separatism in any form has something of the diabolical. Not without a shiver does

one realize the hardness and remoteness of the worker's soul! That he should believe that he has 'nothing to lose and everything to gain'! That he should sing, in the International, 'We have been naught, we shall be all'! Yet one would do well to recall the remark of a labor leader in England at the time of the great transportation strike: 'You say we don't care for your food-supply. We don't care any more for your food-supply when we are on strike than you cared for our food-supply when we were at work!'

This is brutal enough, perhaps, but it is nothing to the sinister paraphrase of this sentiment which, when raised to the tone of Him who said, 'Man shall not live by bread alone,' constitutes the underlying philosophy of Syndicalism and of the International. 'We do not care,' you complain, 'for your beautiful products of intellect and civilization. We care no more for the ideals of your civilization, now that we are making our own world, than you cared for our minds and hearts when we ourselves were "monstrous, empty, and soul-quenched!" . . . Disinherited of the things you have found good, we shall create good things of our own. Instead of a morality of exploiter and consumer, we shall have a morality of worker and producer. Instead of the ideals of humanity, brotherhood, and patriotism, to which you yourselves have given but the service of the lips, but which, to us believing them in our hearts, have been the ministers of weakness and death — instead of these, we shall restore the stronger virtues, the virtues of the worker, the primitive valor, the heroism, and the sacrifice, that lie concealed in the heart of the mob.'

Thus, slowly but surely, there has been growing up a morality of the Underman, as there has been also, alas, a morality of the Overman. Who

that has known the latter for what it is — as no mere intellectual's dream, but the expression of fundamental forces, — can be surprised that it has generated its opposite? Who that knows the reality of the 'will to power,' can wonder at the cries of '*Wille zur Arbeit*' and '*Elan ouvrier*'? As the massing of capital has compelled the massing of labor, so the morals of the Overman have, by the same inevitable necessity, created those of the Underman. Above all, then, it is upon this new morality of the Underman that we must fix our eyes. If at many points it is brutal and callous, it also has its own heroisms and loyalties, its mysteries and ecstasies, and we do well to recognize them when we see them! The heroic self-sacrifices, the tremendous loyalties of which the labor movement continuously and increasingly gives proof, are not merely a protest but a prophecy, not merely the passionate lightnings of a dumb rebellion, but the steady fire of an increasing purpose.

III

All this you will find at its fullest in Syndicalism; for if labor is finding an art of its own, it is also coming into the possession of a philosophy. 'Syndicalism,' says a French writer, 'has disengaged the philosophy of labor'; and it cannot be denied that, in his *Réflexions sur la Violence*, his *Illusions du Progrès*, and his *Evolution Créatrice*, modeled after Bergson's famous book, M. Sorel has given us a philosophy of an almost lyrical virulence, and of a peculiarly rugged beauty not without kinship with the lines of the Miner, the Hammerman, and the Puddler.

Indeed this philosophy 'of the hands and not of the head,' as its exponents call it, this philosophy of an engineer who disdains thought except in so far as it is an instrument of invention and production, claims to give us the soul

of the workman as it is, or is forming in the deeps, far below the conventional self of the thoughts and feelings inherited from the past: it claims to give us a proletarian truth, a morale, and a religion, wrung by these same miners, hammermen, and puddlers, from the very heart of things, in the dark recesses of their unremitting toil.

Could anything be more absurd? Yet as we read, we have an uncanny feeling of sullen moods, of which we have long been partly aware, at last settled into hard and relentless dogmas; of confused and darkened dreams of labor which we have dimly known, flashing at last the revealing lightnings of the vivid truth. Thus, the growing disillusionment of the workman, and his indifference to our ideals which he himself can hardly share, has become, for M. Sorel, a reasoned belief in the degeneration of our democratic morals, and in their utter incapacity for nobility and justice. The instinctive search for new ideals and virtues, so real a part of the labor movement, has become a self-conscious and reasoned faith that does not hesitate to speak of violence and martyrdom.

Not the least forbidding thing in Syndicalism is its final acceptance of the complete schism of hand and brain and all the consequences that entails. Awakened from his dogmatic slumber by the ideals of democracy and intellectualism, the Syndicalist disdains the reasonings of economist, moralist, and politician, and falls back on the 'proletarian truth' of instinct and passion. Despairing of the virtues of peace, he seeks to restore heroism, sacrifice, and all the virtues of war! He preaches the twentieth-century crusade of the General Strike! Direct action! That for the Syndicalist is no mere last mad recourse to the argument of the fist; it is rather a disdainful challenge to the political indirections, even

of a social democracy itself. The General Strike! That is no mere addition of a thousand petty strikes, often 'pennywise and pound-foolish'; it is rather a fruitful 'motor-idea' in which the blind strivings of the workers shall find at last a meaning and a goal.

In such powerful 'motor-ideas,' in such 'myths,' if you will, for he does not disdain the name, the Syndicalist sees not only the solidification of the workman's will, but also the salvation of his soul. To such 'up-rushings from below' this interpreter of the dreams of Labor looks for the regeneration of the world. Not to thought, for it has proved its impotency, but to passion, of which, at least, we know not the end! Not to utopias of the intellect, but to myths fashioned in the depths of instinct and will! Does he seek for congenial images of the past? It is to the dreams and heroisms of the early Christians that he turns his eyes. Does he seek for novel concepts wherewith to express his overpowering sense of truth? It is to the pragmatic and intuitive philosophies of a James and a Bergson that he appeals. Intellect is but the servant of instinct and will. All creative evolution comes from the deeper self below the reason. And for him that deeper self is the soul of the mob. How one rubs his eyes and catches his breath as he comes upon this extraordinary peroration of M. Sorel: 'The violence of the proletariat would then appear as a beautiful and heroic thing; it is in the service of the primordial interests of society. We salute the revolutionaries as the Greeks saluted the Spartan heroes who defended Thermopylæ and contributed to the maintenance of light in the ancient world.'

IV

Prodigious and paradoxical philosophy! And according to our temper we

shall doubtless either revile it or laugh it to scorn. But is it any more prodigious, more paradoxical, than the horrid paradox of industry that gave it birth? True, it is the complete antithesis of all that the heroic figure of Tubal Cain was to symbolize and show forth. Community of interest, the solidarity of civilization and culture, the dignity of labor, of muscle, and brawn, dominated and made sacred by intellect and spirit — all these it scorns and sets at naught. Instead — this dream of a new and unheard-of nobility, of dark and sullen obligations, of heroisms we cannot share, and of a creed of violence which, when stripped of its philosophy, seems but some dream of Molly Maguire, Hooligan, or Apache!

Yet, even so, the dream is being dreamed. And if in that dream there is something of prodigious portent, if in the dark chambers of the underworld, dread words are whispered, it is well that the dream should be interpreted, that the words should be spoken openly in philosophy and art.

Myths have a way of growing underground. Have you forgotten that curious, ironical picture which Anatole France has drawn of those gentlemen of the Roman Empire amusing themselves over the grotesque and childish stories and images of the early Christians? What is growing up in the soul of the workman? Do you know? 'Motor-ideas' are springing up all round us. Capital, labor, the strike, — compare their emotional connotation now with that of fifteen years ago. Already they loom as giants, and in some socialist 'Sunday school' a modernized *Jack the Giant-Killer* may yet be written for the delight and edification of on-coming generations.

After all, it is the inner side of labor that we must learn to know — not merely statistics of strikes, wages, and conditions of living. In the last analy-

sis these are worthless, not so much because they lie, as because they do not tell us what we wish to know. There are, indeed, conditions to be scientifically studied, but much more is there a great world-will to be ethically appreciated. Above all, then, I say, it is upon this 'new morality' of the Underman that we must fix our eyes. Surely it needs not the eloquence of philosophy and art to persuade us that through this new morality he dreams, though incoherently, ever of an impending good; through it, though oft unknowing, he is really the brute bearer of new spiritual forces.

True, these forces have not come as we could have wished them to come. The heroic self-sacrifices and tremendous loyalties of which, I repeat, the labor movement is continuously and increasingly able to give proof, and which deeply ethical and religious men look upon with mingled feelings of admiration and doubt, are bound up with a class-consciousness which we cannot but deplore. They involve the breaking of loyalties to employer, to the community, and to the state — even to civilization itself — which must fill us with fear.

Yet it is to be remembered that these other and more ancient loyalties were already weakened, if not wholly destroyed, before the new ones appeared. For the dissociations between master and workman, between laborer and laborer; for the increasing distance between the workman and the completed product of his labor and the consumer, and his consequent loss of the ancient obligations, — in short for his fading sense of his place in the totality of civilization, — for all this, surely, the workman himself is not responsible. The giants of machinery and capital have long worked their sovereign and impersonal will. It is not merely that they know neither night

nor day, neither sleeping nor waking, neither birth nor death, neither childhood nor old age; nor indeed any of the major or minor rhythms of life. They also know neither persons nor pieties. They respect neither the roots of life, nor its flower and fruit in a thousand personal intimacies and loyalties. If then, from the ruins of manhood and womanhood, the chief victims of our blindness seek to build their life anew; if, after violent separations and dissociations, they seek new forms of association and communal life, — yes, even new loyalties, new virtues, and new heroisms, — can we really affect to be surprised?

Yet it is precisely this inner side of labor that it is the fate of the merely 'reasonable' man to overlook. For him it is all merely a struggle for elemental and outer conditions of life. This it is, and indeed must be; but in the last analysis, it is also a struggle for the restoration of old human values in a new form, for the creation of the cultural conditions necessary for a 'productive society.' It is this insight that is to be welcomed above knowledge, — even if, to find it, we must go to the *Songs of Labor* of an Ada Negri, to the *Proletariat* of a Sombart, or to the paradoxes of a Sorel.

V

What then shall we say? To those of us who have ever dreamed the old dream of Tubal Cain, these newer dreams cannot but be dark and abhorrent. To those who, whether by the kindly offices of religion, of philosophy, or of art, have ever had the merest glimpse of the mystical unity which underlies all reality, such a philosophy cannot be other than a prodigious paradox. Yet it is precisely those who will neither laugh nor revile. For they will know it for what it really is — a

philosophy of immense exigencies, of exigencies such, perhaps, as the world has rarely seen.

To the belief in the solidarity of all industry we must indeed hold fast, though master and workman, capital and labor, both work to tear it apart. To our faith in the larger unities of civilization and culture we must cling, though all the forces of life should seem to rend the seamless garment, woven of intellect and instinct, by brain and by hand. Against these rival abstractions, it is above all things necessary to maintain the profound identity of genius and of creative labor in all its aspects, the equality of all its manifestations. Against all partial moralities, all partial truths and nobilities, the rival moralities of master and slave, of intellectualist and producer, we must set our face. But if this is our task, — and I believe that this schism between brain and brawn, between head and hand, is but one form of the great schism that rends our modern culture, — we shall be enabled to meet it only when we realize that these separations and abstractions are the product of no willful vice or blindness, but of dire compulsions and sullen necessities; the sign of no temporary maladjustment, but rather the prelude to a great reconstruction of life, the meaning and end of which we may, perhaps, hope some time to see and understand.

We are of an age which is compelled to think in paradoxes, but what are paradoxes but the fruit of great convulsions of the soul? That men should think for a moment of reversing the age-old order of experience and value; that they should put the hand before the head; that they should call truth, truth, only when it leads to practice; should think to discover reality only when they turn their backs upon intellect, and to find the good only when they

fall back upon primal instincts — what is all this but a confession of crises in culture, of lesions in life as portentous as they are novel? And the 'will to labor,' the '*élan ouvrier*' of the Syndicalist — what is this but violence engendered by other willful and morbid valuations: but the confession of our great *impasse*, that *impasse*, believe me, to which the 'diabolical division of labor,' the slow but insidious estrangement of head and hand, of intellect and instinct, have been driving us with immitigable fate? There is something that for the moment fails us all — the sense for the whole, the faith in the transcendental unity of all life's values. Life is doubtless a totality, but men can live, alas, only in such wholes as they may see and feel. The roots of loyalty, as of reasonableness also, are, we may well believe, in the absolute and in the 'whole,' but they flower, it must always be remembered, only in personal relations. In the great struggle for a new spiritual content of life, — the real goal of all our striving, — the labor movement, with all its violence and paradox, is in its own way but a primordial, if sometimes sullen and subterranean, part. He who sees it otherwise must hold our common humanity cheap indeed!

VI

It is not easy to hold to the unities of the faith. Yet we are not left wholly without comfort. In the deeper insights that transcend the divisions of the moment we may still feel where we cannot see.

In art itself, in art where indeed the impulses of revolt and separation have found their most insistent expression, there also another impulse has been at work, one that is the very soul of art, and one which the true artist cannot escape even in his most intense, nar-

row, and individual moments. Millet and Meunier have indeed given labor the precious baptism of art, but it is, after all, with the sense of the broad, the universal, and the wholly human, that they have enveloped it. Through the marbles of Rodin and Max Klinger, the terrible powers of thought, of genius, and of creative will, shine forth as never before; yet here also it is their universality and humanity that give them strength. Before Millet's peasants, or the miners and puddlers of Meunier, does even the manual laborer himself experience merely the passions and sorrows of his class? No; he is simply and sorrowfully stirred, as indeed is every one; and, if he feels his corporate will strengthened, yet the tears that come to his eyes are, after all, simply human tears. And, on the other hand, as one stands before Max Klinger's Beethoven, or the Balzac and the Penseur of Rodin, is it merely an intellectual joy, merely the power of intellect, that one feels? No; rather does one feel the spirit and genius of man triumphing over matter, and rejoice in that long struggle of the race wherein hand and brain have always been as one.

It is before such deeper insights as these that one feels how odious, if for the moment inevitable, is the schism of the hand and the head. Doubtless, in sheer necessity, labor has created its own heroisms and loyalties, even its mysteries and ecstasies, and we do ill to deny them. Doubtless intellect as well knows its own obligations and pieties. But just as the Overman will learn, in the words of Nietzsche himself, that it 'is an illusion to think that he has really transcended good and evil, that free thinking is itself a moral action as honesty and valor, as justice and love,' so also to the Underman at last must come the truth that he, too, can never really go beyond these ulti-

mate things. In the end both must learn that the major morals, the great human values, are in their essence one and eternal, and the greater qualities of men are independent, at the last, of the temporary doctrines and ideas for which a man may sacrifice himself. Both must learn, that of these things it is eternally true that, though we take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, behold they are there, and though we descend into the depths — into the very deeps of the underworld, into the darkest recesses of unrelenting toil, — lo, there are they also to sustain and to uphold!

Of all this the deeper insight of art itself makes us aware; and nowhere, perhaps, shall we be more completely convinced than before Meunier's *Glorification of Labor*. Here is the real 'dignity of labor.' That which an empty idealism, with its false nobility of gesture, cannot do, the love of truth and reality achieves. As one studies the four bas-reliefs, arranged in a semicircle, one sees in epitome the artist's numerous studies of those cyclopean creatures, more like ancient troglodytes than human beings, his miners and iron-workers, stripped to the waist and dripping with sweat. Through the heavy but supple rhythms of their bodies, upon which he had so long and patiently gazed, the whole soul of Labor shines forth. Tragic depression, passionate protest, and threatening stillness — all are there; nothing of reality is lost. But over it all there rests an ennobling dignity, a serenity of spirit, in which one is aware of something new. For the source of this sense of power and hope, in spite of struggle and suffering, one has but to raise his eyes to the colossal figure of the Sower, which dominates the whole, and to the statues of the Ancestor and of Maternity about the base. In the solemn tranquillity of these figures, symbolic

of the eternal realities, — of life, of labor, and of love, — one reads anew assurances that beyond the temporal is the immemorial, beneath the local and the partial is the everlasting whole.

So much for the comforting insights and prophecies of art. Yet it must be confessed, they do not help us much. Art is timeless; and in the meantime the songs of the workmen increase in depth and bitterness. In our American ears also, they sound ever louder and more hoarse, bringing with them images and emotions which rudely shatter the lingering dream of Tubal Cain. The statue itself was, it is true, never

erected; and for that we may be truly glad. But the great iron-master of Pittsburg has caused to be painted on the walls of his temple to the industrial arts a glorification of labor which may, perhaps, take its place beside the monument of Meunier. Before these idealizations of Alexander what shall we say? Is our feeling here also predestined to be one of unbearable irony — the burden of Nineveh, of Egypt, or of Rome? — or is it to be a feeling rather of exultation, as before one of those rarer prophecies of art which have at last come true? Who shall say?

AFTERWARDS

BY J. E. RICHARDSON

THE days fade; and the perfect silence lies
 So deep that almost one might wake to know
 The rooms speak and the dark halls answer low.
 There is no sound of her, no keen surprise
 Of her returning steps the whole day long;
 Yet I have thought at times, when daylight dies
 And memories of her here more thickly throng,
 The trembling air has been an instant stirred
 With faint scents and soft clangs of golden stones;
 Or when the clocks' chimes mingle their dim tones
 And thrill with sudden music the pained hours,
 It almost seems as if one subtly heard,
 In darkened woods, among the pale, still flowers,
 The flutes and bells of her low laugh and song.

THE EXCITEMENT OF FRIENDSHIP

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

My friends, I can say with truth, since I have no other treasure, are my fortune. I really live only when I am with my friends. Those sufficient persons who can pass happily long periods of solitude communing with their own thoughts and nourishing their own souls fill me with a despairing admiration. Their gift of auto-stimulation argues a personal power which I shall never possess. Or else it argues, as I like to think in self-defense, a callousness of spirit, an insensitiveness to the outside influences which nourish and sustain the more susceptible mind. And those persons who can shut themselves up for long periods and work out their thoughts alone, constructing beautiful and orderly representations of their own spirits, are to me a continual mystery. I know this is the way that things are accomplished, that 'monotony and solitude' are necessary for him who would produce creative thought. Yet, knowing well this truth, I shun them both. I am a battery that needs to be often recharged. I require the excitement of friendship; I must have the constant stimulation of friends. I do not spark automatically, but must have other minds to rub up against, and strike from them by friction the spark that will kindle my thoughts.

When I walk, I must have a friend to talk to, or I shall not even think. I am not of those who, like Stevenson, believe that walking should be a kind of vegetative stupor, where the sun and air merely fill one with a diffused sense of

well-being and excluded definite thought. The wind should rather blow through the dusty regions of the mind, and the sun light up its dark corners, and thinking and talking should be saner and higher and more joyful than within doors. But one must have a friend along to open the windows. Neither can I sympathize with those persons who carry on long chains of reasoning while they are traveling or walking. When alone, my thinking is as desultory as the scenery of the roadside, and when with a friend, it is apt to be as full of romantic surprises as a walk through a woodland glen. Good talk is like good scenery — continuous yet constantly varying, and full of the charm of novelty and surprise. How unnatural it is to think except when one is forced to do it, is discovered when one attempts to analyze one's thoughts when alone. He is a rare genius who finds something beyond the mere visual images that float through his mind, — either the reflection of what he is actually seeing, or the pictorial representations of what he has been doing or what he wants or intends to do in the near or far future. We should be shocked to confess to ourselves how little control we have over our own minds; we shall be lucky if we can believe that we guide them.

Thinking, then, was given us for use in emergencies, and no man can be justly blamed if he reserves it for emergencies. He can be blamed, however, if he does not expose himself to those crises which will call it forth. Now a friend is such an emergency,

perhaps the most exciting stimulus to thinking that one can find, and if one wants to live beyond the vegetative stupor, one must surround one's self with friends. I shall call my friends, then, all those influences which warm me and start running again all my currents of thought and imagination. The persons, causes, and books that unlock the prison of my intellectual torpor, I can justly call my friends, for I find that I feel toward them all the same eager joy and inexhaustible rush of welcome. Where they differ it shall be in degree and not in kind. The speaker whom I hear, the book that I read, the friend with whom I chat, the music that I play, even the blank paper before me, which subtly stirs me to cover it with sentences that unfold surprisingly and entice me to follow until I seem hopelessly lost from the trail, — all these shall be my friends as long as I find myself responding to them, and no longer. They are all alike in being emergencies that call upon me for instant and definite response.

The difference between them lies in their response to me. My personal friends react upon me; the lecturers and books and music and pictures do not. These are not influenced by my feelings or by what I do. I can approach them cautiously or boldly, respond to them slowly or warmly, and they will not care. They have a definite quality, and do not change; if I respond differently to them at different times, I know that it is I and not they who have altered. The excitement of friendship does not lie with them. One feels this lack particularly in reading, which no amount of enthusiasm can make more than a feeble and spiritless performance. The more enthusiasm the reading inspires in one, the more one rebels at the passivity into which one is forced. I want to get somehow at grips with the book. I can feel the

warmth of the personality behind it, but I cannot see the face as I can the face of a person, lighting and changing with the iridescent play of expression. It is better with music; one can get at grips with one's piano, and feel the resistance and the response of the music one plays. One gets the sense of aiding somehow in its creation, the lack of which feeling is the fatal weakness of reading, though itself the easiest and most universal of friendly stimulations. One comes from much reading with a sense of depression and a vague feeling of something unsatisfied; from friends or music one comes with a high sense of elation and of the brimming adequacy of life.

If one could only retain those moments! What a tragedy it is that our periods of stimulated thinking should be so difficult of reproduction; that there is no intellectual shorthand to take down the keen thoughts, the trains of argument, the pregnant thoughts, which spring so spontaneously to the mind at such times! What a tragedy that one must wait till the fire has died out, till the light has faded away, to transcribe the dull flickering remembrances of those golden hours when thought and feeling seemed to have melted together, and one said and thought what seemed truest and finest and most worthy of one's immortalizing! This is what constitutes the hopeless labor of writing, — that one must struggle constantly to warm again the thoughts that are cold or have been utterly consumed. What was thought in the hours of stimulation must be written in the hours of solitude, when the mind is apt to be cold and gray, and when one is fortunate to find on the hearth of the memory even a few scattered embers lying about. The blood runs sluggish as one sits down to write. What worry and striving it takes to get it running freely again! What labor to

reproduce even a semblance of what seemed to come so genially and naturally in the contact and intercourse of friendship!

One of the curious superstitions of friendship is that we somehow choose our friends. To the connoisseur in friendship no idea could be more amazing and incredible. Our friends are chosen for us by some hidden law of sympathy, and not by our conscious wills. All we know is that in our reactions to people we are attracted to some and are indifferent to others. And the ground of this mutual interest seems based on no discoverable principles of similarity of temperament or character. We have no time, when meeting a new person, to study him or her carefully; our reactions are swift and immediate. Our minds are made up instantly, — ‘friend or non-friend.’ By some subtle intuitions, we know and have measured at their first words all the possibilities which their friendship has in store for us. We get the full quality of their personality at the first shock of meeting, and no future intimacy changes that quality.

If I am to like a man, I like him at once; further acquaintance can only broaden and deepen that liking and understanding. If I am destined to respond, I respond at once or never. If I do not respond he continues to be to me as if I had never met him; he does not exist in my world. His thoughts, feelings, and interests I can but dimly conceive of; if I do think of him it is only as a member of some general class. My imaginative sympathy can embrace him only as a type. If his interests are in some way forced upon my attention, and my imagination is compelled to encompass him as an individual, I find his ideas and interests appearing like pale, shadowy things, dim ghosts of the real world that my friends and I live in.

Association with such aliens — and how much of our life is necessarily spent in their company — is a torture far worse than being actually disliked. Probably they do not dislike us, but there is this strange gulf which cuts us off from their possible sympathy. A pall seems to hang over our spirits; our souls are dumb. It is a struggle and an effort to affect them at all. And though we may know that this depressing weight which seems to press on us in our intercourse with them has no existence, yet this realization does not cure our helplessness. We do not exist for them any more than they exist for us. They are depressants, not stimulators, as are our friends. Our words sound singularly futile and half-hearted as they pass our lips. Our thoughts turn to ashes as we utter them. In the grip of this predestined antipathy we can do nothing but submit and pass on.

But in how different a light do we see our friends! They are no types, but each a unique, exhaustless personality, with his own absorbing little cosmos of interests round him. And those interests are real and vital, and in some way interwoven with one’s own cosmos. Our friends are those whose worlds overlap our own, like concentric circles. If there is too much overlapping, however, there is monotony and a mutual cancellation. It is, perhaps, a question of attitude as much as anything. Our friends must be pointed in the same direction in which we are going, and the truest friendship and delight is when we can watch each other’s attitude toward life grow increasingly similar; or if not similar, at least so sympathetic as to be mutually complementary and sustaining.

The wholesale expatriation from our world of all who do not overlap us or look at life in a similar direction is so fatal to success that we cannot afford to let these subtle forces of friendship

and apathy have full sway with our souls. To be at the mercy of whatever preordained relations may have been set up between us and the people we meet is to make us incapable of negotiating business in a world where one must be all things to all men. From an early age, therefore, we work, instinctively or consciously, to get our reactions under control, so as to direct them in the way most profitable to us. By a slow and imperceptible accretion of impersonality over the erratic tendencies of personal response and feeling, we acquire the professional manner, which opens the world wide to us. We become human patterns of the profession into which we have fallen, and are no longer individual personalities. Men find no difficulty in becoming soon so professionalized that their manner to their children at home is almost identical with that to their clients in the office. Such an extinction of the personality is a costly price to pay for worldly success. One has integrated one's character, perhaps, but at the cost of the zest and verve and peril of true friendship.

To those of us, then, who have not been tempted by success, or who have been so fortunate as to escape it, friendship is a life-long adventure. We do not integrate ourselves, and we have as many sides to our character as we have friends to show them to. Quite unconsciously I find myself witty with one friend, large and magnanimous with another, petulant and stingy with another, wise and grave with another, and utterly frivolous with another. I watch with surprise the sudden and startling changes in myself as I pass from the influence of one friend to the influence of some one else. But my character with each particular friend is constant. I find myself, whenever I meet him, with much the same emotional and mental tone. If we talk,

there is with each one some definite subject upon which we always speak and which remains perennially fresh and new. If I am so unfortunate as to stray accidentally from one of these well-worn fields into another, I am instantly reminded of the fact by the strangeness and chill of the atmosphere. We are happy only on our familiar levels, but on these we feel that we could go on exhaustless forever, without a pang of ennui. And this inexhaustibility of talk is the truest evidence of good friendship.

Friends do not, on the other hand, always talk of what is nearest to them. Friendship requires that there be an open channel between friends, but it does not demand that that channel be the deepest in our nature. It may be of the shallowest kind and yet the friendship be of the truest. For all the different traits of our nature must get their airing through friends, the trivial as well as the significant. We let ourselves out piecemeal it seems, so that only with a host of varied friends can we express ourselves to the fullest. Each friend calls out some particular trait in us, and it requires the whole chorus fitly to teach us what we are. This is the imperative need of friendship. A man with few friends is only half-developed; there are whole sides of his nature which are locked up and have never been expressed. He cannot unlock them himself, he cannot even discover them; friends alone can stimulate him and open them. Such a man is in prison; his soul is in penal solitude. A man must get friends as he would get food and drink for nourishment and sustenance. And he must keep them, as he would keep health and wealth, as the infallible safeguards against misery and poverty of spirit.

If it seems selfish to insist so urgently upon one's need for friends, if it should be asked what we are giving our

friends in return for all their spiritual fortification and nourishment, the defense would have to be, that we give back to them in ample measure what they give to us. If we are their friends, we are stimulating them as they are stimulating us. They will find that they talk with unusual brilliancy when they are with us. And we may find that we have, perhaps, merely listened to them. Yet through that curious bond of sympathy which has made us friends, we have done as much for them as if we had exerted ourselves in the most active way. The only duty of friendship is that we and our friends should live at our highest and best when together. Having achieved that, we have fulfilled the law.

A good friendship, strange to say, has little place for mutual consolations and ministrations. Friendship breathes a more rugged air. In sorrow the silent pressure of the hand speaks the emotions, and lesser griefs and misfortunes are ignored or glossed over. The fatal facility of women's friendships, their copious outpourings of grief to each other, their sharing of wounds and sufferings, their half-pleased interest in misfortune, — all this seems of a lesser order than the robust friendships of men, who console each other in a much more subtle, even intuitive way, — by a constant pervading sympathy which is felt rather than expressed. For the true atmosphere of friendship is a sunny one. Griefs and disappointments do not thrive in its clear, healthy light. When they do appear, they take on a new color. The silver lining appears, and we see even our own personal mistakes and chagrins as whimsical adventures. It is almost impossible seriously to believe in one's bad luck or failures or incapacity while one is talking with a friend. One achieves a sort of transfiguration of personality in those moments. In the midst of the

high and genial flow of intimate talk, a pang may seize one at the thought of the next day's drudgery, when life will be lived alone again; but nothing can dispel the ease and fullness with which it is being lived at the moment. It is, indeed, a heavy care that will not dissolve into misty air at the magic touch of a friend's voice.

Fine as friendship is, there is nothing irrevocable about it. The bonds of friendship are not iron bonds, proof against the strongest of strains and the heaviest of assaults. A man by becoming your friend has not committed himself to all the demands which you may be pleased to make upon him. Foolish people like to test the bonds of their friendships, pulling upon them to see how much strain they will stand. When they snap, it is as if friendship itself had been proved unworthy. But the truth is that good friendships are fragile things and require as much care in handling as any other fragile and precious things. For friendship is an adventure and a romance, and in adventures it is the unexpected that happens. It is the zest of peril that makes the excitement of friendship. All that is unpleasant and unfavorable is foreign to its atmosphere; there is no place in friendship for harsh criticism or fault-finding. We will 'take less' from a friend than we will from one who is indifferent to us.

Good friendship is lived on a warm, impetuous plane; the long-suffering kind of friendship is a feeble and, at best, a half-hearted affair. It is friendship in the valley and not on the breezy heights. For the secret of friendship is a mutual admiration, and it is the realization or suspicion that that admiration is lessening on one side or the other that swiftly breaks the charm. Now this admiration must have in it no taint of adulation, which will wreck a friendship as soon as suspicion will.

But it must consist of the conviction, subtly expressed in every tone of the voice, that each has found in the other friend a rare spirit, compounded of light and intelligence and charm. And there must be no open expression of this feeling, but only the silent flattery, soft, and almost imperceptible.

And in the best of friendships this feeling is equal on both sides. Too great a superiority in our friend disturbs the balance, and casts a sort of artificial light on the talk and intercourse. We want to believe that we are fairly equal to our friends in power and capacity, and that if they excel us in one trait, we have some counterbalancing quality in another direction. It is the reverse side of this shield that gives point to the diabolical insight of the Frenchman who remarked that we were never heart-broken by the misfortunes of our best friends. If we have had misfortunes, it is not wholly unjust and unfortunate that our friends should suffer too. Only their misfortunes must not be worse than ours. For the equilibrium is then destroyed, and our serious alarm and sympathy aroused. Similarly we rejoice in the good fortune of our friends, always provided that it be not too dazzling or too undeserved.

It is these aspects of friendship, which cannot be sneered away by the reproach of jealousy, that make friendship a precarious and adventurous thing. But it is precious in proportion to its precariousness, and its littlenesses are but the symptoms of how much

friends care, and how sensitive they are to all the secret bonds and influences that unite them.

Since our friends have all become woven into our very selves, to part from friends is to lose, in a measure, one's self. He is a brave and hardy soul who can retain his personality after his friends are gone. And since each friend is the key which unlocks an aspect of one's own personality, to lose a friend is to cut away a part of one's self. I may make another friend to replace the loss, but the unique quality of the first friend can never be brought back. He leaves a wound which heals only gradually. To have him go away is as bad as having him pass to another world. The letter is so miserable a travesty on the personal presence, a thin ghost of the thought of the once-present friend. It is as satisfactory as a whiff of stale tobacco smoke to the lover of smoking.

Those persons and things, then, that inspire us to do our best, that make us live at our best, when we are in their presence, that call forth from us our latent and unsuspected personality, that nourish and support that personality, — those are our friends. The reflection of their glow makes bright the darker and quieter hours when they are not with us. They are a true part of our widest self; we should hardly have a self without them. Their world is one where chagrin and failure do not enter. Like the sun-dial, they 'only mark the shining hours.'

THE NEW SCIENCE

BY SAMUEL GEORGE SMITH

THE dream of a perfect race in a perfect world is both Greek and Hebrew. It has furnished material for philosophy, beauty for poets, and — best of all — noble visions for the prophets of the race. Plato, in the *Republic*, proposed to make a better race, founded upon a new organization of society. The Book of Deuteronomy was written with the same end in view, but, noblest of them all, Isaiah painted pictures of a better time, the finest message of faith and hope this weary world has ever heard.

The *Republic* was a new exhibition of Socratic irony, and was probably never meant to be taken seriously; but the victory of righteousness and faith was the only real thing in all the world to the old prophet. Many interpretations have followed these ancient teachings, and from the island of *Utopia* to the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, through a widely extended company of lesser rank than More and Burton, the subject has continued its fascination. It has remained for our time to make a definite effort to take the dream of the nations, rob it of its poetry and its hope, and interpret it in terms of biology. The modern movement declares that it is quite worth while to produce a better man, and this is to be done by making him an animal of a finer breed. See, the new teachers say, what Mendel did with sweet peas, and from his observations learn also the laws of human growth. What wonders have been accomplished with pigs and cattle; try the same methods, have patience, and

you will produce a race of saints and heroes. The boldness of the programme is equaled only by the naïve faith, which has a certain charm.

It is only fair to add that no movement of recent times has spread so rapidly, has been so prolific in suggestion, so daring in social proposals.

It was in 1904 that Francis Galton introduced to the notice of the London Sociological Society the word 'Eugenics,' in an arresting address proposing a study of race-conditions, an effort for better control of racial tendencies, and expressing the hope that 'it might be introduced into the national conscience like a new religion.' Later he furnished a definition of what is called 'National Eugenics': 'The study of agencies under social control that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations, either physically or mentally.'

Numbers of disciples were won to the leader, and students of Eugenics were soon found, not only in England, but in all the principal countries of the world. The caution of the master has not always been imitated by his followers, and the impression of the movement upon the public is that it contains a belief that the perfect race may be obtained upon rather easy terms. All the defects of personality are found in the germ-plasm, and society has only to select and kill off the unfit for a single generation and the world will be happy ever after. The programme does not promise that we shall be rid of the danger of accidents and some few

recurrent evils, but these need cause no great concern. See what wonders have been accomplished in the poultry yard! Let society control marriage and birth, and though the process may be somewhat longer, results will be equally fortunate.

Students of sociology, I think, are most of them inclined to be skeptical of any easy road to social success. They have learned to look at social facts in a long perspective, and they are ready to remind the biologist that they have little faith in the permanence of rapid revolutions. Most of them also have given up the biological interpretation of society. Man as an animal was existent in the primitive times, but in proportion as his animalism was great, his civilization was small. Conventions, ideas, passions, common purpose and action, and a whole complex of what may be called psychical apparatus, protect the cultivated social group from both the vital and the physical conditions of the savage.

In spite of the caution of the sociologist, the eugenicist is with us, and has ways of finding access to the public. It is remarkable that in eight years after the address by Francis Galton there should be held in the City of London the first International Eugenics Congress. A large company of people representing six nations met under the auspices of the University of London, and under the direct management of a committee containing names eminent in politics, education, literature, and religion.

London is the natural home of such congresses, and one or more gatherings occur each year. The management of the Eugenics Congress surpassed all recent efforts to attract public notice. The meeting opened with a great banquet, at which were assembled, besides the members of the congress, men and women representative

of the best there is in England. The principal address was made by the Right Honorable A. J. Balfour. The list of great names, the able presidency of Major Leonard Darwin, and the skill with which the interest of the public press had been aroused, conspired to give the word 'Eugenics' a fresh significance. The management had also provided an unusual number and variety of social entertainments, conspicuous among them being a great reception at the historic residence occupied by Ambassador Reid.

The programme consisted of thirty-two papers, followed by discussion, and the range of the topics can be discovered between the limits of two American papers, the one on 'The Inheritance of Fecundity,' based upon a study of the domestic fowl, and the other on 'Eugenics and Militarism,' urging the racial danger from military service and a direct racial modification of a sinister character. In such a bewildering variety it could not be expected that all the members of the congress would be of one mind. At the same time the dominant note was very evident, and Major Darwin in his closing address cautioned the congress with respect to future activities. He thought there should be a distinct line drawn between the functions of philanthropy and those of Eugenics; he begged his hearers to be strictly scientific, and to beware of enthusiasms. It is not unfair to say that the victorious creed of the congress, so far as numbers were concerned, gathered about the fortunes of the human germ-plasm. In that lay the promise and potency of all the good and evil among the sons and daughters of men. This dominant school of eugenists may be reminded that they have moved far away from the definition of Francis Galton whom they still love to call master. His definition was sufficiently wide to include the study

of all agencies under social control, and to enlist in the work of making a better world, every rational remedy for physical or mental evils.

The public interest in the new science arises from the frankness of its suggestions. The leaders are not content with the study of the facts for half a century through the united effort of the great nations, but propose immediate legislation for ridding society of the losses and burdens it suffers through the pathological classes. In several American states, legislation and practice have already gone forward for the elimination of the unfit by methods which many lawyers believe to be unconstitutional and many social workers think do more harm than good. We cannot afford to forget that compassion is a social asset of immense value. Human freedom is not without difficulties and defeats, but it is the only hope of the race, and the statesman will always have the problem of deciding how far paternalism can safely go, and how much direct social service should be accepted from the state.

It is to be doubted whether those most active in the movement are aware of all that it implies, both with respect to the conduct of the individual and the character of social organization. It may be suggested that the study of normal life is likely to furnish the most rational guidance for social structure, and that the pathological classes present special problems which are in effect quite apart from the interests of society as a whole. The danger to the movement is in losing the wise caution and the broad catholicity proposed by Francis Galton himself.

For more than three hundred years the Anglo-Saxon world was under the spell of a certain Frenchman known as John Calvin. He furnished for the world what all men will agree was a difficult, and some men will assert was a

devilish creed. The burden of original sin and total depravity made man tremble lest perchance he fall into the hands of an angry God. It was a gloomy faith, but at any rate it was rooted in righteousness. It bade the sinner fear God and not man, and it nourished some of the most sturdy men and women this world has ever seen. Not without cost have we thrown off the creed, banished hell, and on the whole learned to breathe a little more easily.

The materialistic school of eugenisks presents a form of scientific fatalism in the presence of which human character and responsibility alike crumble, and from every point of view so dreary that, in comparison, the blackest form of Calvinism were like a soft day in June. Of course the London society and its disciples in other countries were not the authors of the movement, nor are they now without many allies.

The doctrine of a dominant physical heredity as the interpretation of a human being and the inescapable ruler of his fate owes a great deal to the medical profession. Slowly the physicians have retreated from the old and easy explanation that diseases 'run in families,' as they have gained wider knowledge of what disease is, and precisely in proportion as they have lost faith in the fatality of disease-inheritance, have they become pioneers in a braver battle for human health. The greatest enemy of the race, greater even than its ignorance, has always been its fear. The fight against tuberculosis is only one illustration. We are relieved to find that the worst that can happen to us is to inherit a tendency to some disease on account of the weakness of the whole or a part of the body. A real man can struggle against a weakness, but only a god can fight against fate.

Literature has found in the recurrent note of doom, generation after

generation, some of its most appealing material. That note worked splendidly in fiction, and was even better for the drama. Meanwhile it was not true. Neither the Victorian novelists, the recent dramatists, nor even the social reformers, have been quite just to nature. If the race had merely staggered on with the black accumulation of the sin and sickness of each epoch, long ago humanity would have been a helpless scapegoat crushed in the wilderness under the burden of its fate. It is not so. Nature rejoices in a fullness of life. Through uncounted ages she has laughed at all her difficulties, and has steadfastly pursued her unwavering purpose. Doubtless the dream of a perfect race will always be cherished, but it is well enough to consider the social successes of the past. There are more people on the earth to-day, living under happier conditions and with more wisdom and goodness, than history hitherto has disclosed.

Another influence tending toward the acceptance of modern fatalism is the social study of certain families alleged to be degenerate. As many as four or five of them have been traced through several generations, in as many different countries. From these very exceptional strains of family life, wide theories have been developed to cover the whole range of normal life. But Mr. Dugdale, who gave us the famous Jukes, has a word of caution to give the adventurous spirits so slow to investigate and so anxious to dogmatize. He says, 'The tendency of heredity is to produce an environment which perpetuates that heredity.'

It may strike one as strange that from the same facts the most opposite conclusions are often reached by men of apparently equal intelligence. The reason is not far to seek. The conclusions are usually not based upon the facts, but upon the attitude of the the-

orist. In England there has been going on a very hot debate as to whether drunkenness is not, on the whole, rather a good thing. This seems to be the conclusion of Professor Pearson. Dr. Saleeby, on the other hand, is quite sure that no human being, from the cradle to the grave, ever requires alcohol in any form. In America when the 'Committee of One Hundred' issued a report on the relation of drunkenness to crime, one warden, whose prisoners came for the most part from a great city with free saloons, declared that less than two per cent of the inmates of his institution had come there through drunkenness. Another warden in a Prohibition state declared that nearly half of his inmates were there through the liquor habit. It is plain that we have here no genuine disclosure of facts, but a very accurate revelation of the state of mind of each warden.

The student of society is continually perplexed on account of the uncertainty of social statistics. The most formidable difficulty before the eugenist is the lack of any data upon which he can depend. The Italian Lombroso built up a colossal amount of theory upon a very narrow and superficial observation of groups of individuals who could not properly be compared, and so gave to the world the conception of a criminal type. If he had been correct in his conclusions we should long ago have been able to dispense with courts and judges, and to decide upon the character of men and women by an ingenious metric system and an observation of physical deformities. It would save society much trouble and expense. These people could be locked up before they committed any crimes. Unfortunately, on the basis of his so-called science, every community would be compelled to have imprisoned some of its best citizens.

Eugenics has not followed in the

rigid path set by the other biological sciences. Such a course would be extremely difficult. The method required may be briefly indicated. The birth register should include not only the facts of birth and sex, but the exact measurements and peculiarities, and afterwards the infant must be remorselessly studied from the day it is born until it becomes an adult. The family history of each infant should be examined as far back as it can be traced. This will not be very useful, however, for while certain obvious facts may be discovered, the causes of those facts — particularly if the latter be unfortunate — will remain obscure. Exact social science from this point of view is a thing of the future.

It is easy to discover that the criminal classes are deficient in intelligence and often degenerate in organization, but such facts are not of the slightest service. What we need to know is whether the criminal was deficient at birth, and if not, at what point, and for what reason, he became abnormal. The biologists have a sufficient task in collecting data for the next generation without attempting to reform society. It will be quite useless also for such a study to be confined to the abnormal; it must cover the whole range of society in order to be of any service. While the criminal is often deficient in intelligence and defective in physique, so also are the paupers, and the very poor who have been badly housed and ill-fed, though they be neither criminals nor paupers.

If the biologist is in no position at present to furnish valuable data, it remains to say that much may be yielded by other students of society.

In the development of human beings there are doubtless three principal factors: heredity, social relationships, and personal choice; and it is necessary to consider what each of these

is likely to furnish. Galton, with a wisdom not always shared by his disciples, declared, 'The science of heredity is concerned with large populations rather than with individuals.' This statement is worthy of expansion. The larger the group, the more decided the influence of heredity. To illustrate: man is more deeply separated from other animals than he is from his fellow men. 'A Chinaman' is a definite race term bringing before the visual memory a particular type much more distinct than any possible difference between one Chinaman and another. In like manner, the white man differs more from the other races than the various groups of white men differ from one another. Social science has been accustomed to deal with the group type and the group mind. I think all the teachers of social theory will agree that the group mind is much more definite than any individual mind within the group, however exalted may have been the gifts of that individual. Roger Bacon could not have been a scientist among the Hottentots, nor could Raphael have been a painter among the Alaskans.

To approach the matter from quite the opposite point of view, the newborn babe has four grandparents; in the second generation, however, he has sixteen. Carry the process back for ten generations, and such is the fertility of babies in producing grandparents that by this time he has about a million. Now, to divide one little soul among a million grandparents and properly apportion to each ancestor his or her share in the product is a difficulty beyond the appliances of present-day science. No doubt there are certain physical characteristics that occur in families, but how many of them are actually the result of heredity and how many of imitation, it is at present impossible to decide.

It is, of course, necessary for the

biologist to assume that both talent and character are concealed in the germ-plasm and are the inheritance of the child. He always has an explanation ready for difficult facts by means of the 'Mendelian Laws.' There are qualities both dominant and dormant. If a man becomes a criminal it is because of the dominance of some criminal ancestor; if he turns out to be a good man, the criminal ancestor is dormant, and some saint has come to the front. Since every human being has both saints and criminals in the direct line of his ancestry, such supposed laws will explain anything. The first thing required of a law is that it classify its facts, and the facts must show regularity in their recurrence.

Now, Mendel dealt with sweet peas and made many observations, all of them ingenious and some of them true; but men are not like sweet peas. The first note of human nature is personality, and the higher the type of the social group, the more evident the personality becomes. The Bertillon system of measurements and the easier system of finger-prints show that every human being is physically unique. Much more is this true when the larger view of man is taken. Even from the basis of the materialist, such is the number of the organs of the human body and so vast the number of brain-cells in a human brain, that the possible combinations are beyond any computation. This leads irresistibly to the conclusion that the result of human mating is beyond mathematical computation. Its laws may not be discovered, and it can never be determined.

The laws of heredity must be adequate to explain the facts of human life. It is not enough to show that in a few families there have been found in successive generations several members of decided talent. It is necessary to show that given certain antecedents,

talent always results, and without them it can never be discovered. Criminals must always breed criminals, and exceptions defy the law. No student of criminology would ever assert such a theory. It does not establish a doctrine to show that a number of eminent persons in Massachusetts bore the name of Adams. The theory must be adequate to explain how Thomas Carlyle came out of a stone-mason's hut, and how Robert Burns, the peasant, was the sweetest singer of his time. It must not only explain the great surprise which the world has always experienced in such men of genius as Moses and Luther, Beethoven, and Wagner; the theory must explain the case of Abraham Lincoln. This man, born of poor whites, seems to have had one gracious influence in his youth, when his father married a second wife who brought into the indescribable poverty and loneliness a few books and a woman's soul, and by what she was to this man forever wiped away the sneer from the stepmother. They also err through lack of reflection who suppose that Abraham Lincoln, the country lawyer, was the same man as the great emancipator. Into his plastic soul he received the finest forces of his generation, and as the years went by he underwent a social re-birth and became the incarnation of his time.

Society continually renews itself from below. Peasant blood is the raw material for the world's heroes, statesmen and captains of industry. If it be urged that the better classes, as they are called, show a larger number of successful children in proportion to their number than do the poor, it may be replied that with all the advantages these classes have to offer their children, it is the disgrace of the well-to-do that they have not done better.

Talent declines to appear when it should. Robert Browning married Eliz-

abeth Barrett and the union predicted the birth of a supreme artist, but nature refused to take the hint.

The world could not endure the intolerable burden of a continuous line of great men. If men like Cæsar, Napoleon, and Cromwell had furnished a posterity of like power, to remain permanent in human history, where by this time would be all the men of lesser breed? If every great financier were able to hand on, not only his fortune but also his ability and his rapacity, to his sons, capital punishment for business success would be the only safety for society. We could not even endure the permanence of great men of genius. A continuous line of Shakespeares would by now have made England an intellectual desert, as the Goethes would have desolated Germany by genius too great to be endured.

Nature kindly uses her greatest sons for great tasks and then dissolves their power in the common social group, in order to make secure the democracy of life.

If talent of a special order be not decreed, still less is it possible for character to be predetermined. In the very nature of the case a character that is of any value must be won by the rejection of the evil and the choice of the good. It is the result of repeated acts become habit, swift to choose and strong to resist.

The only assured fact in regard to heredity is that from the immediate parents the child may inherit physical strength or physical weakness. Many facts point to the conclusion that the instability of the nervous system which may result in insanity or in drunkenness is the greatest danger. That instability, however, may be found in any family, just as the unfit come from every grade of society. If, with splendid brutality, we should murder all our dependents, defectives, and de-

linquents on some given day, it would not be necessary to pull down the institutions or to give the officers anything more than a short vacation. The savages often tried that method, but when the world has moved away from it, it has increased in power quite as much as in refinement.

As a member of the social group, every child born is in some sense the child of the whole community. Organized society has always found its real meaning in the ideas, faiths, passions, hopes, emotions, which have been held in common. The child is born without any character and without any knowledge. It is the business of the various social organs to do their best with each fresh life. The immediate social organ is the family, of most importance during the first five years; after that come the school, the street, literature, business, politics, and whatever else expresses the social faith. As the child receives these impressions he becomes gradually a citizen of the little world in which he finds himself. The important field for practical Eugenics at the present time is in the social effort to see that every child has a fair chance. To begin with, the child must have the chance to live. M. Bertillon says that of a thousand children born among the rich, 943 are alive at the end of five years. But of every thousand children born among the poor, only 655 are alive. The blood of these children cries from the ground. Social hygiene on the physical side, including all the modern municipal efforts for improvement, scarcely needs discussion, but it is equally important for society to see that the child has not only a chance to live and to live well, but also an opportunity for the fullest development. This does not come from work alone, but from the wholesomeness of the social life.

Some one says that Japan is now

trying to restore a lost spirituality. This may sound startling to those who have thought of Japan as essentially pagan; but the nations always live by faith. Better anywhere a healthy paganism than a moribund Christianity. It was not by physical breeding, nor even by social reform, that Mohammed created his civilization, but out of a few great ideas which he made at once the faith and the passion of his followers.

The practical evil of scientific fatalism is its assault upon the social order. Society is compelled to assume the personal responsibility of its members. Hence laws are made and conduct is prescribed. No wrong-doer has hitherto been allowed to plead the misfortune of a bad germ-plasm as an excuse for bad conduct. By the judgments of courts, and by the sanction of penalties, every man is held accountable for his deed. The moral sense of mankind agrees that this is right, in spite of all academic debate about free-will. There comes a time when the child awakens to self-determination and, within certain limits, he chooses and decides for himself. That field of personal choice is the theatre of the individual career, and constitutes the whole of life.

The worst indictment of the new science is its destruction of this personal responsibility. We might possibly get along with as little sense of social responsibility as now exists, but we cannot get on unless the individual has a much larger sense of responsibility. The new doctrines undermine the whole theory of modern penology. We have been learning for a generation that the business of the prison is to reform and not to punish, but all this structure will be destroyed if we do not insist that each individual has the power for better conduct than he has ever exhibited. The moral paralysis that has come upon our time is due to

the new teaching of predestination. There never was a living scoundrel who would not be willing to lay his crimes by the tombstone of some dead scoundrel, and say to his ancestor, 'It was your fault and not mine.'

There are other impressive facts to which the new teachers may well give heed. The various children's home societies have been placing out children who have been neglected or abandoned in various parts of the country. Among these many thousands of waifs and strays who have found new homes during the last fifty years some, doubtless, have gone wrong, but the vast majority of them, no matter what their ancestry, have done as well mentally and morally as the other children in the community in which they have been placed. From a recent investigation in Chicago, made by the social workers, and covering the cases of sixteen thousand children from the Juvenile Courts, the report is that in nearly every case there was no adequate explanation except in social neglect or personal delinquency.

There is quite a different class of facts to which social science must some day pay more attention. When the Eugenics Congress met in London it attracted the attention of adequate audiences for such discussions. Less than a month afterwards a man who was called General William Booth 'laid down his sword,' as his followers said, and his funeral was the occasion for a series of assemblies the like of which have not been known in a generation. It is estimated that a million people stood in the streets in the rain as his coffin passed to his last resting-place. Wherein lay the fascination of William Booth? Not in his theology, which always seemed to me bad, nor in the dreadful music, nor even in the somewhat doubtful social service, but in the fact that he believed intensely in

the capacity and possibilities of the weakest and the lowest. The scientists have for a long time been paying attention to facts in degeneration; the time must come when they will discover that there are facts of regeneration more impressive and more important. General Booth founded the Salvation Army, but he did not furnish the ideas upon which it rested.

The power of Jesus as a great leader of men rests upon his abiding faith in human capacity, and his constant appeal to what He conceived to be the possible within every man. It was here,

and not in any supernatural claim of his own, that his power lay. If, instead of the beautiful stories in the Gospels, to some young man appealing for his help He had said, 'I am very sorry, but I can do nothing for you; you must know what kind of a man your father was,'—though He had proved his divinity beyond a doubt and the Roman government had vouched for the fact of his resurrection from the dead, He could never have founded a religion. This may seem far afield, but it suggests a class of facts with which social science must finally deal.

THE PRICE OF ANGER

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

It was in the winter of 1889, the year Lafcadio Hearn was in New York, and we were talking as usual until late into the night with great earnestness and ardor concerning all the things there are. He was about forty years old at the time, and I was in the glorious twenties.

'There is nothing,' I exclaimed, 'eternally right or eternally wrong!'

'Oh, yes, there is!' said he, and this with finality, although his statements were usually offered in the form of a suggestion. 'One thing is always wrong—always: to cause suffering in others for the purpose of gratifying one's own pleasure,—that is everlastingly wrong.' He usually ended his sentences with a rising inflection, by way of asking his companion if he did not agree, but I remember clearly the intense conviction with which he

said this. 'Once,' he continued, 'I was in Tennessee, walking along a country road, and a man passed me. Some distance ahead was a kitten, also walking along the road,—a pretty little kitten, that was doing no harm to anybody or anything. When the man overtook it—he must have been crazed by anger—he picked it up, and just for his own satisfaction and pleasure, he blinded it—and threw the poor creature away.'

'That is hard to excuse,' I said.

'Oh, I'm sure that to cause suffering for one's own pleasure is always wrong. I ran after the man as fast as I could and I fired all the four shots that were left in the revolver that I had with me, but I missed him. You see, with my defective sight I can't see to shoot, and have to beware lest I stumble. It has been,' he continued with a whimsical

sigh, 'one of the great regrets of my life that I did not kill him.'

In all the years that have passed since then, I have been unable to justify that Evil Thing, the infliction of an injury or pain to gratify the pleasure of him who causes it. It is the substance of vindictiveness, and we may well fear it. This thing is not anger, but it is the sequel of it.

Now, anger is of vital importance; it is a remarkable and necessary attribute of human nature. It is not always an evil. There is great merit in righteous anger. It is a normal reaction; just as normal as the processes of digestion. Without the capacity for anger we become inert, flabby, — anybody's meat. Anger is one of the great human passions, often useful, although more often loaded with a power to destroy. It is also at times an enjoyable experience. A real good fight is a delight, no matter what the old ladies may say. Moreover, it is wholly idle to demand of men and boys that they shall not fight. The joy of conflict is a genuine joy.

I remember once a man did me an injury. In point of fact he was looking after his own interests, and his interests conflicted with mine. He did not act according to the rules of the game as I understood them, but then, my understanding was not large. We had a little encounter, and there was a resounding contact of my right fist with his neck, whereupon he bounded backward in a series of beautiful curves, over a distance of nearly twenty feet. He arose and went his way, and had his way, — and it was all years and years ago. Since he had his way, and inasmuch as I am not of a repining habit, there should be no ill-will between us. But the joy of that punch tingles still, and I must say it is a comfort.

As we grow older the desire to fight dies out, but the reason is a physical

one. I would rather have for mine enemy a young man in the vigor of his strength than an old man in his anger.

Suppose you have a big responsibility, and along comes somebody with the real spirit of evil, the lust to injure or to cause suffering for his own pleasure, and proceeds to undo the good thing you have been trying to do. You become angry, naturally and righteously, and you fight to overcome his evil design. Then you fight some more, doing evil unto this enemy until you are satisfied. He may have been satisfied some time before.

Anger also seems the only way to rouse some people. We young fellows who used to read the books of Walter Besant as they appeared remember *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, and the spirited girl who owned the brewery. The girl, you may recall, came to the conclusion that the hopeless, dull, lethargic people of Mile End Road must be made angry as an introduction to thought. Dear little prophetess she was, full of ginger and zip and go, but — here I fear I shall offend, nevertheless it is out of my heart that I say it — I believe she was wrong. Not in her People's Palace and the opportunities she offered, but only in the little kink in her mind to the effect that a dull and stupid man or woman is better in anger than in inertia. Yellow Journalism is born of this fatuous idea, that people must be roused in any way and at any cost, — as though madness were better than sleep!

Here is where the professor and I disagreed. 'Anything,' he exclaimed, 'is better than inertia!' He called my attention to cities, villages, communities, where the greatest need of nearly every male inhabitant is a good kick, to rouse him. I am free to say that I should well enjoy being the instrument of grace to accomplish this deed of

mercy in some communities, but I am not at all sure that it would make for public welfare — quite apart from the consideration of what might happen to me. We argued around in a ring, and concluded where we started. The differences were rather of temperament than of logic; I being of easy-going disposition while the professor, when thoroughly roused, has all the calm and docility of a charging two-horned rhinoceros, — but no more.

Let us look this thing square in the face. It is dangerous to rouse people to anger, because, somewhere in the process, anger goes over into vindictiveness, and vindictiveness is wholly bad. There is no such thing as righteous vindictiveness. The evil and the danger are because of this cleavage that takes place as anger proceeds from what seems to be a passion for justice into a lust to injure and to destroy. The dividing line is not clear; sometimes vindictiveness begins at the very beginning of the experience, sometimes it occurs only after a long time, and sometimes it does not occur at all. In general, however, it may be said, without laying down any hard and fast rule, that the lower the order of civilization, the sooner the creature of anger desires to strike. Whether this be at the cause or not, does not seem important, — he is animated only by the lust to destroy. The higher the order of civilization, the longer people retain their heads and use judgment before giving way to anger.

Anger inhibits judgment and paralyzes the reasoning faculties. Why, then, incite the crowd to anger to the end that it may bring its insanity to bear upon public affairs? Those who do this thing are not necessarily of evil intent; the best adjective that I can find to describe them is *naughty*, used in the archaic sense.

Why do so many of us resent the

orator, silver-tongued and spell-binding? Because he hypnotizes us and, for the time being, puts into disuse our own independent, reasoning faculties. We know that our conclusions are not to be trusted if we cannot think things over, using our best judgment. It is the same with the crowd: if roused only by appeals to its hatred and wrath, so that its lust to injure and destroy becomes an immediate sequel to its awakening, who can expect it to judge with sanity, to order its affairs so that permanent good may come?

In affairs of state the only safe appeal — we may say the only honest appeal — is to the intelligence. In matters of government, an explosion of the emotions has results very similar to those of an explosion of dynamite; and we are nearly unanimous in the belief that government by dynamite is not desirable.

As a nation we are confronted with many serious problems, — and it is probably good for us that this is so. But we shall not solve our problems with a hurrah that the Great American People can and does meet every emergency with consummate skill and abounding wisdom. Such phrases do very well for the orator, but they will not help those of us who are conscientious in our thinking.

The Constitution of the United States provides that public affairs shall be under the control of three departments of government: legislative, executive, and judicial. Since it was written there have arisen innumerable social problems formerly regarded as personal. With changing conditions they have ceased to be personal; they have become public. The machinery to provide for them may be in the Constitution as it was written; very probably it is; it is doubtful if the amendments help us much in this matter. But the whole subject, the whole business, is

new; we do not know how to go about it. We may be agreed that a thing is bad, but we are at odds how to stop it.

We listen to orators at election time and they tell us that if we vote for Brown, Jones, or Robinson, he will get after those fellows who are keeping us all from growing prosperous and happy, and that as soon as he is elected the Golden Age will be at hand. The fortunate candidate then confides to us that what we want is a thing to be provided by the legislature, and we suffer vain regret that we did not look at the bottom of our ticket when we voted. But we take fresh heart and next year we elect some Talk Bacillus to Congress or to the State legislature — who continues to talk. He does not know the difference between constructive thought and what he calls an 'Appeal to the People.'

In despair we turn to the bar, and its members tell us how defectively statutes are drawn, and lead us, somehow, to believe that our welfare is in the hands of the lawyers, — the while the courts continue to admit to membership of the bar, to be officers of the courts, men with neither conscience nor character.

All three departments of govern-

ment claim jurisdiction over social questions, and neither they nor we know how to handle them — yet. Really, it calls for the wisdom of an Aristotle to point the way. We are groping along, sometimes with wisdom, and sometimes with total blindness to the fact that there is such a thing as human nature. The Pure Food Law looks after the labels on our medicines, but there is no label to distinguish thought from demagoguery; and some of our men most capable of usefulness utter the one and spit the other at us at one and the same time.

What we need is discrimination. Discrimination presupposes judgment, and judgment presupposes wisdom; and, God help us, we have not wisdom beyond our intelligence, our common intelligence, the thin thread of it that is common to us all, whereby we work together. But I believe that in the rule of things that has been provided for us, there is a way towards greater order and enlightenment. The way is to keep our heads and our temper.

To meet the great tasks that are before us, we require all of our intelligence, and we must be sound and wholesome of mind. We must proceed in order. The price of anger is failure.

THE PLUNGE INTO THE WILDERNESS¹

BY JOHN MUIR

I

IN crossing the Atlantic before the days of steamships, or even the American clippers, the voyages made in old-fashioned sailing-vessels were very long. Ours was six weeks and three days. But, because we had no lessons to get, that long voyage had not a dull moment for us boys.

There was quite a large number of emigrants aboard, many of them newly married couples, and the advantages of the different parts of the New World they expected to settle in were often discussed. My father started with the intention of going to the backwoods of Upper Canada. Before the end of the voyage, however, he was persuaded that the States offered superior advantages, especially Wisconsin and Michigan, where the land was said to be as good as in Canada, and far more easily brought under cultivation; for in Canada the woods were so close and heavy that a man might wear out his life in getting a few acres cleared of trees and stumps. So he changed his mind and concluded to go to one of the Western states.

On our wavering westward way a grain-dealer in Buffalo told father that most of the wheat he handled came from Wisconsin; and this influential information finally determined my father's choice. At Milwaukee a farmer who had come in from the country near

Fort Winnebago with a load of wheat agreed to haul us and our formidable load of stuff to a little town called Kingston, for thirty dollars. On that hundred-mile journey, just after the spring thaw, the roads over the prairies were heavy and miry, causing no end of lamentation, for we often got stuck in the mud, and the poor farmer sadly declared that never, never again would he be tempted to try to haul such a cruel, heart-breaking, wagon-breaking, horse-killing load, no, not for a hundred dollars.

On leaving Scotland, father, like many other home-seekers, burdened himself with far too much luggage, as if all America were still a wilderness in which little or nothing could be bought. One of his big iron-bound boxes must have weighed about four hundred pounds, for it contained an old-fashioned beam-scales with a complete set of cast-iron counterweights, two of them fifty-six pounds each, a twenty-eight, and so on, down to a single pound; also a lot of iron wedges, carpenter's tools, etc. And at Buffalo, as if on the very edge of the wilderness, he gladly added to his burden a big cast-iron stove, with pots and pans, provisions enough to stand a long siege, and a scythe and cumbersome cradle for cutting wheat, all of which he succeeded in landing in the primeval Wisconsin woods.

A land agent at Kingston gave father a note to a farmer by the name of Alexander Gray, who lived on the border of the settled part of the country,

¹ Earlier reminiscences of John Muir's life were printed in the November *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.

knew the section-lines, and would probably help him to find a good place for a farm. So father went away to spy out the land, and, in the mean time, left us children in Kingston in a rented room. It took us less than an hour to get acquainted with some of the boys in the village; we challenged them to wrestle, run races, climb trees, and the like, and in a day or two we felt at home, care-free and happy, notwithstanding that our family was so widely divided. When father returned he told us that he had found fine land for a farm in sunny open woods on the side of a lake, and that a team of three yoke of oxen with a big wagon was coming to haul us to Mr. Gray's place.

We enjoyed the strange ten-mile ride through the woods very much, wondering how the great oxen could be so strong and wise and tame as to pull so heavy a load with no other harness than a chain and a crooked piece of wood on their necks, and how they could sway so obediently to right and left, past roadside trees and stumps, when the driver said haw and gee. At Mr. Gray's house father again left us for a few days to build a shanty on the quarter-section he had selected four or five miles to the westward. In the meanwhile we enjoyed our freedom as usual, wandering in the fields and meadows, looking at the trees and flowers, snakes and birds and squirrels. With the help of the nearest neighbors the little shanty was built in less than a day after the rough bur-oak logs for the walls and the white-oak boards for the floor and roof were got together.

II

To this charming hut, in the sunny woods, overlooking a flowery glacier-meadow and a lake rimmed with white water-lilies, we were hauled by an ox-

team across trackless carex swamps and low-rolling hills, sparsely dotted with round-headed oaks. Just as we arrived at the shanty, before we had time to look at it or the scenery about it, David and I jumped down in a hurry off the load of household goods, for we had discovered a blue jay's nest, and in a minute or so we were up the tree beside it, feasting our eyes on the beautiful green eggs and beautiful birds, — our first memorable discovery. The handsome birds had not seen Scotch boys before, and made a desperate screaming as if we were robbers like themselves; though we left the eggs untouched, feeling that we were already beginning to get rich, and wondering how many more nests we should find in the grand, sunny woods. Then we ran along the brow of the hill that the shanty stood on, and down to the meadow, searching the trees and grass-tufts and bushes, and soon discovered a bluebird's and a woodpecker's nest, and began an acquaintance with the frogs and snakes and turtles in the creeks and springs.

This sudden splash into pure wilderness, — baptism in Nature's warm heart, — how utterly happy it made us! Nature streaming into us, wooingly teaching, preaching her glorious, living lessons, so unlike the dismal grammar ashes and cinders so long thrashed into us. Here, without knowing it, we still were at school; every wild lesson a love lesson, not whipped, but charmed, into us.

Oh, that glorious Wisconsin wilderness! Everything new and pure in the very prime of the spring when Nature's pulses were beating highest, and mysteriously keeping time with our own! Young hearts, young leaves, flowers, animals, the winds, and the streams, and the sparkling lake, all wildly, gladly rejoicing together!

Next morning, when we climbed to

the precious jay nest, to take another admiring look at the eggs, we found it empty. Not a shell fragment was left, and we wondered how in the world the birds were able to carry off their thin-shelled eggs, either in their bills or in their feet, without breaking them, and how they could be kept warm while a new nest was being built. Well, I am still asking these questions. When I was on the Harriman Expedition I asked Robert Ridgway, the eminent ornithologist, how these sudden flittings were accomplished, and he frankly confessed that he did n't know, but guessed that jays, and many other birds, carried their eggs in their mouths; and when I objected that a jay's mouth seemed too small to hold its eggs, he replied that birds' mouths were larger than the narrowness of their bills indicated. Then I asked him what he thought they did with the eggs while a new nest was being prepared. He did n't know; neither do I to this day. A specimen of the many puzzling problems presented to the naturalist.

We soon found many more nests belonging to birds that were not half so suspicious. The handsome and notorious blue jay plunders the nests of other birds and, of course, he could not trust us. Almost all the others, brown thrushes, bluebirds, song-sparrows, kingbirds, henhawks, night-hawks, whip-poor-wills, woodpeckers, and the rest, simply tried to avoid being seen, to draw or drive us away, or paid no attention to us.

We used to wonder how the woodpeckers could bore holes so perfectly round, — true mathematical circles. We ourselves could not have done it, even with gouges and chisels. We loved to watch them feeding their young, and wondered how they could glean food enough for so many clamorous, hungry, unsatisfiable babies, and how they managed to give each one its

share; for after the young grew strong, one would get his head out of the door-hole and try to hold possession of it to meet the food-laden parents. How hard they worked to support their families, especially the red-headed and speckled woodpeckers and flickers; digging, hammering on scaly bark and decaying trunks and branches from dawn to dark, coming and going at intervals of a few minutes all the live-long day!

III

Everything about us was so novel and wonderful that we could hardly believe our senses except when hungry, or while father was thrashing us. When we first saw Fountain Lake Meadow, on a sultry evening, sprinkled with millions of lightning-bugs, throbbing with light, the effect was so strange and beautiful that it seemed far too marvelous to be real. Looking from our shanty on the hill, I thought that the whole wonderful fairy show must be in my eyes; for only in fighting, when my eyes were struck, had I ever seen anything in the least like it. But when I asked my brother if he saw anything strange in the meadow he said, 'Yes, it's all covered with shaky fire-sparks.'

Then I guessed that it might be something outside of us, and applied to our all-knowing Yankee to explain it. 'Oh, it's nothing but lightnin'-bugs,' he said; and he kindly led us down the hill to the edge of the fiery meadow, caught a few of the wonderful bugs, dropped them into a cup, and carried them to the shanty, where we watched them throbbing and flashing out their mysterious light at regular intervals, as if each little passionate glow were caused by the beating of a heart. Once I saw a splendid display of glow-worm light in the foothills of the Himalaya,

north of Calcutta, but glorious as it appeared in pure starry radiance, it was far less impressive than the extravagant, abounding, quivering, dancing fire on our Wisconsin meadow.

Partridge-drumming was another great marvel. When I first heard the low, soft, solemn sound I thought it must be made by some strange disturbance in my head or stomach; but as all seemed serene within, I asked David whether he heard anything queer. 'Yes,' he said, 'I hear something saying, *boomp, boomp, boomp*, and I'm wondering at it.' Then I was half satisfied that the source of the mysterious sound must be in something outside of us, coming, perhaps, from the ground or from some ghost or boggy or woodland fairy. Only after long watching and listening did we at last discover it in the wings of the plump brown bird.

The love-song of the common jack-snipe seemed not a whit less mysterious than partridge-drumming. It was usually heard on cloudy evenings, a strange, unearthly, winnowing, spirit-like sound, yet easily heard at a distance of a third of a mile. Our sharp eyes soon detected the bird while making it, as it circled high in the air over the meadow with wonderfully strong and rapid wing-beats, suddenly descending and rising, again and again, in deep, wide loops; the tones being very low and smooth at the beginning of the descent, rapidly increasing to a curious little whirling storm-roar at the bottom, and gradually fading lower and lower until the top was reached. It was long, however, before we identified this mysterious wing-singer as the little brown jack-snipe that we knew so well and had so often watched as he silently probed the mud round the edges of our meadow stream and spring-holes, and made short zig-zag flights over the grass, uttering only little short crisp quacks and chucks.

The love-songs of the frogs seemed hardly less wonderful than those of the birds, their musical notes varying from the sweet, tranquil, soothing peeping and purring of the hylas to the awfully deep, low, bass, blunt bellowing of the bullfrogs. Some of the smaller species have wonderfully clear sharp voices and told us their good Bible names in musical tones about as plainly as the whip-poor-will. Isaac, Isaac; Yacob, Yacob; Israel, Israel; shouted in sharp, ringing, far-reaching tones, as if they had all been to school and severely drilled in elocution. In the still warm evenings, big bunchy bullfrogs bellowed, 'Drunk; Drunk! Drunk! Jug-o'-rum! Jug-o'-rum!' and early in the spring, countless thousands of the commonest species, up to the throat in cold water, sang in concert, making a mass of music, such as it was, loud enough to be heard at a distance of more than half a mile.

Far, far apart from this loud marsh music is that of the many species of hylas, a sort of soothing, immortal melody filling the air like light.

IV

Soon after our arrival in the woods some one added a cat and puppy to the animals father had bought. The pup was a common cur, though very uncommon to us, a black-and-white short-haired mongrel that we named 'Watch.' We always gave him a pan of milk in the evening just before we knelt in family worship, while daylight still lingered in the shanty; and instead of attending to the prayers, I too often studied the small wild creatures playing round us. Field-mice scampered about the cabin as though it had been built for them alone, and their performances were very amusing. About dusk, on one of the calm, sultry nights so grateful to moths and beetles, when the

puppy was lapping his milk, and we were on our knees, in through the door came a heavy, broad-shouldered beetle about as big as a mouse; and after droning and booming round the cabin two or three times, the pan of milk, showing white in the gloaming, caught its eyes and, taking good aim, it alighted with a slanting, glinting plash in the middle of the pan, like a duck alighting in a lake. Baby Watch, having never before seen anything like that beetle, started back, gazing in dumb astonishment and fear at the black sprawling monster trying to swim. Recovering somewhat from his fright, he began to bark at the creature, and ran round and round his milk-pan, wouf-woufing, gurring, growling, like an old dog barking at a wild-cat or a bear. The natural astonishment and curiosity of that boy-dog getting his first entomological lesson in this wonderful world was so immoderately funny that I had great difficulty in keeping from laughing out loud.

Watch never became a first-rate scholar, though he learned more than any stranger would judge him capable of, was a bold, faithful watch-dog, and in his prime a grand fighter, able to whip all the other dogs in the neighborhood. Comparing him with ourselves, we soon learned that although he could not read books he could read faces, was a good judge of character, always knew what was going on and what we were about to do, and liked to help us. We could run almost as fast as he could, see about as far, and perhaps hear as well, but in the sense of smell his nose was incomparably better than ours.

One winter morning when the ground was covered with snow, I noticed that when he was yawning and stretching himself, after leaving his bed, he suddenly caught the scent of something that excited him. went round the

corner of the house and looked intently to the westward across a tongue of land that we called West Bank, eagerly questioned the air with quivering nostrils, and bristled up as though he felt sure that there was something dangerous in that direction and had actually caught sight of it. Then he ran toward the Bank and I followed him, curious to see what his nose had discovered.

The top of the Bank commanded a view of the north end of our lake and meadow, and when we got there we saw an Indian hunter armed with a long spear, going about from one muskrat cabin to another, approaching cautiously, careful to make no noise, and then suddenly thrusting his spear down through the house. If well-aimed, the spear went through the poor beaver-rat as it lay cuddled up in the snug nest it had made for itself in the fall with so much far-seeing care; and when the hunter felt the spear quivering, he dug down the mossy hut with his tomahawk and secured his prey, — the flesh for food, and the skin to sell for a dime or so. This was a clear object lesson on dogs' keenness of scent. That Indian was more than half a mile away across a wooded ridge. Had the hunter been a white man, I suppose Watch would not have noticed him.

When he was about six or seven years old he not only became cross, so that he would do only what he liked, but he fell on evil ways, and was accused by the neighbors who had settled round us of catching and devouring whole broods of chickens, some of them only a day or two out of the shell. We never imagined he would do anything so grossly un-doglike. He never did at home. But several of the neighbors declared over and over again that they had caught him in the act, and insisted that he must be shot. At last, in

spite of tearful protests, he was condemned and executed. Father examined the poor fellow's stomach in search of sure evidence, and discovered the heads of eight chickens that he had devoured at his last meal. So poor Watch was killed simply because his taste for chickens was too much like our own. Think of the millions of squabs that preaching, praying men and women kill and eat, with all sorts of other animals great and small, young and old, while eloquently discoursing on the coming of the blessed, peaceful, bloodless millennium! Think of the passenger pigeons that fifty or sixty years ago filled the woods and sky over half the continent, now exterminated by beating down the young from the nests together with the brooding parents, before they could try their wonderful wings; by trapping them in nets, feeding them to hogs, and the like. None of our fellow mortals is safe who eats what we eat; who in any way interferes with our pleasures; or who may be used for work or food, clothing or ornament, or mere cruel, sportish amusement. Fortunately many are too small to be seen, and therefore enjoy life beyond our reach. And in looking through God's great stone books, made up of records reaching back millions and millions of years, it is a great comfort to learn that vast multitudes of creatures, great and small and infinite in number, lived and had a good time in God's love before man was created.

v

The old Scotch fashion of whipping for every act of disobedience or of simple, playful forgetfulness was still kept up in the wilderness, and of course many of those whippings fell upon me. Most of them were outrageously severe, and utterly barren of fun. But here is one that was nearly all fun.

Father was busy hauling lumber for the frame house that was to be got ready for the arrival of my mother, sisters, and brother, left behind in Scotland. One morning, when he was ready to start for another load, his ox whip was not to be found. He asked me if I knew anything about it. I told him I did n't know where it was, but a Scotch conscience compelled me to confess that when I was playing with it I had tied it to Watch's tail, and that he ran away, dragging it through the grass, and came back without it. 'It must have slipped off his tail,' I said, and so I did n't know where it was.

This honest, straightforward little story made father so angry that he exclaimed with heavy foreboding emphasis, 'The very deevil's in that boy!' David, who had been playing with me, and was perhaps about as responsible for the loss of the whip as I was, said never a word, for he was always prudent enough to hold his tongue when the parental weather was stormy, and so escaped nearly all punishment. And strange to say, this time I also escaped, all except a terrible scolding, though the thrashing weather seemed darker than ever.

As if unwilling to let the sun see the shameful job, father took me into the cabin where the storm was to fall, and sent David to the woods for a switch. While he was out selecting the switch, father put in the spare time sketching my play-wickedness in awful colors, and, of course, referred again and again to the place prepared for bad boys. In the midst of this terrible word-storm, dreading most the impending thrashing, I whimpered that I was only playing because I could n't help it; did n't know I was doing wrong; would n't do it again, and so forth. When this miserable dialogue was about exhausted, father became impatient with my bro-

ther for taking so much time to find the switch; and I was equally so, for I wanted to have the thing over and done with.

At last, in came David, a picture of open-hearted innocence, solemnly dragging a young bur-oak sapling, and handed the end of it to father, saying it was the best switch he could find. It was an awfully heavy one, about two and a half inches thick at the butt and ten feet long, almost big enough for a fence-pole. There was n't room enough in the cabin to swing it, and the moment I saw it I burst out laughing in the midst of my fears. But father failed to see the fun and was very angry at David, heaved the bur-oak outside and passionately demanded his reason for fetching 'sic a muckle rail like that instead o' a switch? Do ye ca' that a switch? I have a gude mind to thrash you instead o' John.'

David, with demure downcast eyes, looked preternaturally righteous, but as usual prudently answered never a word.

It was a hard job in those days to bring up Scotch boys in the way they should go; and poor overworked father was determined to do it if enough of the right kind of switches could be found. But this time, as the sun was getting high, he hitched up Tom and Jerry and made haste to the Kingston lumber-yard, leaving me unscathed and as innocently wicked as ever; for hardly had father got fairly out of sight among the oaks and hickories, ere all our troubles, hell-threatenings, and exhortations were forgotten in the fun we had lassoing a stubborn old sow and laboriously trying to teach her to go reasonably steady in rope harness. She was the first hog that father bought to stock the farm, and we boys regarded her as a very wonderful beast. In a few weeks she had a lot of pigs, and of all the queer, funny animal children

we had yet seen, none amused us more. They were so comic in size and shape, in their gait and gestures and merry sham fights, and in the false alarms they got up for the fun of scampering back to their mother and begging her in most persuasive little squeals to lie down and give them a drink.

After her darling short-snouted babies were about a month old, she took them out to the woods and gradually roamed farther and farther from the shanty in search of acorns and roots. One afternoon we heard a rifle-shot, a very noticeable thing, as we had no near neighbors as yet. We thought it must have been fired by an Indian on the trail that followed the right bank of the Fox River between Portage and Packwaukee Lake and passed our shanty at a distance of about three quarters of a mile. Just a few minutes after that shot was heard, along came the poor mother, rushing up to the shanty for protection, with her pigs, all out of breath and terror-stricken. One of them was missing and we supposed, of course, that an Indian had shot it for food. Next day, I discovered a blood puddle where the Indian trail crossed the outlet of our lake. One of father's hired men told us that the Indians thought nothing of levying this sort of blackmail whenever they were hungry. The solemn awe and fear in the eyes of that old mother and little pigs I never can forget; it was as unmistakable and deadly a fear as I ever saw expressed by any human eye, and corroborates in no uncertain way the oneness of all of us.

Coming direct from school in Scotland, while we were still hopefully ignorant and far from tame, notwithstanding the unnatural profusion of teaching and thrashing lavished upon us, — getting acquainted with the animals about us was a never-failing source of wonder and delight. At first my father,

like nearly all the backwoods settlers, bought a yoke of oxen to do the farm work; and as field after field was cleared, the number was gradually increased until we had five yoke. These wise, patient, plodding animals did all the ploughing, logging, hauling, and hard work of every sort for the first four or five years; and never having seen oxen before, we looked at them with the same eager freshness of conception as at the wild animals. We worked with them, sympathized with them in their rest and toil and play, and thus learned to know them far better than we should had we been only trained scientific naturalists.

We soon learned that each ox and cow and calf had its own individual character. Old white-faced Buck, one of the second yoke of oxen that we owned, was a notably sagacious fellow. He seemed to reason sometimes almost like ourselves. In the fall we fed the cattle lots of pumpkins and had to split them open so that mouthfuls could be readily broken off. But Buck never waited for us to come to his help. The others, when they were hungry and impatient, tried to break through the hard rind with their teeth, but seldom with success, if the pumpkin was full-grown. Buck never wasted time in this mumbling, slavering way, but crushed them with his head. He went to the pile, picked out a good one, like a boy choosing an orange or apple, rolled it down on to the open ground, deliberately kneeled in front of it, placed his broad flat brow on top of it, brought his weight hard down and crushed it, then quietly arose and went on with his meal in comfort. Some would call this 'instinct,' as if so-called 'blind instinct' must necessarily make an ox stand on its head to break pumpkins when its teeth got sore, or when nobody came with an axe to split them. Another fine ox showed his skill when

hungry by opening all the fences that stood in his way to the corn-fields.

When we went to Portage, our nearest town, about ten or twelve miles from the farm, it would oftentimes be late before we got back, and in the summer-time, in sultry, rainy weather, the clouds were full of sheet lightning, which every minute or two would suddenly illumine the landscape, revealing all its features, the hills and valleys, meadows and trees, about as fully and clearly as the noonday sunshine; then as suddenly the glorious light would be quenched, making the darkness seem denser than before. On such nights the cattle had to find the way home without any help from us, but they never got off the track, for they followed it by scent like dogs. Once father, returning late from Portage or Kingston, compelled Tom and Jerry, our first oxen, to leave the dim track, imagining they must be going wrong. At last they stopped and refused to go farther. Then father unhitched them from the wagon, took hold of Tom's tail, and was thus led straight to the shanty. Next morning he set out to seek his wagon and found it on the brow of a steep hill above an impassable swamp.

As I was the eldest boy I had the care of our first span of work-horses. Their names were Nob and Nell. Nob was very intelligent, and even affectionate, and could learn almost anything. Nell was entirely different, balky and stubborn, though we managed to teach her a good many circus tricks; but she never seemed to like to play with us in anything like an affectionate way, as Nob did. We turned them out one day into the pasture, and an Indian, hiding in the brush that had sprung up after the grass-fires had been put out, managed to catch Nob, tied a rope to her jaw for a bridle, rode her to Green Bay, seventy-five or a hundred miles away, and tried to sell her for fifteen

dollars. All our hearts were sore, as if one of the family had been lost. We hunted everywhere and could not at first imagine what had become of her. We discovered her track where the fence was broken down, and following it for a few miles made sure the track was Nob's; and a neighbor told us he had seen an Indian riding fast through the woods on a horse that looked like Nob. But we could find no further trace of her until a month or two after she was lost and we had given up hope of ever seeing her again. Then we learned that she had been taken from an Indian by a farmer at Green Bay because he saw that she had been shod and had worked in harness. So when the Indian tried to sell her the farmer said, 'You are a thief. That is a white man's horse. You stole her.'

'No,' said the Indian, 'I brought her from Prairie du Chien and she has always been mine.'

The man, pointing to her feet and the marks of the harness, said, 'You are lying. I will take that horse away from you and put her in my pasture, and if you come near it I will set the dogs on you.'

Then he advertised her. One of our neighbors happened to see the advertisement and brought us the glad news, and great was our rejoicing when father brought her home. That Indian must have treated her with terrible cruelty, for when I was riding her through the pasture several years afterward, looking for another horse that we wanted to catch, as we approached the place where she had been captured she stood stock-still, gazing through the bushes, fearing the Indian might still be hiding there ready to spring; and she was so excited that she trembled, and her heart-beats were so loud that I could hear them distinctly when I was sitting on her back, *boomp, boomp, boomp*, like the drumming of a

partridge. So vividly had she remembered her terrible experiences.

We used to cut and shock and husk the Indian corn in the fall, until a keen Yankee stopped over night at our house and, among other labor-saving notions, convinced father that it was better to let it stand, and husk it at his leisure during the winter, then turn in the cattle to eat the leaves and trample down the stalks, so that they could be ploughed under in the spring. In this winter method each of us took two rows and husked into baskets, and emptied the corn on the ground in piles of fifteen to twenty basketfuls, then loaded it into the wagon to be hauled to the crib. This was cold, painful work, the temperature being oftentimes far below zero and the ground covered with dry, frosty snow, giving rise to miserable crops of chilblains and frosted fingers — a sad change from the merry Indian-summer husking, when the big yellow pumpkins covered the cleared fields; golden corn, golden pumpkins, gathered in the hazy golden weather. Sad change, indeed, but we occasionally got some fun out of the nipping shivery work, from hungry prairie-chickens and squirrels and mice that came about us.

The piles of corn were often left in the field several days, and while loading them into the wagon we usually found field-mice in them, — big, blunt-nosed, strong-scented fellows that we were taught to kill just because they nibbled a few grains of corn. I used to hold one, while it was still warm, up to Nob's nose, for the fun of seeing her make faces and snort at the smell of it; and I would say, 'Here, Nob,' as if offering her a lump of sugar. One day I offered her an extra fine, fat, plump specimen, something like a little woodchuck, or muskrat, and, to my astonishment, after smelling it curiously and doubtfully, as if wondering what the

gift might be, and rubbing it back and forth in the palm of my hand with her upper lip, she deliberately took it into her mouth, crunched and munched and chewed it fine and swallowed it, bones, teeth, head, tail, everything. Not a single hair of that mouse was wasted. When she was chewing it she nodded and grunted, as though critically tasting and relishing it.

My father was a steadfast enthusiast on religious matters and, of course, attended almost every sort of church meeting, especially revival meetings. They were occasionally held in summer, but mostly in winter, when the sleighing was good and plenty of time available. One hot summer day father drove Nob to Portage and back, twenty-four miles over a sandy road. It was a hot, hard, sultry day's work, and she had evidently been overdriven in order to get home in time for one of these meetings. I shall never forget how tired and wilted she looked that evening when I unhitched her; how she drooped in her stall, too tired to eat or even to lie down. Next morning it was plain that her lungs were inflamed; all the dreadful symptoms were just the same as my own when I had pneumonia. Father sent for a Methodist minister, a very energetic, resourceful man, who was a blacksmith, farmer, butcher, and horse-doctor, as well as minister; but all his gifts and skill were of no avail. Nob was doomed. We bathed her head and tried to get her to eat something, but she could n't eat, and in about a couple of weeks we turned her loose to let her come round the house and see us, in the weary suffering and loneliness of the shadow of death. She tried to follow us children, so long her friends and workmates and playmates. It was awfully touching. She had several hemorrhages, and in the forenoon of her last day, after she had had one of her dreadful spells of

bleeding and gasping for breath, she came to me trembling, with beseeching heart-breaking looks, and after I had bathed her head and tried to soothe and pet her, she lay down and gasped and died. All the family gathered about her, weeping, with aching hearts. Then dust to dust.

She was the most faithful, intelligent, playful, affectionate, human-like horse I ever knew, and she won all our hearts. Of the many advantages of farm-life for boys one of the greatest is the real knowledge of animals as fellow mortals, learning to respect them and love them, and even to gain some of their love.

VI

Great was the delight of brothers David, Daniel, and myself when father gave us a few pine boards for a boat, and it was a memorable day when we got that boat built and launched into the lake. Never shall I forget our first sail over the gradually deepening water, the sunbeams pouring through it revealing the strange plants covering the bottom, and the fishes coming about us, staring and wondering as if the boat were a monstrous strange fish.

The water was so clear that it was almost invisible, and when we floated slowly out over the plants and fishes we seemed to be miraculously sustained in the air while silently exploring a veritable fairyland.

We always had to work hard, but if we worked still harder we were occasionally allowed a little spell in the long summer evenings about sundown to fish, and on Sundays an hour or two to sail quietly, without fishing-rod or gun, when the lake was calm. Therefore we gradually learned something of its inhabitants, — pickerel, sun-fish, black bass, perch, shiners, pumpkin-seeds, ducks, loons, turtles, muskrats, etc. We saw the sun-fishes making

their nests in little openings in the rushes where the water was only a few feet deep, ploughing up and shoving away the soft gray mud with their noses, like pigs, forming round bowls five or six inches in depth and about two feet in diameter, in which their eggs were deposited. And with what beautiful unweariable devotion they watched and hovered over them and chased away prowling, spawn-eating enemies that ventured within a rod or two of the precious nest.

The pickerel is a savage fish endowed with marvelous strength and speed. It lies in wait for its prey on the bottom, perfectly motionless, like a water-logged stick, watching everything that moves, with fierce, hungry eyes. Oftentimes when we were fishing for some other kinds over the edge of the boat, a pickerel that we had not noticed would come like a bolt of lightning and seize the fish we had caught before we could get it into the boat. The very first pickerel that I ever caught jumped into the air to seize a small fish dangling on my line, and missing its aim fell plump into the boat as if it had dropped from the sky. Some of our neighbors fished for pickerel through the ice in mid-winter. They usually drove a wagon out on the lake, set a large number of lines baited with live minnows, hung a loop of the lines over a small bush planted at the side of each hole, and watched to see the loops pulled off when a fish had taken the bait. Large quantities of pickerel were often caught in this cruel way.

One hot summer day father told us that we ought to learn to swim. This was one of the most interesting suggestions he had ever offered, but precious little time was allowed for trips to the lake, and he seldom tried to show us how. 'Go to the frogs,' he said, 'and they will give you all the lessons you need. Watch their arms and legs and

see how smoothly they kick themselves along and dive and come up. When you want to dive, keep your arms by your side or over your head, and kick, and when you want to come up let your legs drag and paddle with your hands.'

We found a little basin among the rushes at the south end of the lake, about waist-deep and a rod or two wide, shaped like a sun-fish's nest. Here we kicked and plashed for many a lesson, faithfully trying to imitate frogs, but the smooth, comfortable, sliding gait of our amphibious teachers seemed hopelessly hard to learn. When we tried to kick frog-fashion, down went our heads, as if weighted with lead, the moment our feet left the ground. One day it occurred to me to hold my breath as long as I could and let my head sink as far as it liked without paying any attention to it, and try to swim under the water instead of on the surface. This method was a great success, for at the very first trial I managed to cross the basin without touching bottom, and soon learned the use of my limbs. Then of course, swimming with my head above water soon became so easy that it seemed perfectly natural. David tried the plan with the same success. Then we began to count the number of times that we could swim round the basin without stopping to rest, and after twenty or thirty rounds failed to tire us we proudly thought that a little more practice would make us about as amphibious as frogs.

On the Fourth of July of this swimming year one of the Lawson boys came to visit us, and we went down to the lake to spend the great warm day with the fishes and ducks and turtles. After gliding about on the smooth mirror water, telling stories and enjoying the company of the happy creatures about us, we rowed to our bathing pool, and David and I went in for a swim, while our companion fished from

the boat a little way out beyond the rushes. After a few turns in the pool it occurred to me that it was now about time to try deep water. Swimming through the thick growth of rushes and lilies was somewhat dangerous, especially for a beginner, because one's arms and legs might be entangled among the long limber stems; nevertheless I ventured and struck out boldly enough for the boat, where the water was twenty or thirty feet deep. When I reached the end of the little skiff I raised my right hand to take hold of it to surprise Lawson, whose back was toward me, and who was not aware of my approach; but I failed to reach high enough, and, of course, the weight of my arm and the stroke against the overleaning stern of the boat shoved me down and I sank struggling, frightened and confused. As soon as my feet touched the bottom I slowly rose to the surface, but before I could get breath enough to call for help sank back again and lost all control of myself. After sinking and rising I don't know how many times, some water got into my lungs and I began to drown. Then suddenly my mind seemed to clear. I remembered that I could swim under water, and making a desperate struggle toward the shore, reached a point where, with my toes on the bottom, I got my mouth above the surface, gasped for help, and was pulled into the boat.

This humiliating accident spoiled the day and we all agreed to keep it a profound secret. My sister Sarah had heard my cry for help, and on our arrival at the house inquired what had happened. 'Were you drowning, John? I heard you cry you couldn't get out.' Lawson made haste to reply, 'Oh, no! He was just haverin' (making fun).'

I was very much ashamed of myself, and at night, after calmly reviewing the affair, concluded that there had been no reasonable cause for the acci-

dent, and that I ought to punish myself for so nearly losing my life from unmanly fear. Accordingly, at the very first opportunity, I stole away to the lake by myself, got into my boat, and instead of going back to the old swimming-bowl for further practice, or to try to do sanely and well what I had so ignominiously failed to do in my first adventure, that is, to swim out through the rushes and lilies, I rowed directly out to the middle of the lake, stripped, stood up on the seat in the stern, and with grim deliberation took a header and dived straight down thirty or forty feet, turned easily and, letting my feet drag, paddled straight to the surface with my hands as father had at first directed me to do. I then swam round the boat glorying in my suddenly acquired confidence and victory over myself, climbed into it and dived again, with the same triumphant success. I think I went down four or five times, and each time as I made the dive-spring shouted aloud, 'Take that!' feeling that I was getting most gloriously even with myself.

Never again from that day to this have I lost control of myself in water. If suddenly thrown overboard at sea in the dark, or even while asleep, I think I would immediately right myself in a way some would call 'instinct,' rise among the waves, catch my breath, and try to plan what would better be done. Never was victory over self more complete. I have been a good swimmer ever since. At a slow gait I think I could swim all day in smooth water, moderate in temperature. When I was a student at Madison I used to go on long swimming journeys called exploring expeditions, along the south shore of Lake Mendota, on Saturdays, sometimes alone, sometimes with another amphibious explorer by the name of Fuller.

My adventures in Fountain Lake call

to mind the story of a Scotch fiddler playing at a wedding, who drank so much whiskey that on the way home he fell by the roadside. In the morning he was ashamed and angry and determined to punish himself. Making haste to the house of a friend, a game-keeper, he called him out, and requested the loan of a gun. The alarmed game-keeper, not liking the fiddler's looks and voice, anxiously inquired what he was going to do with a gun. 'Surely,'

said he, 'you're no gan to shoot yourself.' 'No-o,' with characteristic candor replied the penitent fiddler, 'I dinna think that I'll juist exactly kill mysel', but I'm gaun to tak a dander doon the burn (brook) wi' the gun and gie mysel' a deevil o' a fleg (fright).'

[Other experiences in the Wisconsin wilderness will be described by Mr. Muir in the January number. — THE EDITORS.]

THE VALLEY OF THE OTHERS

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR

I HAVE come to Dalen to spend the whole night here alone. The Pastorinde and I have often talked of coming — just we two — to see what goes on here during the sub-Arctic summer night, how the birds and flowers conduct themselves through the hours that are dark in more southern lands. Dalen is a great, lonely valley, two miles from the Parsonage. On three sides are high, rugged fjelds, but the fourth is open to the northern sea, to distant islands, and to wonderful shore-cliffs. The Pastor affirms that his best sermons are composed here on snipe-shooting days, and I know that when I come here fishing I return a much better woman than when I left home, even though midges bite and trout do not. When a rare guest visits the Parsonage in the summer, the Pastorinde brings him here as the best her hospitality can offer. If he grumbles at the rocky, boggy trail and looks with a cold eye on Dalen, finding her desolate, then the Pastor-

inde knows that to one chamber of her heart that guest will have no key. It is a great heart, that of the Pastorinde, and I have learned to know its strength and sweetness during my winter in the little parsonage of Vidareide.

In August, ten months ago, I did my Christmas shopping, talked my last English to the Danish officials in Thorshavn, the capital of the Färoes. Then I sailed away to this northern island where Danish is the language of the Parsonage, old Norse that of the little turf-covered cottages.

The last boat of the year came in November. After that we were shut off from the outside world. No telegraph, no cable, no post! Truly I had need of the Pastorinde, and she has not failed me. There are no children at the Parsonage, but long ago the Pastorinde learned to call me her 'pleie-barn' — her foster child; and I call her 'pleie-mor' — foster mother.

It is because the Pastorinde slipped

and sprained her ankle that I am here all by myself to spend the night in Dalen. Viktorinus and Jakob Johan, small boys of my acquaintance, bore on their sturdy shoulders provisions, spirit-lamp, warm wraps, and sketching-things, and I have made a little camp not far from the sea-cliffs. The boys have shaken hands and said in Danish, 'Farewell,' and 'A pleasant night to you,' and I have answered, 'Thanks for thy friendly assistance.' As they left me, I heard Jakob Johan say in old Norse (thinking I would not understand) that he was glad it was n't he who was to spend the night in Dalen, and Viktorinus murmured something about a *Nykur* that is supposed to dwell in a tarn up on the hillside. The sentiment of the village is expressed: in the words of old Sigurd, said, not to me, but to the Pastor's milk-girl. 'Dalen in the day-time,' said Sigurd, 'is for Men, there to cut and dry the peat, or to hunt down the sheep from the fjelds. The daylight is theirs, but Dalen at night is for the *Others*. They would think the Fróken [Miss] had come to spy on them; they are easily offended, and might take revenge. No, that the Fróken should not do.' But to me the peasant women say only, 'Will not the Fróken catch cold?' 'Is not the Fróken afraid of cows?'

It has been what we call a *myra-snipa* day, the kind that the myra-snipa or marsh-snipe love, and the air seems to vibrate with their curious bleating sound; a day when the mild south-west wind blows gently and all is bathed in luminous mists. There are many rainbows, distant arches, and fragments close by that spring out of a straw-covered chimney, a big boulder, the prow of a boat, or the cliff's edge. Clouds are bowled softly in from the sea-levels, and wander in a casual fashion over the home-fjelds and between the houses. As I sit in sunshine

one envelops me in damp gray walls, then flashes by and whisks in a great hurry round a corner. In rose and violet and gold they come, some stately and full-breasted, others frolicking along like a band of playing children. On every side rises the happy chorus of bird-song. Though many of the notes are harsh and plaintive, they are softened to the ear by the mellow air. A curlew is not a cheerful bird, but he has one sweet contented croon, '*To-who-e! to-who-e! to-who-e!*' On a myra-snipa day it tells the joy of living as well as the song of the bobolink.

Ten o'clock, and a change is coming. The clouds have risen, colors are darker, outlines harder. The sheep are slowly mounting, grazing as they go. That is a sign of bad weather. Far out at sea is a heavy bank of cloud. Only the upper fjelds are in sunshine now. There is wind up there. The braided clouds writhe and toss, and from each blood-red peak swings up and away a mighty fiery banner like that of a volcano in eruption.

It will not be a friendly night in Dalen; but I cannot go home now, lest the cows invade my camp. Curious beyond the common wont of cows, they rend and trample objects that are new to them, and some cows will eat garments of cotton and of wool. I am told that a true Färoe cow is never guilty of such evil. When it occurs, it is due to a vicious strain of *Danish* blood. The Färoe attitude toward things Danish always reminds me of Kipling's conviction that Canadian political morals and private principles would be of a snowy whiteness if it were not for the contaminating influence of Americans.

I have just remembered that it is the twenty-fourth of June, Midsummer Night, when evil spirits are freed to fare abroad at will. In Norway the

fires of Saint John are burning now; but how can one keep the feast in this treeless land? The Norse forbears of the Färoe folk found here, a thousand years ago, a scanty growth of juniper and willows, — and bonfires burned for Balder, God of Light. Now, not a tree or a shrub breaks the outline of the hills.

The old pagan beliefs died slowly here in the Färoes, isolated as the islands were by distance and by dangerous seas. On land and water lingered a host of evil spirits, jealous of the faith that had supplanted Thor and Odin. Even yet an uneasy belief in the supernatural dwells curiously with the religion taught by the Pastor and accepted by his flock; and with the exception of the two at the Parsonage there is probably not a soul in Vidareide who could be persuaded to spend Midsummer Night alone in Dalen.

Eleven o'clock, and I have just had a visit from a messenger, but whether for good or for evil, I do not know, since he could not tell his message to me. Sitting under the shelter of a huge rock, huddled in my warm wraps and half-musing, half-dreaming, in the silvery light that is neither day nor night, I saw a hooded crow, usually one of the most wary and timid of birds, flutter to the ground just beyond my reach. He did not caw as usual, but looking up at me intently, he bobbed his head up and down and said, 'Boo-a! Boo-a!' Now in this way the old Norse word 'buð' is pronounced, and 'buð' means 'a message.'

Both ravens and crows, as all the Färoe folk know, have gone far in the Black Art. They can foretell events, and know when the flocks of driving whales are in neighboring waters; but alas, they lack human speech in which to give their warnings. Last winter a

crow came to the cabin of an old woman in Vidareide, looked in at the window and gave the message-call. 'Now what does this betide?' said old Ranaa. An hour later a column of smoke on distant Bordö told that whales had been seen off the coast and that men and boats must come at once. 'Ah, so ol-o!' said old Ranaa; 'that is what the message-bird was trying to tell me.'

It is pleasant to sit here in camp, mulling over in my mind fragments of story and Färoe memories, but I had better go a-fishing if, as I promised, the Pastorinde is to have Dalen trout for her breakfast to-morrow. Up among the fjelds that inclose Dalen like an enormous semi-circular amphitheatre, a brook takes its rise and comes leaping and foaming down between the rocks, to run, gathering other little brooks to itself as it goes across the grassy slopes of the valley, to cliffs where it plunges downward to the sea. And in that brook there are trout such as anglers dream of when their sleep is sweet; beautiful trout like those of the Scottish streams. One can easily catch a string of fish weighing from one eighth to one fourth of a pound. Larger than that I have never caught in Dalen, but one day, when I wandered through the valley without my fishing-tackle, — a warm day with little midges swarming in the air, — I saw in the brook, rising for the midges, great lusty trout such as I had never seen before in Dalen, — trout of fully two pounds, and I without so much as a string and a bent pin!

Gray or White Millers, or perhaps a Royal Coachman, are the flies to use to-night. They resemble the thousands of moths that are flying over thousands of little pink-and-white orchids in the marshy grasses. I must crush the flowers' waxen petals beneath my feet as I fish along the banks, and a delicate fragrance of bitter almonds will fill the air. These little

orchids are potent in love-charms and have, it is said, power as whale-charms. If the white hand-shaped root, 'Mary's Hand,' is cast into the water, it will drive away whales; and if the black, withered root, the 'Devil's Hand,' is used, it will attract them. There are blue-and-white speedwells, eye-brights, yellow tormentillas, and buttercups growing with the orchids, but the rarer plants are high on the field slopes.

Midnight now, and in the north the sunset colors lingering. Nature seems painted with a large brush, forms and colors showing, but insignificant detail omitted. Far away, on the heights of Villingdal-fjeld, the clamor of the sea-fowl has almost died away. From the ledges under the sea-cliffs comes that monotonous droning that often precedes a storm at sea. A pair of ravens are playing and turning in the air above the dark crags of Morna-fjeld. Now and then an oyster-catcher scurries by, but the birds are strangely still. In friendly weather they would be heard the whole night through. In the hush of bird-life other voices are calling — the little brooks of Dalen. On the black cliffs they show like strands of silver. They bubble up from the peaty soil, cold, sweet, undefiled. Shrill notes are heard on pebbly beaches, deeper murmurs from over-hanging banks. Here and there one gushes up from a mossy basin, swirls over a flat rock, and buries itself with a chuckle beneath the heather. I walk on grassy slopes and hear the rushing of water below my feet, and all around the rumor of waters hurrying to the sea.

I had planned to climb high on the fjeld-side to see what the little alpine flowers are doing, which ones are sleeping, which keeping their petals and leaves unfolded in the midnight hour; but somehow, I feel reluctant to go far

from my camp. Not that I am afraid. No, one feels such confidence in islands. There is no mysterious interior as on the mainland, where terrors may lurk. The only danger would be from falling stones loosened by the winter's frosts and dislodged by the hoofs of grazing sheep.

There are over a hundred thousand sheep in the Färoes, hardy, active creatures that scramble like goats along those terraces where I would not dare venture. They live out, uncared for, all the year. The ordinary winter storms they bear well enough. Early spring is the time of danger, when sometimes a cruel northeast wind blows for many days. It comes from the Arctic ice-floes, the glaciers and snow-fields of Spitzbergen, often bringing with it a bitter fog that whirls drearily over the land, obscuring the light. The freshly springing grass is seared and withers away, the grass that the mother-sheep need if they are to have milk for the coming lambs. And so the babies die — by thousands they die — not only from starvation, but killed at birth by the ravens and crows. The birds linger near. They know the approach of travail, await the event, and the lamb is killed before the mother's eyes when she is too weak to rise and defend her young.

A great boulder has just fallen from the heights of Breides-skard, bounding from ledge to ledge, and disappearing over the cliff's edge; and as the clamor of the echoes died away, a loud cry rang out, so wild and despairing that I sprang to my feet in dismay. Then came a crazy laugh, and I laughed, too, though a little shakily, for I recognized the voice of a loon — the northern diver. That laugh is strange enough, but it is cheerful beside the rarer doleful cry like that of a woman in extremity. Night hours in Dalen seem to strain even stout nerves

slightly. I know that frost and sheep are responsible for that boulder, but, in spite of sturdy common sense, I find running through my head fragments of queer tales heard beside cottage hearths, or in the boats, or on the trails.

Dalen is said to be *ibygð* — inhabited — not by human beings but by Hulder-folk, underground creatures who look like men and women, and pursue various avocations by land and sea, as do the Färoe folk. And now is the time of the Hulder-folk. From midnight until three o'clock there is danger on the fjelds, and on the bird-cliffs. Land-slides come often. Boulders fall from the heights upon unwary human intruders in the hours of the Hulder-folk.

These creatures are usually invisible, but, at will, they can appear to human eyes. A *Fremsynt*, or one who has second-sight, can see them, and so can those who follow in his footsteps or go side by side with him in the wild out-fjelds.

The Hulder-folk, though they are heathen spirits and in league with the powers of evil, sometimes perform kindly deeds. Stories are told of their coming to the rescue of milk-girls lost at night in the fog, and leading them safely to the village boundaries. They have given warning of dangerous seas, have provided a Färoe man with food for weeks when he was storm-bound on an uninhabited island. Sometimes they are present at a wedding, hidden in a dark corner, or dancing, seen by the *Fremsynt*, in the Bride's dance. Once, before a wedding, a woman who had second-sight saw a pretty girl, a stranger to her, stepping from one of the arriving guest-boats. She turned to ask a companion who the girl was, but she had disappeared when they looked for her. She saw the girl again dancing in the Bride's dance. 'Who is the pretty girl with the blue kerchief

and apron?' she asked a man who stood near, 'the one who is dancing in the ring between Drikke and Sunneva?' 'But there is no one dancing between Drikke and Sunneva, they dance hand in hand.' 'Why, don't you see her?' the woman cried. 'Wait until the girls pass us and I'll take hold of her skirt so you can see which girl I mean.' Across the room she saw her plainly, but as the girls danced by, behold Drikke and Sunneva danced hand in hand.

An old woman told me of an experience she had had when a child of nine years. She was walking in the out-fjelds with her uncle one Sunday afternoon when she saw a pretty bunch of ribbons hanging on a rock, and near it a handful of sweets. Delighted, she took the treasures and ran to show them to her uncle. He looked at her in a puzzled way and asked her what she meant. 'Why, don't you see the pretty ribbons?' But he saw nothing in her hand. 'And these?' showing him the sweets. To him her fingers seemed empty. Then a fear seized her and she threw the things away, for she knew they were a temptation of the Hulder-folk, and had she worn the ribbons and eaten the sweets, from that day the Hulderfolk would have been visible to her and she would have been in their power.

A man living in Sand went one day east to Skola-vikur to a wedding. He was on horseback, and as he passed under the heights of Trondadals-li he heard a voice crying, 'Hear thou, man that rides by! Take word to the house where the wedding shall be, that Bembil is dead, and the child is burned.' When the man came to the house where the wedding was, he opened the door, and standing in the doorway called out, 'Bembil is dead, and the child is burned.' Then sprang one who was not of the invited guests, out from under

the table and ran out, crying, '*That was my son!*'

And there was a peasant of Sumbó, who found a little Hulder-maiden under a rock, and he brought her home with him. He set her to spinning night and day, giving her no rest. On one condition could he keep her, but I do not understand how or by whom the condition was made. It was that no one should call her by name. If he did she would vanish away. Titil-tata was her name. One Christmas Eve she was dead tired of spinning and she began to sing to herself as she worked,

Titil-tata is my name

Titil-tata is my name.

Over and over again she sang it, hoping to make some one speak to her. No one paid any attention to her, but she sang on and on. At last one of the working women suddenly lost patience, whirled around and cried, 'There she sits gabbling away! Don't we all *know* your name is Titil-tata?' Z-z-z-z-p! Titil-tata vanished away and was never heard from again.

Here is another tale, but whether it is about the Hulder-folk, who shall say? Rossva is a big red setter, powerful, conceited, and fearless. He has thrashed every dog on the island, and carries himself with a lofty superciliousness which is almost more than they can bear. We can trace his progress round the scattered hamlet by the vituperative chorus of his victims. But lately Rossva has known fear. One calm clear evening, the Pastor was crossing the island, Rossva, as usual, careering on in front. Suddenly Rossva stopped, his eyes fixed on the way before him. His hair bristled on crest and back, his tail drooped, and turning, he fled whimpering, and took refuge between the Pastor's legs. Then, wondering, the Pastor saw his trembling dog's eyes, dilated with fear, watching, following an invisible something that

approached, passed close by, and went its way. Then Rossva, with a sigh, emerged from his shelter, and the two went homeward, — the Pastor much 'shaken,' as the Pastorinde confessed to me later with a twinkle in her eye.

One o'clock, and now the storm is here, bringing the northeast fog. Between the flying scud are glimpses of a leaden sea with great white surges. The surf thunders at the base of the cliffs, and from the brink the spray blows landward like a cloud.

Dalen is very strange to-night, unfriendly, inhospitable. I am not afraid, but never, I think, have I been more wide-awake. All my senses are alert, and all kinds of things that I half believed in as a child all at once seem possible. If I should see a little troll, gray, hairy, misshapen, seated cross-legged among my possessions, or if a queer face peeped at me from behind a boulder, or a line of odd little creatures ran past me down the hill, I am sure I should not be frightened. It would all seem fitting, seemly, what we would naturally expect to see to-night in Dalen.

There is really no relation between the degrees of a thermometer and the sensation of cold in the Färoes. One suffers greatly at a comparatively high temperature, from the violence of the salt winds and the penetrating dampness of the air. I doubt if it is colder now than thirty-five or forty degrees, and the passage of the hours has been marked by the assumption of many warm and woolly garments, and yet I shiver miserably, and must often leave my camp to tramp vigorously up and down to get warm, a teapot full of hot water clasped fondly to my heart.

A few minutes ago I heard distinctly the voices of women and children chattering not far away. I was glad, surprisingly glad. My lonely uncomfort-

able vigil was ended. The Pastorinde had grown anxious in the storm and had sent some women to bring me home—but why had they dragged their children from their beds to travel the long, hard way? Hurriedly, happily, I ran forward to a point from which I could overlook the Vidareide trail and see my relief party as soon as it came out of the fog. As I stood waiting, listening, the wind tossed the fog aside. The gay voices died away. There was no one on the trail.

Queer things happen in Dalen.

I have had more visitors. The first contingent came waddling from the cliff's edge,—low, clumsy shapes, emerging gradually from the fog, mottled gray and brown creatures that stood in a row and stared solemnly at me and said, '*Kwa-a-a!*' in low guttural notes. Eider ducks they were, that probably came to the spot every night and were vastly surprised to find a human being here in Dalen. '*Kwa-a-a!*' they exclaimed again, looked at one another as though to say, 'Did you ever see the like?' and so backed away into the mists.

Hardly had they disappeared when I heard a gasping sound from a bank behind me, and turning, I saw, half obscured by the clinging fog, a great gray object. It was about seven feet tall. Its shape was not that of a beast,—rather a grotesque caricature of a woman's form. The face was oval, the features indistinguishable through the fog, the neck very long and thin, the shoulders sloping. From the head long hair blew in the wind. The body was clothed in a loose tunic or blouse, and short skirts whirled about, disclosing two thin ankles. I was not frightened. It was all too wonderful to admit of fear. Only a mighty curiosity possessed me. '*What is it? Oh, what is it?*' The creature tossed its head and stamped its foot. It gasped again, and it looked

like nothing of which I had ever heard or dreamed.

Then the storm-fog parted and there stood a large gray-white sheep. I could see that it was a sheep, yet so unnatural, so fantastic, was the figure that it seemed hardly less wonderful than before. It had escaped the men and dogs at the two 'mountain goings' of June when the wool is taken. The long, heavy fleece, with the straight outer hair, had come off on neck and shoulders, leaving them quite bare. The hair on the head was still fast, and at the ends other hair had tangled, lengthening it to eighteen or twenty inches. On the body, part of the fleece had come out, caught in the ends of the fast hair, and had been carded and raveled by rocks and heather, making a great fluffy mass like a woman's draperies. Dimly seen through the fog, the illusion was perfect. The creature faced me, and as the skirt tossed in the gale, two slim legs were revealed. The gasp I heard was the alarm note given by these half-wild sheep.

And the size? Have you ever heard of the peculiar magnifying effect of fog under certain conditions? Warburton Pike in his book on the Barren Lands of Canada tells of one foggy evening in camp when some large animal, presumably a timber-wolf, was vaguely seen charging on the camp. The men seized their weapons and sprang to their feet as into the circle of the fire's light ran a little field-mouse. And Sir Martin Conway's party in Spitzbergen, on such a day, hastily prepared for an encounter with a polar bear whose form was dimly distinguished through the mists. A few steps farther on and they met that bear—a little scrap of white paper skating along the frozen snow.

But there is something about my apparition that I cannot understand. There are hundreds of sheep high on

the fjelds to-night, and surely not another one among them like this curious caricature of a human form. Why should this one sheep have left its fellows and sought my little camp down on the sea-cliffs? Is this also 'a sending' from 'the Others'?

It is four o'clock. The storm is lessening. I am too tired to tramp any longer. Rolled up in as small a compass as possible I will rest a while in the shelter of this big boulder.

'Good-day, Thou Blessed. Is all well with thee?'

I open dazed eyes and there stands old Sigurd looking at me anxiously. It is six o'clock. He has come, he explains, to work on the peat, as the sea is too stormy to go a-fishing. So he says, but I know that he has risen three hours earlier than usual, made his own coffee, and come to Dalen to look after me. He will carry my things home when he leaves work, and I am free to go when I will.

The way is long and weary. The surf, thundering far below, the sea-birds' cries make a sleepy confusion of sound; and as I drowse and stumble over rocks and rouse to clearer consciousness, it seems as though I had been going on for

hours and hours. At last I reach the outer dike of the hamlet. The homes of men are a pleasant sight after my night in Dalen. In the quiet air the blue peat-smoke lingers in wreaths above the grassy roofs. I hear the pounding of coffee in the little black mortars. The fragrance of coffee is in the air. Half-dressed babies are sitting in the sunshine. Friendly faces greet me as I pass the open doors. 'Ah! God be praised, it is the Fróken!' 'And what kind of a night did the Fróken have?' 'I could not sleep all night for thinking of the Fróken!'

On again over the Pastor's glebelands, and there at the foot of a grassy slope is the Parsonage. Rossva comes cavorting and barking to meet me. Graa-mis (gray puss) follows, picking her way daintily, her tail held carefully erect. 'The Fróken is coming!' I hear Sigga's voice calling within; and there is the Pastorinde hopping on one foot to the door, and waving a dish-towel. 'Welcome!' she calls in her clear, ringing voice, 'Welcome home, my pleiebarn!' And she takes me in her motherly arms. Within that shelter I make confession. 'Yes, pleie-mor, Sigurd was right. Dalen at night is for "the Others."' "

SILENCE

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

IN the old days, when first I knew you, we
Were not afraid of Silence. We could stand
Whole growing-spaces, staring splendidly
Across the moon-white, palpitating land,
And turn, and climb again the mountain-trail,
With but a sigh of joy. — Or we could sit
Half-hours by the wood-fire, while the frail
Fierce sparks whirled starwards from the heart of it.
Our thoughts, it seemed, their quiet distance kept;
Their highroads never meeting, side by side,
Moonward and starward, innocent they swept;
And we were glad, and silent, and the wide
Still world was all our playground, for we knew
That we could dream together, — I and you.

But now we are afraid of Silence. We
Dare not a moment let her come to us,
Lest she betray us, blankly, utterly.
She who was once so kind, now perilous
As some sly enemy, must stand apart.
The shuttle of our words shoots to and fro
In worthless webs; while constantly my heart
Yearns back to Silence, begging her to show
The old clear look: — hushed lips, free hands. Alas!
Her treacherous, throbbing presence we must flee:
Must blur the precious moments, till they pass
To leave me hurt by you, — and you by me.
Ah, bitter broken day, when first we knew
We dared not dream together, — I and you !

VOL. 110—NO. 6

JAMES LONGSTREET

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

LONGSTREET had half New Jersey blood and probably part Dutch. It shows in him. He is far more the modern, practical nineteenth-century American than most of his fellows. What Southern romance he has sits awkwardly and is mixed with mocking. He reminds you again and again of Grant and Sherman in his bull-dog pugnacity and tenacity, his brusque, sharp fashion of hitting right out at men and measures. Southern easy-going ways and shiftlessness vexed him. 'Our people have been so accustomed to having things at their hands that they seem at a loss for resources when emergencies arise. "Where there is a will there is a way" of overcoming all human obstacles. It is left for us to find it out.'

He was hard-headed, solid, stolid; and he looked it. 'A thick-set, determined-looking man,' says Fremantle. And Pollard describes his appearance as 'not engaging. It was decidedly sombre; the bluish-gray eye was intelligent, but cold; a very heavy brown beard was allowed to grow untrimmed; he seldom spoke unnecessarily; his weather-stained clothes, splashed boots, and heavy black hat gave a certain fierce aspect to the man.' His health, vigor, power of supporting fatigue, were remarkable. 'The iron endurance of General Longstreet is most extraordinary: he seems to require neither food nor sleep.'

As a fighter he was superb; the best fighter in the Army of Northern Virginia, the soldiers called him. This, perhaps, refers more to character than

brains, as it is admitted that he was no great student at West Point or anywhere else. In Mexico he fought most creditably, side by side with Grant and other contemporaries. From Bull Run to Appomattox he was always where the fighting was hottest. His soldiers believed in him and trusted him. He spoke straight out to them, as if he meant it. Sometimes it was with a heavy sarcasm, as at Gettysburg, to an officer who complained of not being able to bring up his troops: 'Very well, never mind, then, General, just let them remain where they are, the enemy's going to advance, and will spare you the trouble.' More often he gave them sound, direct, practical advice of the kind to put heart into a man. 'Let officers and men, even under the most formidable fire, preserve a quiet demeanor and self-possessed temper. Keep cool, obey orders, and aim low. Remember, while you are doing this, and driving the enemy before you, your comrades may be relied upon to support you on either side, and are in turn relying upon you.'

Such advice, coming from the War Department, might not have amounted to much. Coming from a man who was as cool in battle as in a ball-room, it must have been almost as if he had laid a hand on your shoulder. How imperturbable he was is shown by many witnesses, notably Fremantle. 'No person could have been more calm or self-possessed than General Longstreet under these trying circumstances [after Gettysburg], aggravated as they now

were by the movements of the enemy, who began to show a strong disposition to advance. I could now appreciate the term bulldog which I had heard applied to him by the soldiers. Difficulties seem to make no other impression upon him than to make him a little more savage.' He may not have felt the dancing ecstasy with which Stuart charged and which Longstreet himself admirably describes in another: 'He came into battle as gaily as a beau, and seemed to receive orders which threw him into more exposed positions with peculiar delight.' But he was always ready to face any danger or any exposure, too ready. 'Every one deplores that Longstreet *will* expose himself in such a reckless manner. To-day he led a Georgian regiment in a charge against a battery, hat in hand and in front of everybody.'

The same imperturbable coolness that distinguished Longstreet in actual fighting characterized him as a leader. He was never anxious, never flurried. Victory could not over-excite him with triumph, nor defeat with despair. He made every preparation, took every precaution, was ready for difficulties, and indifferent to dangers. Unfortunately, however, consummate generalship requires something more than imperturbability. It requires brains and speed. Had Longstreet these? His work as an independent commander suggests some doubt. Intelligence of a certain order, the solid, firm, Dutch grasp of a situation, and common sense in the handling of it, can never be denied him. But quick insight, long penetration, the sudden conception of what is daring to be done and not too daring, in short, a brain like Jackson's, I do not think he had. As to speed there will be less question. Even Lee is said to have remarked, 'Longstreet is the hardest man to move in my army.' In every case the general was able to give

a good reason for not arriving in time. But Jackson arrived in time in spite of good reasons.

Both these defects and many of Longstreet's excellences are intimately bound up with one strongly marked trait, which is often an excellence, but runs into a defect too easily: I mean a singular, an unfailing, an almost unlimited self-confidence. Self-confidence does nearly all the great things that are done in the world. 'Trust thyself,' says Emerson; 'every heart vibrates to that iron string.' Doubt of one's powers, doubt of one's nerve, dread of responsibility, — these weaknesses will paralyze the keenest perception, the finest intelligence. But self-confidence, to achieve the highest, must be tempered with insight and sympathy. A man must trust himself, but he must trust others. Before he decides, resolves, executes, he must listen. His own judgment must prevail with him; but it must be his own judgment qualified, enriched by the judgment of those wiser, or even less wise. No one can impose his own personality, however solid and sturdy, on the whole world.

This is what Longstreet tried to do, with exquisite and naïve unconsciousness. And this quality of an immense self-confidence runs through his whole career with a steadiness which is very peculiar, very unfortunate, — and very instructive. Note that Johnston's trouble was an over-sensitive pride. This is not Longstreet's main trouble; nor was he largely stirred by wounded ambition. 'I am not prompted by any desire to do, or to attempt to do, great things. I only wish to do what I regard as my duty — give you the full benefit of my views.' And again: 'If there is no duty to which I can be assigned on this side of the Mississippi River without displacing an officer, I will cheerfully accept service in the trans-Mississippi Department.'

Note also that it is not a foolish conceit, or pig-headed pride of opinion. Once convince the man that he was wrong and he would have been perfectly ready to say, 'All my fault,' and begin over again. But you never could convince him that he was wrong. There was one way to see a question and that was the way he saw it, one way to act and that was the way he acted. Other ways and other views were incomplete, or unenlightened, or simply stupid. No single quotation can sum up this attitude, naturally. It will, I think, appear in overwhelming significance, as we go on. Page after page of Longstreet's book is stamped with it. 'Speaking of the impending struggle [spring of 1861], I was asked as to the length of the war, and said, "At least three years, and if it holds for five you may begin to look for a dictator," at which Lieutenant Ryan, of the Seventh Infantry, said, "If we have to have a dictator, I hope that you may be the man."' No doubt, for the good of the country, Longstreet himself hoped so, too.

It is in his relation to Lee that this stolid self-confidence of Longstreet appears most interestingly. The two men loved each other. Lee showed his affection for his second in command more frankly and directly than for almost any one else, even Jackson. 'My old war-horse,' he called him, perhaps characterizing the subordinate more fully than he meant. If so, Longstreet was quite oblivious of it and refers to the phrase with proud complacency, as he does to another point which most of us are inclined to view a little differently: that is, the fact that 'on his march he [Lee] usually had his headquarters near mine.' Lee has other words, however, of a less equivocal nature. Thus he writes to the general in the West, 'I think you can do better than I could. It was with that view I urged your going.' But he longs to have him back: 'I

missed you dreadfully and your brave corps. Your cheerful face and strong arm would have been invaluable. I hope you will soon return to me.'

Longstreet's love for his great chief was equally fervent. Speaking of him after the war he says, 'The relations existing between us were affectionate, confidential, and even tender, from first to last. There was never a harsh word between us.' Writing to Lee from the West he expresses feeling as evidently deep as it is genuine: 'All that we have to be proud of has been accomplished under your eye and under your orders. Our affections for you are stronger, if it is possible for them to be stronger, than our admiration for you.' And Fremantle, who had observed both men closely, corroborated these words in the most charming manner: 'It is impossible to please Longstreet more than by praising Lee. I believe these two generals to be as little ambitious and as thoroughly unselfish as any men in the world.'

But Longstreet did not propose to allow judgment to be hoodwinked by affection. Not for him was the attitude so passionately expressed by Jackson: 'General Lee is a phenomenon. I would follow him blindfold.' On the contrary, the commander of the First Corps was keenly aware of his chief's defects and has recorded them mercilessly for posterity. 'In the field his characteristic fault was headlong combativeness. In the immediate presence of the enemy General Lee's mind, at all other times calm and clear, became excited.' These defects it was naturally the duty of an affectionate lieutenant to watch for and remedy in every possible way. And Longstreet watched.

From the first day Lee took command, we have his subordinate's delightful accounts of the way in which he advised, suggested, or, as one might almost say, dictated. It was Long-

street who conceived the plan by which Jackson was to be called from the Valley that McClellan might be driven from the Peninsula; and if Jackson had been at all equal to the occasion, a great triumph would have been achieved. It was Longstreet who found Lee hesitating about going into Maryland on account of supplies. 'But I reminded him of my experiences in Mexico, where sometimes we were obliged to live two or three days on green corn. . . . Finally he determined to go on.' It was Longstreet who pointed out to his commander the folly of the Harper's Ferry scheme and supposed it was abandoned. But he could not be on the watch all the time and the pestilent Jackson took advantage of his absence to impose on a mind always too easily led. Later Longstreet did his best to devise a remedy for a bad state of things. 'Lee listened patiently enough, but did not change his plans, and directed that I should go back the next day and make a stand at the mountain. After lying down, my mind was still on the battle of the next day, and I was so impressed with the thought that it would be impossible for us to do anything at South Mountain . . . that I rose and, striking a light, wrote a note to General Lee, urging him to order Hill away and concentrate at Sharpsburg. To that note I got no answer.' Do you wonder why?

But Gettysburg is the cream of the whole. And observe, I take no part in the controversy as to what Longstreet actually did, or as to the course he advised. It does not become an outsider and a civilian to do so. The general's judgment as to possibilities before, and as to events after, may have been wise, may have been correct. What interests me solely is Longstreet's character as displayed in Longstreet's own words.

To begin with, then, he is opposed to the campaign from the start, believing

that the main operations should be carried on in the West. However, finding Lee unwilling to agree to this, Longstreet permits his commander to enter upon his project. 'I then accepted his proposal to make a campaign into Pennsylvania, provided it should be offensive in strategy, but defensive in tactics.' Judge of his disgust when they found themselves at Gettysburg and the commander ventured to overstep the lines which his mentor had laid down for him. 'I suggested that this course seemed to be at variance with the plan of the campaign that had been agreed on before leaving Fredericksburg. He said, "If the enemy is there to-morrow, we must attack him." . . . I said that it seemed to me that if, during our council at Fredericksburg, we had described the position in which we desired to get the two armies, we could not have expected to get the enemy in a better position for us than he then occupied. . . . He, however, did not seem to abandon the idea of attack on the next day.'

And they attacked and failed all along the line; because Longstreet's heart was not in it, say his enemies; because success was impossible, says Longstreet himself.

The scene was renewed the next day, Lee deciding and ordering, Longstreet protesting, with imperturbable confidence in his own judgment, and snubbed in a fashion made tenfold more dramatic by its being Lee who did it and Longstreet who recorded it, apparently without the dimmest perception of what it meant. 'I said, "General, I have been a soldier all my life. I have been with soldiers engaged in fights by couples, by squads, companies, regiments, divisions, and armies, and should know as well as any one what soldiers can do. It is my opinion that no 15,000 men ever arrayed for battle can take that position," pointing to

Cemetery Hill. *General Lee in reply to this ordered me to prepare Pickett's division for the attack.*¹

When everything was over, Lee declared, with divine humility, that it was all his fault. 'Fine,' says Longstreet, in effect, 'especially as it was.'

In the autumn of 1863 Longstreet went West. He had long felt that he was needed there and he finally prevailed on Davis and Lee to let him go. It would be impossible to surpass the serene confidence with which he viewed this undertaking. Note also that he disclaims, and no doubt sincerely, all thought of personal ambition in the matter. 'If my corps cannot go west, I think that we might accomplish something by giving me Jenkin's, Wise's, and Cooke's brigades, and putting me in General Bragg's place, and giving him my corps. . . . *We would surely run no risk in such a change*¹ and we might gain a great deal. I feel that I am influenced by no personal motive in making this suggestion; and will most cheerfully give up, when we have a fair prospect of holding our western country. I doubt if General Bragg has great confidence in his troops or himself either. He is not likely to do a great deal for us.'

He was not put in Bragg's place, however, but under Bragg's orders, and, therefore, was naturally unable to accomplish all the great things that he had counted on. If he had found it difficult to place much reliance on Lee, how was it to be expected that he should place any on Bragg? He did not, and said so. Here again I do not think there was any set purpose of malice or mischief-making. Bragg was wrong. Longstreet was right. This must be so obvious to every one that outspoken comment could hardly make it any plainer. The effect, however, was not happy, witness Mackall, who was no

¹ The italics are mine.

friend to Bragg: 'I think Longstreet has done more injury to the general than all the others put together. You may understand how much influence with his troops a remark from a man of his standing would have to the effect that Bragg was not on the field and Lee would have been.'

This sort of thing seems incredible in a man of Longstreet's age, training, and soldierly habits; but the language of his own letters shows abundantly what his attitude was. He writes to Buckner, 'As every other move had been proposed to the general and rejected or put off till time made them more inconvenient, I came to the conclusion that this was to be the fate of our army—to wait till all good opportunities passed, and then, in desperation, to seize upon the least favorable one.'

And here again, as at Gettysburg, we can ask nothing more characteristic than the little scene that the general paints for us, apparently quite unconscious of its significance, but depicting himself and a dozen men of similar type, that we all know, as effectively as Rembrandt might have done. 'The only notice my plan received was a remark that General Hardee was pleased to make: "I don't think that is a bad idea of Longstreet's." . . . I repeated my ideas, but they did not even receive notice. It was not till I had repeated them, however, that General Hardee even noticed me.' Unconscious self-interpretation like this, as with Pepys, amounts to genius.

No one could attack Bragg without attacking Davis, and to Longstreet Davis—when he was wrong—was no more than Bragg. Twice, at least, in full and formal military council, the general gave his advice to the president—and was snubbed. The first time was early in the war, before the Peninsular campaign. 'From the hasty

interruption I concluded that my opinion had only been asked through polite recognition of my presence, not that it was wanted, and said no more.' The second time was in connection with the movements of Bragg and Johnston in the West and involved Lee as well as Longstreet. As described by the latter, it is a singularly impressive and characteristic incident. He had given his views in regard to the situation at some length, and assumes that Lee agreed with them. The president did not. 'General Lee wore his beard full, but neatly trimmed. He pulled at it nervously, and more vigorously as time and silence grew, till his nervousness was conquered. The profound quiet of a minute or more seemed an hour. When he spoke, it was of other matters, but the air was troubled by his efforts to surrender hopeful anticipations to the caprice of empirics. He rose to take leave of the august presence, gave his hand to the President, and bowed himself out of the council chamber. His assistant went through the same forms, and no one approached the door to offer parting courtesy.'

Even after this Longstreet could not get the responsibility of the matter off his mind. After returning to the West, 'it occurred to me to write to the President, and try to soften the asperities of the Richmond council. . . . In reply the President sent a rebuke of my delay.'

The most significant element of all in Longstreet's western campaign is his dealings with his own subordinates, McLaws, Law, and Robertson. The dramatic genius of Sophocles could not have devised a finer climax than that situation. At Gettysburg, just before, as second in command to Lee, the general had thoroughly disapproved of his chief's action, and had not hesitated to say so. Likewise, he had failed to carry out his chief's wishes, through either

obstinacy or inability. Lee, with supreme tolerance, intent on the future, not on the past, had accepted the latter solution and found no word of fault with his lieutenant's motives in any way whatsoever.

Then Longstreet goes West and is placed in charge of the Knoxville expedition. His second in command, McLaws, disapproves of the assault on Fort Loudun, exactly as Longstreet disapproved of the assault at Gettysburg. Hear McLaws's own words in his later defense: 'I object to being put forward as a blind to draw attention away from the main issue, which is the conduct of the campaign in East Tennessee by General Longstreet. I assert that the enemy could have been brought to an engagement before reaching Knoxville; that the town, if assaulted at all, should have been on the first day we arrived or on the next at furthest; that when the assault was made on Fort Loudun it was not called for by any line of policy whatever.'

If he had been endowed with divination, could he have anticipated more perfectly Longstreet's final attitude with regard to Gettysburg?

But how different was Longstreet's treatment of his subordinates under these circumstances from Lee's! As soon as he suspects disaffection, he writes sharply through his aide, 'I am directed to say that throughout the campaign on which we are engaged you have exhibited a want of confidence in the efforts and plans which the commanding general has thought proper to adopt, and he is apprehensive that this feeling will extend more or less to the troops under your command.' When the assault is imminent, he insists that previous conviction of failure is the surest road to it. 'Please urge upon your officers the importance of making the assault with a determination to succeed. If the assault is made with

that spirit, I shall feel no doubt of its success.' And again: 'If we go in with the idea that we shall fail, we will be sure to do so. But no men who are determined to succeed can fail. Let me urge you not to entertain such feelings for a moment. Do not let any one fail, or any thing.' Oh, imagine how Lee would have liked to say just that to Longstreet on the morning of July 3, and, if he had, what Longstreet would have answered!

When all is over he does, indeed, admit to the War Department that it may have been his fault. 'It is fair to infer that the fault is entirely with me, and I desire, therefore, that some other commander may be tried.' This does not mean, however, that he forgets or forgives, so far as his subordinates are concerned. He prefers charges against McLaws, Law, and Robertson. They are tried by a court-martial, which only partially sustains the commander, and even this insufficient verdict is reversed by the Richmond authorities. 'The proceedings, finding, and sentence of the court are disapproved. Major-General McLaws will at once return to duty with his command.' Longstreet rebels and receives an even harsher snub from Davis: 'General Longstreet has seriously offended against good order and military discipline in rearresting an officer who had been released by the War Department, without any new offense having been committed.' Longstreet has a final word on the matter in his book, whether to his own advantage or disadvantage, I leave to the reader's judgment. 'Confidence in the conduct of the war was broken, and with it the tone and spirit for battle further impaired by the efforts of those in authority to damage, if not prevent, the success of work ordered in their own vital interest.'

It might be supposed that, after these varied experiences, the general

would have returned to Lee's supremacy with a saddened and a chastened spirit. I do not find this indicated. Through the spring of 1864 and later, when he returned to duty after his Wilderness wound, he was always cheerfully ready to patronize his commander and to give abundant advice, when it was asked for, and when it was not. 'I am pleased at all times to have any suggestions that you may make, and am gratified to find that you in your numerous duties do not lose sight of these small matters,' is the usual tone. Perhaps the most curious suggestion offered is that the military authorities should 'impress' all the gold in the country and use it for the necessities of defense. Unfortunately most of Lee's replies to his subordinate's exhortations are lost. We have his comment on this gold matter, however, a gentle reminder that the specie is not accumulated in chests which troopers can walk off with, but is scattered and hidden all over the Confederacy. Longstreet, perfectly unconcerned, insists as before: 'The gold is in the country, and most of it is lying idle. Let us take it at once and [use] it to save Richmond and end the war.'

Finally, in considering Longstreet's conduct after the war was over, I think we shall find the best excuse or explanation for it in this same trait of overmastering self-confidence. Here we should turn to Mrs. Longstreet. It is worth observing that the lives of three of the most prominent Southern leaders — Davis, Jackson, and Longstreet — have been written by their wives with loving eulogy, and that in each case these ladies furnish — quite unintentionally — striking testimony as to their husbands' weaknesses and defects. It is a notable illustration of the old poet's remark,

Those have most power to hurt us that we love:
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.

Thus, when Mrs. Longstreet insists that her hero, in joining the Republican party and accepting government office, sacrificed personal advantage to a spirit of lofty patriotism, much as did Lee at the beginning of the war, she makes him ridiculous. Her own naïve account of the activities and the luxury of his last years proves this, and the swelling phrases of her affectionate enthusiasm require no comment. 'I love best to think of him, not as the warrior leading his legions to victory, but as the grand citizen after the war was ended, nobly dedicating himself to the rehabilitation of his broken people, offering a brave man's homage to the flag of the established government, and standing steadfast in all the passions, prejudices, and persecutions of that unhappy period. It was the love and honor and soul of the man crystallized into a being of wonderful majesty, immovable as Gibraltar.'

Verily, 'Those have most power to hurt us that we love.' Yet, as to the substance, I think Mrs. Longstreet is right, and those Southerners who suspect her husband of place-hunting, of adopting the winning side for his own aggrandizement, are totally wrong. He was a practical American. The war was over. The Union must be restored. The sooner it was restored, the better. And the more good men that took hold to restore it, the better still. The sentiment of lost causes, of fallen flags, of consecrated graves was — sentiment. Those who were to make the future had no time for it. That was his view. And, as all his life, he could not imagine that there could be any other. He acted on it at once — and found himself, among thousands of his old comrades, all alone.

And now, surely, we are eager to probe the 'wonderful majesty' of this 'immovable Gibraltar' for what was human under it; to thrust below the

stolid, Dutch, phlegmatic surface of grim work and rock-like confidence and find the emotions of mortality.

They were there. Let us take the unsightly ones first and be rid of them. They had a grip on the man's soul that forbids us to pass them by. He was jealous, he was harsh, he was bitter to his enemies. Much there was, undoubtedly, to bring out these feelings in him. But others have borne as much in a different spirit.

To begin with his attitude toward Lee — or Lee's admirers. Immediately after Gettysburg, perhaps under the influence of Lee's example, he wrote the noble letter to his uncle in which he says, 'As we failed, I must take my share of the responsibility. In fact, I would prefer that all the blame should rest upon me. As General Lee is our commander, he should have all the support and influence we can give him. If the blame, if there is any, can be shifted from him to me, I shall help him and our cause by taking it.' But this mood did not last. On which side the fault-finding began is disputed, but it soon grew into bitter recrimination. Longstreet's course during the battle, justly or unjustly, was condemned far and wide, and he retorted with the utmost acridity, in the *Philadelphia Times* articles, in *Battles and Leaders*, and finally in his book. The lofty determination to exonerate Lee at his own expense was gradually transformed into assertions — before quoted — that his old chief was not a master of offensive battle, that 'in the field his characteristic fault was headlong combativeness,' that 'in the immediate presence of the enemy General Lee's mind, at all other times calm and clear, became excited,' and that the fighting at Gettysburg had to go on until 'blood enough was shed to appease him.'

But Longstreet's attitude toward some of his comrades-in-arms shows

even more unpleasant features than his attitude toward his beloved commander. And let me repeat that these things must be insisted on because they indicate such a fatal and such an instructive flaw in a nature of unusual depth and power. The proposed duel with Hill early in the war, if it really was proposed, sprang from pride in his troops as much as in himself. No such excuse will avail for his cruel language toward Early. It is true that Early had criticized him; but just here Longstreet's weakness comes out most. Early, in explaining his criticisms later, says, with noble and Christian charity, 'You will observe that in my article there is some causticity of expression, which was provoked by the character of the article I was replying to. I now sincerely regret the necessity which called forth the personal strictures contained in my replies, and would be glad if they could be eliminated.' Yet Longstreet, writing his book much later still, could express himself in this venomous fashion: 'There was a man on the left of the line who did not care to make the battle win. He knew where it was, had viewed it from its earliest formation, had orders for his part in it, but so withheld part of his command from it as to make coöperative concert of action impracticable. He had a pruriency for the honors of the field of Mars, was eloquent, before the fires of the bivouac and his chief, of the glory of war's gory shield; but when its envied laurels were dipping to his grasp, when the heavy field called for bloody work, he found the placid horizon, far and away beyond the cavalry, more lovely and inviting.'

The same spirit is apparent in Longstreet's remarks about Jackson and Virginia. Here again one should read Colonel Allan's noble expression of Virginia's opinion about Longstreet. This only emphasizes such remarks as

the following, in regard to Harper's Ferry: 'Jackson was quite satisfied with the campaign, as the Virginia papers made him the head of Harper's Ferry, although the greater danger was with McLaws, whose service was the severer and more important'; or this other, when Jackson declined Longstreet's assistance in the Valley: 'I had been left in command on the Rapidan, but was not authorized to assume command of the Valley district. As the commander of the district did not care to have an officer there of higher rank, the subject was discontinued.' These things make one recur to Mrs. Longstreet's eulogy and to her quotation of his appeal to his countrymen at the outbreak of the Spanish War: 'If I could recall one hour of my distant but glorious command, I would say, on the eve of battle with a foreign foe, "Little children, love one another."'

The most characteristic, most important, and most unfortunate of all Longstreet's writings about his old companions is the deliberate close of his article in the second volume of the *Century War Book*. I do not think the most ardent admirer of Lincoln can approve either the feeling or the taste with which his name is introduced here. 'I cannot close this sketch without reference to the Confederate commander. When he came upon the scene for the first time, General Lee was an unusually handsome man, even in his advanced life. He seemed fresh from West Point, so trim was his figure, and so elastic his step. Out of battle he was as gentle as a woman, but when the clash of arms came, he loved fight, and urged his battle with wonderful determination. As a usual thing he was remarkably well balanced — always so, except on one or two occasions of severe trial when he failed to maintain his exact equipoise. Lee's orders were always well considered and well chosen.

He depended almost too much on his officers for their execution. Jackson was a very skillful man against such men as Shields, Banks, and Frémont, but when pitted against the best of the Federal commanders, he did not appear so well. Without doubt the greatest man of rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the period, was Abraham Lincoln.'

But who could leave Longstreet so? It is incontestable that with all these marked and disastrous defects the man was immensely lovable, and had not only force, but charm. Under the stolid exterior there were kindly emotions as well as sharper ones.

Socially he is said to have been quiet and undemonstrative, yet at times he showed a tenderness and affection which were all the more appreciated.

There can be no doubt that his patriotism and devotion to the cause he served were strong and genuine. 'While we weep with the friends of our gallant dead, we must confess that a soldier's grave, in so holy and just a cause, is the highest honor that a man can attain.' 'For myself,' he says, after Vicksburg and Gettysburg, 'I felt that our last hope was gone, and that it was only a question of time with us.' Yet he fought on as steadily, as bravely, as persistently as ever, and declared, in January, 1865, 'we are better able to cope with the enemy now than we have ever been, if we will profit by our experience and exert ourselves properly in improving our organization.'

He was as thoughtful in his sympathy for non-combatants as he was hardy in fighting. Thus after Fredericksburg he directs a subscription to be taken up for the inhabitants of that city, and describes their sufferings and their devotion with the most evident tenderness.

I have cited many bitter words that he wrote of his enemies. Alas, they are in print, set solid in history, and injure him far more than those he attacked. But we should weigh against them the kindly, charitable things which Mrs. Longstreet describes him as saying. When Gordon, who had uttered harsh words about Gettysburg, was reported ill, Longstreet inquired, with touching concern, about his condition. Judge Speer and the general had had disagreements. When asked how he would receive the judge, Longstreet answered, 'As I would receive any other distinguished American. And as for our past differences, that has been a long time ago, and I have forgotten what it was all about.' General Hampton felt bitterly as to Longstreet's politics and would not meet him. Mrs. Longstreet commented on the matter with some harshness. But her husband said, 'There is not a finer, braver, more gallant officer in the Confederate service than Wade Hampton.' Most touching, also, is Mrs. Longstreet's picture of her husband's yearning for the lost esteem of his fellow Southerners. 'General Longstreet said nothing, but his eyes slowly filled. While he bore unjust criticism in silence, he was visibly moved by any evidence of affection from the Southern people.' And he is said to have been stirred most deeply by the enthusiasm shown for him by his old followers at the unveiling of the Lee monument.

Indeed, if one wishes to forget the general's unamiable peculiarities, one must turn to his relation with his soldiers, and one cannot fail to appreciate what a really great heart he had. He loved his men, sympathized with them, laughed at and understood their failings, saw their needs and strove with all his might to remedy them. When he found troops altering the works for better security, although the engineers

objected, he approved, saying, 'If you save the finger of a man's hand, that does some good.' When the cavalry leaders were inclined to scoff at the infantry, he rebukes them. 'The commanding general regrets that you entertain the impression that your forces are fighting for the bread of the infantry. Your troops are in the service of the Government, and are battling for a common cause and a common country. The infantry of this army have fought too many battles to be told that their bread is earned by the cavalry.'

And better even than Longstreet's affection for his men is his men's affection for him. The large number of testimonial letters printed in Mrs. Longstreet's book goes far beyond mere conventional eulogy. It shows a devotion and a regret which can only have been bred by something great. Concretely, these feelings are best illustrated by the old soldier who brought his gray jacket and his enlistment papers to be buried in his general's grave. 'I've served my time, and the General, he's served his time, too. And I reckon I won't need my uniform and papers again. But I'd like to leave them with him for always.' Beside which should be put Stiles's most striking account, well paralleled by another instance in Fremantle, of the behavior of the officers at the time of Longstreet's wound. 'The members of his staff surrounded the vehicle, some on one side and some on the other, and some behind. One, I remember, stood upon the rear step of the ambulance, seeming to desire to be as near him as possible. I never on any occasion during the four years of the war saw a group of officers and gentlemen so deeply distressed. They were literally bowed down with grief. All of them were in tears. One, by whose side I rode for some distance, was himself severely hurt, but he made no allusion to his wound and I do not think

he felt it. It was not alone the general they admired who had been shot down—it was rather the man they loved.'

To inspire devotion like that a leader must, indeed, have noble qualities; and, moreover, it confirms one in the belief that a round self-confidence, backed by tried capacity, is a trait men cling to, as much as to anything, in the hour of trouble.

Toward the end of his life Longstreet joined the Catholic Church. This forms such a remarkable close to his career that it cannot be passed over. Mrs. Longstreet, with another of those shrewd blows that come most stingingly from those we love, says that he did it because his former Episcopal associates would not sit in the same pew with him after his political conversion, and he wanted a church that had more charity.

I cannot suppose that he was a man of naturally religious bent. Such references as he makes to the subject have an excess of unction which I would not for a moment call insincere, but which suggests an excursion into paths not habitually traveled; and they have a rhetorical turn which appears in almost all his attempts to express unusual emotion. Thus he writes of General Jenkin's death, 'In a moment of highest earthly hope he was transported to serenest heavenly joy; to that life beyond which knows no bugle-call, beat of drum, or clash of steel. May his beautiful spirit, through the mercy of God, rest in peace! Amen!' He himself closes his book with a little anecdote which strongly confirms my opinion as to this phase of his character. He visits an old servant long after the war. "'Marse Jim," says the man, "do you belong to any church?" "Oh, yes, I try to be a good Christian." He laughed loud and long, and said, "Something must have scared

you mighty bad, to change you so from what you was when I had to care for you.””

Yet this man became a Roman Catholic! This man who had all his life trusted nobody, who had placed his own judgment above that of every other, took the church which sets itself above all judgment, treats kings and commanders and babes and sucklings alike! It may have been for this very

reason. If he was to make the surrender, he may have preferred to make it absolute, and where the Lees and Jacksons would have had to make it, too. Nevertheless, I find a singular piquancy in the image of him who is said to have jeopardized great battles by his stout self-will, prostrating himself before the Madonna and confessing senile peccadilloes to a black-frocked priest.

HUNGRY GENERATIONS

BY W. M. GAMBLE

I

My host has gone out to some parish duty, and I glance over his bookshelves. For his Reverence's sake, I hope the Bishop may soon find him a parish where the local part of the salary is more dependable. For my own sake, I should sadly miss my hours spent between trains in this library.

A parson's library, if meagre, is pretty certain to be selective, and therefore one finds, or fancies, among the volumes, stray hints of the owner's thought-experience. Moreover, as his Reverence is fairly representative of many in just his situation, these hints of his personal problems suggest generalizations.

In particular, these three biographies I have just discovered have started me musing over the way in which totally isolated currents of thought and aspiration in one age, if they survive that age, are bound to reckon with each other in the next. Of course, the trans-

itional period belongs to the pragmatist, who, just because he waives responsibility for any final and synthetic judgment, is free to collect, ponder, and utilize the various trends. Each of these biographies shows the marks of having been read, at different stages of the Parson's career, with eager and sympathetic interest. He is, as I know, something of a pragmatist; and Goethe, Pusey, and Marx are still, all of them, grist to his mill.

Goethe's *Autobiography* evidently recalls college days. Pusey's life would seem to have been bought several years after ordination, when the young priest began to wonder whether some of the things harped on at the seminary might not have a practical bearing. People did not rapidly assimilate the 'spiritual message of Browning,' nor did they enter into the conflicts of Tennyson's soul. By the time one succeeded in translating the problem, the solution, in the light of the needs of ordinary folk, looked rather thin. It

was baffling to sit tongue-tied before a plain man's grief, and to be able to think only of Wordsworth's Michael or Mr. Peggotty. The Parson set himself to recover Pusey's secret, and I think he succeeded.

Erelong, however, it was forced upon him that although a coherent spiritual appeal finds a steady response, yet to growing numbers of people the language is strange. He was confronted with a general heavy indifference, both to the things of the mind and to the things of the spirit. Was Psychotherapy the strategic point of attack? His Reverence's newly recovered traditionalism was not of the timid sort, and he threw himself into medicine and the new Psychology. And the 'Emmanuel Movement' gradually shed an inadvertent light upon the real gravity of the problem. It revealed the tremendous importance of the very thing whose power it had seemed to minimize — the resistless human interest of bodily needs and cravings.

Then came that for which, half-consciously, his thought had prepared him — the steady pressure of the economic situation. Care and worry could be put into a pink pill-box, but the price of eggs would not down. Nerves could be harmonized, but coal-strikes were not so easily settled. People woke from high thinking to high prices, and to an exhilarating turmoil of conflicting ethics. Our friend turned from demonstrating the claims of Mind and Spirit to examine the arrearage claims that Matter was rudely pressing upon respectable folk. He recalled impressions made on his boyhood, from reading *Alton Locke*. A press notice caught his eye, and he put off his laundry-bill a month to buy the life of Marx. The leaves are all cut.

Here is little Joe, standing in the doorway, with a jam-encircled smile. Little Joe has his father's fine head,

and the rudiments of his father's strong and amiable features. Some day he will be dipping into his father's library. Is it his task to adjust each to each the unrelated aspirations which these three worthies helped severally to release? The cheerful immunity of the pragmatist from philosophic consistency will be less easy for Joe to claim, than it is for his father.

Little Joe, from my knee, looks with impartial and transient interest at the scene in the Weimar drawing-room, at the Gothic chancel in Oxford, and at the bearded faces in the newest book. As he slips down and away, I try to anticipate his task, should he take upon him his father's yoke.

II

Goethe, Pusey, and Marx. The conjunction sounds almost grotesque. But here they are, in this little hard-bought library, and they suggest that synthetic problem which even now it is not too soon to face — the harmonization of culture, religion, and economics, without violence to any of the three; the adjustment of man's mind to the facts of his history, of his desires to the needs of his neighbor, of his infinite yearnings to the actual content of his total environment, visible and invisible.

Souls like Matthew Arnold, John Stuart Mill, George Eliot, William Morris, even Darwin, felt deeply the estrangements occasioned by the conflict of nineteenth-century ideals. How could Carlyle, Newman, and Robert Owen possibly have understood each other? The lesser leaders called each other fools and apostates, but the greater ones could not.

Indeed, a sometimes crushing sense of the complexity of human nature, life, and problems, has from the beginning been a recurrent note in nineteenth-century philosophy and literature. The

variety which to the early Renaissance mind had been a buoyant stimulus, now became something like a burden. The individualism of exultant choice had become an individualism of renunciation and necessity. The sanguine formulas of eighteenth-century philosophies had been exploded by stormy realities. Man was not all sensibility, or all intellect, or a mere mechanism. Society was not a contract, it was a perilous equilibrium of obscure forces. Nature was not a clock, or an ideal state of harmony, to spring into light as soon as artificial institutions and beliefs were cleared away; nor were social institutions the deliberate inventions of priest craft, or of wise lawgivers. Nature was the inscrutable, unfeeling schoolmistress of the race, graduating only the persistent and the enduring from her school. Two alternatives were open: to be a somewhat wistful stoic, or a pathetic and picturesque rebel.

The lesson all must learn, *volens volens*, is self-limitation, based, curiously enough, on self-assertion. Let every one find, if he can, a *metier* of his own, wherever he can make room for it. Cut your garment according to your cloth, not according to any 'pattern in the Mount.' There may be a Heaven, but do not regard it too objectively. Do not too peremptorily demand an ideal earthly state. Limit knowledge strictly by the creeping inductive process. The function of Romance is to furnish imaginary goals, to inspire effort in its inceptive stages, or to serve as a pleasing contrast to the dull restrictions of the actual. Beliefs, visions, let them rather be the stuff out of which human achievements are woven, not the substance of objective things hoped for or unseen.

Do not expect too much of the not-Self — whether God, or nature, or man: such has been one cautious re-

sultant attitude of nineteenth-century teaching and experience. The main achievement of human aspiration was *character*, conceived of in terms of a certain toughness and self-reliance, bred of barren soil and threatening skies. Endeavor evolves its own reward. Probably the grapes are sour, but climb the trellis none the less valiantly. To have climbed, even with so barren a hope, setting your will against the indifference and hostility of nature and man, will yield a sweetness all its own. The important thing, after spending all your vitality in quest of just a 'Dark Tower,' is the satisfaction involved in announcing, through a slug-horn, that you have arrived. Browning's optimism is here at one with Bauer's idealism, Schopenhauer's pessimism, and Kipling's 'Gospel of Work.' It has been preached in one way to the artisan, in another way to the artist, and in still another way to the devotee. It certainly, in its setting, has a moral value of its own, and appeals to a very sensitive spot in human self-esteem, but only a moral aristocrat could respond to it without reservation. If all existence should prove stale and meaningless, at least a brave man can stand game. Man at least can make himself interesting to himself. The motive of reward is too crass; it may be conceded to the inferior nature.

Nobody is particularly satisfied with the social scheme in which we live today, but that is not to the point. Like a recent tariff schedule, it is the best any one has a right to expect. If it does not suit you, spin about you, out of your consciousness, a world more to your liking. Man's glory is his creative power, and his highest creation is his own orphaned, sublimated, self-reliant, lonely self.

Nineteenth-century folk, therefore, fell naturally into two classes — 'realists' and 'idealists.' Those who com-

placently captured the term 'real,' were the nub of the whole scheme. Renouncing, for their part, the wilder and more iridescent of human dreams, willing to make the best of a pretty tame business, they were at least able to make things fairly comfortable for themselves. They were humbly content not to be moral aristocrats, since they felt solid earth beneath them. *They* were the clear-sighted, normal humans. Yet they would not be utterly soulless. They must have a spiritual religion, an inspired art. This left room for the romanticist, the idealist, whose function it was to wake in the realist a pleasing consciousness of his moral and spiritual potentialities.

The idealist served as a caged throstle; to thrill, inspire, and amuse the realists with ineffectual dreams, rages, despairs, hopes, uttered in plangent melody, pictured in haunting tints, or preached with fervid earnestness. The *feeling* must be genuine; it must express the *yearnings*, not the *demands* of the higher nature, since demands are despotic and revolutionary. The yearning must be abstracted more or less from concrete objects, it must be self-conscious, shadowily fulfilled in its own utterance—the indefinite longings of the soul for the Infinite, of the will for experience, of the heart for fellowship. And very acceptably the idealists served this function of spiritual aphides or silk-worms. Uttering their own *Weltschmerz* (so long as they did not too vividly suggest a radical change of the existing status), they kept alive in the realists a sense of generosity, sympathy, and an appreciation of exalted states of soul.

And this note of subjectivity, sounded in all great music since Beethoven, was a genuine thing; it was simply the old race-hunger of body, mind, and spirit, caged off from vigorous hope by the dominant theory that scarcity is

the fundamental stimulus of human achievement. 'They that led us away captive required of us then' the song of starving human nature, solacing itself with self-love.

III

'No hungry generations tread thee down,' sang Keats to the nightingale. Glancing aside from his secluded search for absolute Beauty, he beheld the horrors of the economic world of his day through the Malthusian glasses aptly provided by current respectable opinion. He felt, as a shadow chilling his own ardors, the grosser hunger of the poor. So effectually caged was Keats that he did not even suspect what Shelley knew, that the hunger of the cotton-spinner out of work is really at one with the poet's longing for Loveliness, and even the saint's aspiration for perfect holiness and the Beatific Vision. In swift, exquisite pangs, Shelley realized the identity of all race-hungers.

With curiosity and compassion, people will some day study that note of subjectivity in the art, religion, ethics, of our passing age. With gratitude and veneration they will remember those who, without any lyrical after-cry of despair, broke the charmed circle of subjectivity, and witnessed boldly for the demands of human hungers, as against the parsimony of nineteenth-century ideals and practice. Goethe, in the sphere of culture; Pusey, in the sphere of religion; and Marx, in the sphere of economics, demanded adequacy, sufficiency, completeness. They believed in objects, rewards, fruitions, goals; and they staked all life's values on their belief.

One, on behalf of the soul, insisted that living can be made a work of art; that 'Art is long' just because it is preëminently concerned with life; that personal culture can harmonize

all experience; that it can be a serious occupation — the education of the mind, of the senses, of the emotions, by living amid the currents of all that is essential in human interest. Paradoxically enough, Goethe was able to assert this only by detaching himself from every current of human interest as soon as it threatened to claim him wholly; but the memory of his poised figure, as a prophecy of what is possible for the race, steadied many a keen, anxious thinker.

Pusey was one who stood unsheltered to the end, against the stress of the tendency to seek weary relief from mundane complexities by violent simplification of religion. He witnessed against the utilization of spiritual instincts or institutions for unspiritual ends — to mirror the fagged moods of worldlings, or to serve the interests of the prevailing social order. He spoke for the specific demands of the spiritual in human nature, insisting that spiritual longings are not their own reward, nor exalted emotions their own justification; that there is an adequate, coherent, objective correspondence for every genuine spiritual instinct; that the disregard of spiritual law affords valid ground for a wholesome and stimulating fear.

Marx spoke for the body. Work is not its own reward. Its primary object is the production of material necessities, and questions of character are as intimately involved with the product of work, as with the work itself. Moral qualities cannot be developed in one class on the basis of a material scarcity created in the interests of another class; and so long as two such classes exist, there can be no common ethical ground between them. Spiritual structures

reared upon a contempt for natural law and physical need are rotten at their base. Marx, like an unconscious sacerdotalist for natural law, insisted that the bonds of social life, by a sacramental decree, *ex opere operato*, are primarily physical, that the necessary mediator between Man and Nature is the workman; and that the first concern of society is the welfare of the producers of its material wealth, and those rightly dependent on them. There can be no progress in any higher sphere, until justice is done in the sphere of the lower needs. So long as Nature is cheapened, she will withhold her riches and all life and thought will be anæmic.

It is beginning to dawn upon us to-day that man is not wholly thrown upon his own creative powers, lonely Personality in an impersonal vast; that we are not forced to choose between being tame in earth's paddock, and beating in the void our luminous wings in vain. We expect of ourselves something more than a grim gameness or pathetic visions — even disciplines and sacrifices, for the joy that is set before us. Since we really dare to desire more richness in Nature, in Society, in the Ultimate, we have begun to demand it, not despairingly, as did the old rebels, but with more confidence of response. Within another decade, may we not have clearer evidence that life is ready to yield all that Goethe demanded for psychic culture; that the world invisible is ready to sustain all that Pusey's faith relied upon; and that society and nature are capable of meeting just that responsibility and that demand which Marx would exact of them?

Here is little Joe in the doorway again. What say you, Joe?

RACE-CULTURE

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

COOPER said it was all well enough to speak of a perfect human race, but personally he had no confidence in Eugenics. This was entirely independent of the fact that he always had the greatest difficulty in spelling the word.

Did Cooper know what Eugenics means, Harding asked rather tartly.

Cooper admitted that he did not know. He was rather glad of it because he could thus say conscientiously that he did not believe in the thing.

Then why, Harding asked, dismiss a subject without making an honest attempt to master it?

Cooper said that he had made the attempt and failed. As far as he could gather, Eugenics was intimately connected with the business of raising peas. Forty years ago an Austrian clergyman named Mendel had hit upon an interesting discovery. It was fraught with such momentous consequences for humanity that for nearly half a century nobody took any notice of it. You crossed a species of dwarf pea with a species of giant pea and the offspring was seventy-five per cent of one kind and twenty-five per cent of the other kind; Cooper had forgotten which. Then you took some peas of the second generation and self-fertilized them, whatever that might mean, and the third generation would be divided half and half. Cooper really could not recall just what the proportions were, but it was a satisfaction to know that they would continue indefinitely. At any rate it followed from Mendel's discovery that consumptives and crim-

inals should not be allowed to marry, though Cooper could not quite see why. That is, he was quite in accord with the general principle that consumptives ought not to wish to get married, but, if they insisted, who had the right to prevent them from striving after their share of happiness?

Harding said that Cooper had just pointed out the reason why, though in a characteristically confused and unintelligent fashion. The simple fact is that we are all what our fathers have made us, and society has the right to guard itself against the evil workings of the iron law of heredity.

But that was precisely what puzzled Cooper. Was there such a thing as an iron law of heredity?

Harding advised him to read Weismann.

Cooper said he had read Weismann. He did so immediately after he had read up on Mendel, and with approximately the same results. With Weismann, heredity was everything. If Cooper remembered accurately, Weismann maintained that acquired characteristics could not be inherited. We can pass on to our children only what we have ourselves inherited. A man, for instance, might lose two of his fingers while celebrating the old-fashioned Fourth of July. That does not mean that his son would be born with only three fingers, though he might possibly be born with six. Or a man might be master of a dozen foreign languages; it did not follow that his eldest son could learn to speak French

without instruction, or would be proficient in spelling at college. That was simple enough.

The only acquired characteristic that could be inherited, Cooper was inclined to believe, was an income from United States bonds and a house in town, or something like that. Everything else was determined for him from the beginning of time. It was all in the germ-plasm, for which, as Cooper recalled, Weismann had a decided fondness that was possibly equaled only by his liking for the chromosome. This chromosome was a very valuable and interesting portion of the germ-plasm. It was too small to be described under the microscope, but everything was packed away in it. If a man was tall or short, if he bit his finger-nails, if he stuttered, if he voted the Republican ticket mechanically, it was because of the chromosome in the hereditary germ-plasm. Nature seemed to have succeeded in getting almost as many things into a chromosome as a woman can get into a steamer trunk.

From all this, Cooper thought, it followed that if a man committed murder, the proper thing to do was to hang his grandfather; provided, that is, his great-grandfather was no longer living. It might seem hard on the old man, but apparently it served him right for harboring the wrong kind of chromosome. From the practical point of view, Cooper agreed that it was much better to hang a useless, decrepit veteran, than a man in the prime of life. He had not calculated the amount of money that society would save, but it was undoubtedly a very considerable sum.

Harding said that what was practical was to prevent the murderer from passing on his tainted heredity to future generations.

'Chuck the chromosome overboard, you mean?' said Cooper. And he made

the objection that it would mean throwing away the good with the bad.

To the writer of the present lines this point was well made. Take the case of Cooper himself. At first sight there are many things about him that Nature could have done much better. He is not what one would call handsome, even in a romantic sense. He lacks ease. When Nature fashioned the original chromosome that became Cooper, she ordained that whenever Cooper enters a public conveyance he shall step on a lady's feet. The same iron law of heredity, I regret to state, has deprived him of perfect table manners, occasionally compelling him to make use of the wrong spoons. Heredity has handicapped Cooper by making him blurt out unpleasant truths before strangers. But, on the other hand, Cooper has sometimes gone without a winter overcoat because, after telling a stranger just what he thinks of him, Cooper will lend the stranger considerable sums of money. He is always about town on unsolicited errands of mercy. And even at the dinner-table, when Cooper has once mastered the problem of the dessert spoon, and feels fairly at ease, he will speak with the tongue of men and of angels so that women lean forward, bright-eyed, and listen. If Eugenics had taken a hand with Cooper's great-grandfather and bred out Cooper's unfortunate habit of addressing elderly single ladies as Mrs. Smith, and left behind the heart of the poet and the child, what a wonderful thing Eugenics would be! But that was not to be had; it was all or nothing with Herr Weismann.

Some such line of thought must have run through Cooper's head.

'All right,' he said, addressing himself to Harding. 'Suppose you have your Mendelian peas all straightened out so that you know in advance which are coming out from where. Which

peas would you permit to be brought forth, and which would you suppress?' And he went on to show that if Harding had been alive toward the end of the eighteenth century and had been allowed to have his own way, he might have prevented a tuberculous child named John Keats from being born. But who would have written the lines on a Grecian Urn? Or Robert Louis Stevenson: Harding might have choked off the disease-laden chromosome that became R. L. S.; but would he have dared to do so if he had known what the future had in store?

Harding thought that the Grecian Urn and *Treasure Island* were not too high a price to pay for a world with no consumptive children in it.

One of the peculiarities of the Cooper germ-plasm is that when Cooper is turning a thing over in his mind he pulls out his pocket-knife and cuts up the surrounding furniture. He had ornamented the desk blotter with a handsome monogram of the letters T. R., with the figures 1916 underneath, when the present writer intervened to prevent further damage.

Cooper said perhaps the price was not too high, if only you knew what you were getting for your money. But possibly Mendel and Weismann were mistaken and the iron law of heredity was n't as rigid as all that. Cooper reads the scientific columns in the periodicals and his impression was that there is a new theory of heredity every month, or, if it was a weekly publication, twice a month. It was quite impossible to keep up with them. He had noticed that this was true of most scientific hypotheses. It was embarrassing, for instance, in the course of conversation with some of his university friends, to refer to the theory of Conservation of Energy and have Smith slowly knock the ashes from his pipe and smile at one corner of the mouth

and ask Cooper whether he had seen the last number of the *Würzburger Zeitung für Biokinetik*. Cooper recalled that on Smith's table several days ago he did notice a copy of that popular periodical. 'I mean the July 15 number,' says Smith. 'What you saw was the number for July first.' On July first, it appears, conservation of energy was still the proper thing, but since the fifteenth of the month it no longer had any standing among the best people. Very likely conservation of energy would be all the rage again by the end of August.

And that was the case with the heredity theories that underlie Eugenics. Cooper said that if a dear friend of his with a tendency toward heart-disease fell in love and wished to marry, the proper thing apparently was to go out and buy a late sporting edition. If the Mendelian law was still in force there was nothing for it but a tragic farewell to his friend's dream of happiness. But if the cable dispatches were for environment, and against Weismann, they could send out cards.

Harding said that environment had not a scientific leg to stand on.

But Cooper had read somewhere of an investigation that had been carried on among school-children in Edinburgh and Glasgow, where they found that the children of drunkards were quite as fit in body and mind as the children of total abstainers; so much for heredity. On the other hand, see what one investigator did recently in New York City. He took a number of immigrant children and measured their facial index, and determined their prognathic angle, and tested them for dolichocephaly and brachycephaly, and subjected them to many other tests not prohibited by the S. P. C. C. And this is what he discovered: As a result of the peculiar climate and other environmental factors that obtain south

of Houston Street, young Giuseppe Bruno, whose father was a long-head, was visibly tending toward the short-skull type; whereas young Moses Greenberg, whose father was of the short-head type, was plainly growing a long skull. Here, then, argued Cooper, was environment shaping a new race in a single generation. Cooper said that he would not lay emphasis on the further highly interesting fact that, under the same stress of environment, Giuseppe Bruno grew up and became Joseph Brown while Moses Greenberg changed into Maxwell Graham. Could Eugenics show any such startling transformation?

Here Harding lost his temper and said a man need n't be an ass because

he was speaking about serious things.

But Cooper insisted that that was not the point. Admitting that he was an ass, was it heredity or immediate environment that made him one? If he did not seem qualified to master the secrets of Eugenics, it was because his instincts and training ran all the other way. He liked to believe that we are born into the world with no irremediable doom upon us. It seemed a much more manly thing to wipe out slums, and suppress child labor, and pension widowed mothers, than to blame it all upon one's grandfather. With so much important work at hand, what was the use of crossing dwarf peas with giant peas and guessing which pea lay under which thimble?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MY ADVENTURES IN CRITICISM

THIS world is not a perfect place, its citizens do not live as full and rounded lives as they might, they are contented with poorer things when they might have better, they will not read Browning or listen to Bach. Never again, however, can I be tempted to express such convictions except from the safe shelter of anonymity.

I do not mean to imply that I have ever set out upon a crusade to reform the world. I am too fond of other pursuits for that. My reactions against wrong have been incidental to other activities.

I am ceasing to criticize — I use the word in its present, degenerate sense of fault-finding — because my complaints have not been productive of

one iota of good. Moreover, they have always been ungraciously received either by the person whose good I sought or by the person upon whose sympathy I was depending.

Those whose good I sought have not listened to me.

'Minnie,' said I to my maid, whose stupid looks had become a trial to be endured no longer in silence, 'do you know that you go about with your mouth open?'

'Yes 'm,' answered Minnie stolidly. 'I opened it.'

I have been rudely treated when my motive was purely unselfish.

'Madam,' said I to a stranger in a city shop, 'your belt is unfastened.'

'That,' answered the lady, 'is the way I wish it to be.'

Frequently I have put myself into

positions of such obloquy that I have wept with mortification. Several years ago, I appeared before a school-board to protest against the retention of an old school-teacher. I made my statement before he entered. I recounted in as mild language as I could the objections to him, held not only by me, but by two long-suffering generations. He taught his pupils nothing, his discipline was an alternation of lax indulgence and severest cruelty. For years he had been ruining the minds of those under his care.

Called upon to speak in his own defense, the old man appeared. He was a noble-looking old man, and his white hair pleaded for him before he opened his lips in his remarkable speech. He pictured the inborn rascality of the small boy, he reminded those present of their youth, of the hot lead they had poured into key-holes, of the Bedlam which they had created with hat-pins stuck into cracks and loudly twanged. He recalled to their minds the 'putty-blowers,' with whose ammunition the walls and ceiling of his school-room were plastered; he said that every missile had struck his heart! He reminded them that a small boy's relatives are often helpless before his invention; he asked them to contemplate the situation of a man shut up for forty years with fifty small boys! He said that he was old, that he could learn no new profession, that — Abruptly he sat down, his head in his hands.

Dismiss him? They reinstated him and advanced his salary. Is it strange that my reforming zeal suffered a blight from which it has never recovered?

The complaints which I have addressed to those from whom I had a right to expect sympathy have met no more kindly reception. Do I find fault with the organist who ends an impressive religious service with variations

on 'Believe me if all those endearing young charms,' — I am told by my friends that it is a great pity that I allow my æsthetic sense to spoil my spiritual enjoyment, that I am the only one at all disturbed, and, finally, that if I had practiced as I should, I might be seated at the console playing Bach fugues to my own satisfaction. It would be a waste of words to insist that my æsthetic enjoyment is to be reckoned with, and that it is not my business to play Bach fugues.

Do I call attention to the delectable items in the Boonetown column of our weekly paper, I am accused of being 'superior.' Henceforth, therefore, the Boonetonian's cow may 'over-eat herself,' his son may 'break his one leg,' his daughter may be 'dressed in cream' on her wedding-day, and I shall chuckle thereat alone. It will be hard to keep my best stories to myself, to refrain from telling of my neighbor, who, when arrested, 'proved himself a lullabye,' or of my schoolmate who, wishing to bid her friends farewell, shouted a loud 'Averdupois' across the street. But never again, if I succeed in training myself to silence, shall I have to hear that these poor people do the best they can, that they are good fathers and mothers and sons and daughters, and that they go to church with praiseworthy regularity.

Nor do I mean to bottle up within me all these just complaints. I know a man who for thirty years endured the meanness of a business associate. Then, suddenly, he lost the temper which he had treasured so carefully. He turned the key in the door of his office, imprisoning with himself and the offender half a dozen other men.

'I thank the Lord,' said he, — he was a good and pious soul, — 'that I am mad enough at last to tell you what I think of you.'

Thereupon flowed from his soul a

torrent of righteous indignation. It was amazing to hear how he remembered every peccadillo in the long line of the evil-doer's sins. Trained in the Bible, he called his enemy Jeshurun who had waxed fat and kicked, he called him Ananias, he said he was a cumberer of the ground, a sojourner from Sodom.

One would have thought that, having accomplished what was a service to the community and what must have been a great relief to himself, this reformer would have been improved in health and spirits. But he suffered a slight stroke and was ill for days, while the object of his Jeremiad cared not a rap.

This, therefore, is the last of my protests. Uttered one by one, they have proved idle; the organist still plays 'Believe me if all those endearing young charms,' my Minnie still goes about with her mouth open. Treasured, they are even less efficacious, and they are likely to be harmful to one's self, as my friend's experience proves. His method especially I shall try to avoid, since, approve of this world as little as I may, I do not wish to be banished from it by a stroke of apoplexy.

WOMEN'S HONOR¹

SUPPOSE men had formerly been the property of their wives, and suppose they were still widely regarded as ornamental and delightful, but not to be taken seriously. Suppose we arrayed ourselves as did the courtiers at the time of Charles the Second and were engaged in occupations similar to theirs. Or suppose we men wore corsets and tight skirts and high French

heels and long hair. The mere thought of a dozen men sitting about a table, arrayed and shirred up as women are, leads inevitably to the conclusion that within an hour they would be involved in a riot. Just why they would punch one another's heads we may not be able to tell, but we are sure they would.

Suppose that the literature of no more than fifty years ago referred to us constantly as frail and delicate creatures, that the traditions which favored us most were those exalting our loyalty and faithfulness to the wives that possess us, and that it were urged upon every man, always to lean upon his wife because she will guard and defend him. Or suppose our occupations were restricted to those employments which have heretofore been available to women, — in any of these events our vision might be rather narrow and our sense of honor might be a little attenuated.

Now, far be it from me to decry the songs and poems and beatitudes of the charm of women and all the hurrahs of language that admiration inspires. It is a joy to sing them, and a delight to write them. And of love in its great and deep meaning we are speaking not at all. That abides as a constant benediction upon humanity, and is greater than knowledge or science or wisdom. Of all the things the woman-soul offers for it and of her sacrifices, and of all the things the man-soul offers for it and of his sacrifices, we need not even whisper. Throughout the ages women have held faithfully to the gospel of love and have taught it by example, in spite of cruelty and scorn. But concerning honor, and what is honor's due, the advice to women that one finds in literature seems so generally based upon the presumption that they are of a sort with defective or delinquent children, that a readjustment of dogma seems timely.

¹ A paper in the November *Atlantic* entitled, 'Honor Among Women,' by Elisabeth Woodbridge, was the origin of this discussion. — THE EDITORS.

Of course, there is Otto Weininger's theory that the absolute female is merely an automaton of flesh and blood, without judgment or capacity, and that whatever merit of intelligence a woman may have is due to the modicum of male that is inherent in her. Conversely the absolute male is the *Ueberschensch* who has all the gifts of mind and soul. It is hardly necessary to say that it would require the faith of a closed mind to assume either of them to be true.

Every reason possible has been given to women to believe themselves fools, and there are many who follow the arguments. In like manner, when a majority of men were serfs they learned that they should look to their lord in all things; and it is fair to presume that in consequence of this many of them did; that they became dependent in spirit and that their sense of honor was rudimentary.

Without attempting to define honor, we know that a glorified and impassioned loyalty to what one believes to be right is included in the expression. It also seems to involve character, and this has always been a possession of both men and women. From a fine, strong character we may expect honor irrespective of sex or condition. For this reason it would hardly appear that the whole ground is covered by the

history of the evolution of honor as a group-instinct. Character is not a group-instinct; it is, one might almost say, a structural quality; and it is so closely allied to honor, that honor, like character, would seem to be in part a matter of breeding.

Of course, in discussing Women's Honor we may speedily become so tangled up that, as somebody has said, our only safety will lie in statistics; but in a big way it does not appear that honor is a matter of sex. It seems, at least to the writer, to be rather a matter of character. Now it may be that women have less character than men, but it would hardly be fair to assert it until some statistician has computed the exact average of all the women and all the men living at one time.

UTCUNQUE VENTUS

THERE is no goddess but the Dryad, and every woman is her prophet. We who go down to the streams in rough clothes and wading boots need have no qualms if, from the bridge, we are viewed by those wearing fine linen and carrying parasols; and though we stand waist-deep in the roadside growth, knapsack on shoulder, as the automobile passes, we may meet without flinching the stare of goggled eyes. For we are of the fashion, and we and they know it. Far, indeed, have we come from the day when Miss Austen's ladies, not having shoes to encounter the remains of a white frost, turned back to the house; far, indeed, from the anxieties of her Emma, to whom a country mile proved too much for solitary female walking. The ideal of womanhood has for more than a century been gathering self-reliance and strength. Nervous endurance the heroine always possessed; the tears and trials of Clarissa or Amanda would have sorely overtaxed any mere Man of Feeling.

But under the tutelage of Scott she developed her physical frame by outdoor exercise; and the successor of Diana Vernon and Anne of Geierstein, though no adept in horsemanship and the scaling of precipices, inherited a hardness of constitution which Cooks might emulate and Amundsens adore.

Through the pages of Augusta Evans the leading lady toiled and suffered without remission. She was no passive and liquid prey to the arts of a later Lovelace; although the walls of piety and domesticity had again risen round her, the Christianity of her conduct was both militant and muscular. No mere hero, however granite his lips or satanically sneering his laugh, could shake her insistence upon right religious and political principles; and few were the heroes who could mate her either in physical asceticism or intellectual athletics. Hebrew and comparative theology were her evening relaxation. She ate nothing, slept rarely, took no exercise, never smiled, invariably looked wan but exquisite, and spent all the time not required for repelling her suitors in the production of a prose so mournfully grand as to bring tears to the eyes of the best New York society.

But this state of things could not last. Confinement indoors, after the taste of liberty which the Author of *Waverley* had permitted, was not to be long endured. Moreover, the constant use of the Encyclopædia, the Dictionary, and Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*, palled upon the growing heroine; and perhaps an aggressive and spotless isolation irked a creature supposedly gregarious. Round the card swung the wind of fancy, and off with the inkstand blew the learning, the proud reserve, and alas! the morals of the leading lady. She was no more to be found stooping wearily over her manuscript or uttering profound reflection in her lonely observatory. She

continued, it is true, to sit up all night; but across the noisy pages of the story floated the smoke of her cigarette; and her forte was neither purity, piety, nor philology, only an unreasoning, reprehensible devotion to the hero.

It was an attitude which even unskilled labor could quickly assume, for the accessories demanded no deep study. A little French, a fondness for horses and music, a smattering of the jargon of the studio, a visiting acquaintance with the manners of the underworld; these and a hardy endurance of either privation or neglect, so it be for love's sake, sufficed. The scene might be set in Algiers or Devonshire, Paris or Munich; but its general features were much the same, with wine, women, and song, smoke and good-comradeship, shabby velvet jackets or gorgeous uniforms, paint-brushes, swords, horses, and fiddles; all crossed by the shadow of a mystery or a renunciation such as no gentleman's library could be without, and all redolent of youth, ardor, generosity, lawlessness. In short, Bohemia; and in those sea-coast havens the heroine's craft rocked gayly.

But the wind of fancy has again changed. The land of fiction, which we chart and re-chart, has further shifted its boundaries. The sign, 'Here have you Bohemia,' is no longer pinned over the cabaret of smoke and absinthe, the attic of the easel, and the table heaped with papers; it hangs at the entrance to the forest trail. And it is a poor heroine who cannot follow; as Mr. Chainmail said to the Rev. Dr. Folliott, it is no disqualification for sylvan minstrelsy not to know an oak from a burdock. We will talk no more of flagons of ale in the Devonshire inns, of franc bottles of wine in the Boul' Miche; we will not linger even in the salon where dukes and dignitaries court the notice of a humble but brilliant

lady-companion. It is but to push back the volumes of heraldry and history, the atlases and dictionaries of argot, and run over the new vocabulary. One has no difficult task; one has only to discourse of the murmuring pines, the bird-enchanted hills, the silence of the moors, the stir of lulling rivers, above all of the open road. The open road, specialists aver, possesses greater powers of temptation than did the closed door of Bluebeard or of Maeterlinck. Everything calls down it, from the day-star to the daisy; and its practical merit, as compared with the highroad of Mr. Pickwick and the stage-coach, is that on it one arrives not. One walks perpetually therein, uplifted, palpitant, yet meeting no adventure, no mystery — but the mystery of nature.

For the inexperienced heroine who has hastily exchanged her painting-dress for khaki, this meeting of nothing is a boon indeed. With meetings there come incidents, emotions; one must gather knowledge to report of such

doings. But with a mere handful of phrases one may go far on the new trail. Take no thought for an expensive journey or the purchase of an outfit; to capture that impression one need not confer with distances. The call of the wild may echo as freshly over a roll-top desk as ever did Roland's horn along the vale of Roncesvalles; and the summons of the day-star was very likely heard by one who wrote beside a seven-coil radiator, to the ground tone of the Elevated. Man triumphs over circumstance, woman also.

Do you fancy that I sit upon the rockered porch of a ten-dollar-a-week summer hotel? You err; I am a solitary in the pines. I may to the material eye wear a white duck skirt and wait at the postoffice for the evening mail; but my astral body, in khaki and gaiters, is kneeling by the roadside fire over which I cook my vagabond meal. And my blanket lies by me, and the stars await the dark.

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